Collier's

IOLA,
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

15c

December 2, 1950

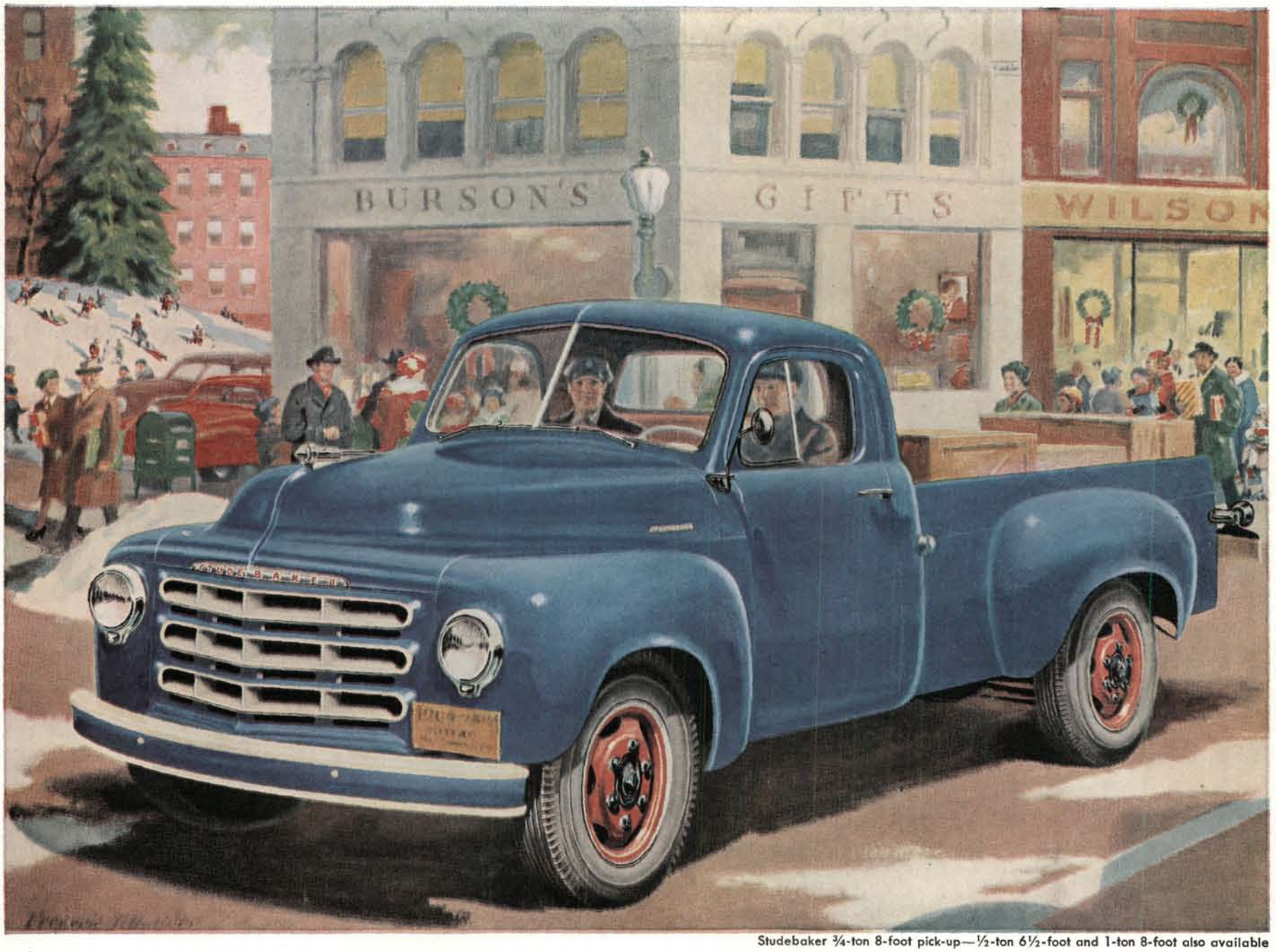
Russia's Busiest SPY NEST

Lau... F.D.R.'...

Dec. 2, 1950

PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA
KANS
A 392.04
R
18AUG1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Studebaker ¾-ton 8-foot pick-up—½-ton 6½-foot and 1-ton 8-foot also available

It's a stand-out truck in looks and in money-saving!

SPEND less for gas! Spend less for repairs! Save all the way every day! Get the pulling power, the staying power, the earning power of a far-advanced Studebaker truck!

All year long—under all kinds of driving conditions—you can always count on a Studebaker truck to keep down your operating costs.

That's because Studebaker engineers use straight common sense in designing these trucks. There's wear-resisting ruggedness in every structural part—but no superfluous dead weight that would squander your gasoline needlessly!

Thrifty overdrive available, too

At your beck and call for still bigger savings is Studebaker's gas-saving, engine-saving overdrive transmission.

Overdrive is available at extra cost in any Studebaker half ton or three-quarter ton truck—starts paying its way right away in extra thrift.

Make arrangements to get your share of the long-lasting, long-range operating economies that a new Studebaker truck can assure you.

Stop in at a nearby Studebaker dealer's showroom the very first opportunity you have.

STUDEBAKER TRUCKS

Noted for low-cost operation

There's a Studebaker truck just right in size and wheelbase for hundreds of requirements—½, ¾, 1, 1½ and 2 ton models. Two great Studebaker truck engines—the Econo-miser and the high torque Power-Plus.

No roll back at upgrade stops! All Studebaker trucks are available with the famous Studebaker Automatic Hill Holder at slight extra cost. No roll back when you're ready to go forward after making an uphill stop.

Snug warmth inside the roomy Studebaker cab is assured by the unique Studebaker Truck Climatizer. Available at extra cost, it heats, ventilates and defrosts—keeps the air fresh with windows closed.

Just lift the hood! Everything's easy to get at! No standing on a box in order to work on engine or ignition! Instrument panel wiring is on engine side of cowl.

© 1950, The Studebaker Corp'n, South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dandier THAN 'YANKEE DOODLE DANDY'

Warner Bros.' Song-Spangled, Colors-Flying Salute to Uncle Sam's own Cadets

It's the first time Jimmy's been seen in anything like this since "Yankee Doodle Dandy"!

JAMES CAGNEY VIRGINIA MAYO DORIS DAY GORDON MacRAE GENE NELSON

"THE WEST POINT STORY"

WITH ALAN HALE, JR. DIRECTED BY ROY DEL RUTH • PRODUCED BY LOUIS F. EDELMAN

Screen Play by JOHN MONKS, Jr., CHARLES HOFFMAN & IRVING WALLACE • From a Story by IRVING WALLACE • Original songs by Jule Styne and Sammy Cahn
Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf • Dance Numbers Directed by LeRoy Prinz

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two of the most famous Christmas greetings ever written*

"Made me weep like a child!" . . . "If all husbands and wives read these messages, there would be far fewer divorces!" . . . "My minister used Jim's letter in his sermon last Sunday!"

These are just a few typical quotes taken from the deluge of letters that pour into the offices of the Hamilton Watch Company in Lancaster, Pa., at Christmas time each year. From all over the world these letters come, inspired by what are perhaps the two most famous Christmas advertisements that have ever been published—Hamilton's moving "To Peggy" and "To Jim" letters.

Because "Peggy" and "Jim" have been praised so widely, the Hamilton Watch Company is repeating them for the fifth time. You will find them on pages 45 and 53 of this magazine.

On television, too! Last Christmas "Peggy" and "Jim" were brought to life on millions of television screens. They made such a tremendous hit that they will appear again this pre-holiday season on television stations from coast to coast. Be sure to see them.

To those of you who wrote in appreciation of these Christmas messages—and to those of you who have a little bit of "Peggy" or "Jim" in your own hearts—the Hamilton Watch Company sends its best wishes for a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

***See these famous ads on pages 45 and 53**

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
LOUIS RUPPEL, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher* GORDON MANNING, *Managing Editor*

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director* KNOX BURGER, *Fiction Editor*
GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoons* WALTER DAVENPORT, *Senior Correspondent*
DAVID MANESS, *Assistant Managing Editor*
JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief, Washington Bureau*

Associate Editors · BERT BACHARACH · HELEN S. BILKIE · WARREN BROWN
HELEN P. BUTLER · JEAN B. CAMPBELL · JOSEPH CARROLL · ALLEN CLEATON
JOHN CONNER · BETSY CORRIGAN · WILLARD B. CROSBY · BILL DAVIDSON
WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR. · MACLENNAN FARRELL · BILL FAY · JOHN FLOREA
DIANA HIRSH · JAMES M. KAHN · CHARLOTTE KNIGHT · JERRY KORN · JOHN LEAR
MARSHALL McCLINTOCK · TOM MEANY · ALLAN MICHIE · JOHN C. PELLEW
ELEANOR PORTER · JAMES A. QUIGNEY · GEORGE SCHLOSS · RED SMITH
BILL STAPLETON · JAMES THRASHER · LESTER VELIE · FRANCIS WALLACE
TODD WRIGHT · JAMES N. YOUNG

December 2, 1950

ARTICLES

Laughs from F.D.R.'s Letters 13
Russia's Busiest Spy Nest . . . . . GORDON WALKER 18
Santa Class . . . . . JOHN O'REILLY 20
Democracy Bets on the Soo . . . . . JOHN LEAR 24
Collier's Sectional All-Star Teams . . . . . BILL FAY 26
(Selected by THE AMERICAN FOOTBALL COACHES ASSOCIATION)
Unsung Song Writer . . . . . LLOYD SHEARER 30
She's Got a Little List . . . . . HYMAN GOLDBERG 34

FICTION

North Fork Folly . . . . . HANNIBAL COONS 16
Router of Dreams . . . . . RICHARD STERN 22
Let Nothing Come Between Us . . . . . WILLIAM R. SCOTT 28
Play a Lone Hand . . . . . LUKE SHORT 32
(PART FIVE OF SIX PARTS)
Billy's Stampede . . . . . NORD RILEY 36
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

Keep Up with the World . . . . . JOHN DENSON 8
48 States of Mind . . . . . WALTER DAVENPORT 10
Editorial 78
Cover . . . . . HARPER GOFF

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 126, No. 23. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Denuerlein, J. B. Scarborough, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

COPYRIGHT, 1950, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Despite the sign which labels the location as 271 miles from Portland, Artist Harper Goff says the scene is a composite of many similar locations from New England to the Pacific Northwest. "This Portland," he maintains, "could be in Maine or Oregon." At any rate, we hardly need explain that the Christmas tree you'll be buying within the next three or four weeks is probably being cut, bundled and shipped from commercial tree farms and private wood lots right now.

Week's Mail

Military Belles Lettres

EDITOR: I wish to convey a specific appreciation of your Army Contest stories (Sept. 30th-Oct. 7th-Oct. 14th). I suspect that their punch is concerned with the high probability that the writers had incidents to write about which had affected them strongly.

I find them a welcome variation from the synthetic product of so many of our more well-known writers. I hope you will promote similar contests with the Navy and Air services.

WALTER V. READ, Towaco, N. J.

. . . The Robe and the Sword, by Major Melvin B. Voorhees (Sept. 30th), is the most powerful and moving short story I have read in years. It alone very much more than repays the cost of Collier's which I have read steadily for the past 25 years.

JAMES M. BARNHART, Malvern, Pa.

. . . In all the years that I have been a reader of Collier's no story has impressed me quite like The Five Alls (Oct. 14th).

It is a powerful and heart-warming story, one that touches and leaves you with the feeling that it really happened.

Bouquets to Major Franklin M. Davis, Jr.

QUENTIN R. HOWARD, Pikeville, Ky.

Wanted: Information

EDITOR: I was a first voter this fall, and during the campaign I heard a lot of talk in campaign speeches about free enterprise, the Fair Deal, the welfare state and so on. I have read articles on the same subjects, also other ones in which the writers say we ought to be selling the American way of life to other countries.

Sometimes I wonder if these people are talking about the same system or even the same country. The whole thing has got me confused.

Is there any place where I can find a simple explanation of how our business system works, and what its good and bad points are? The arguments I hear on the subject don't do me much good. Most of the time the arguers don't seem to know any more about it than I do.

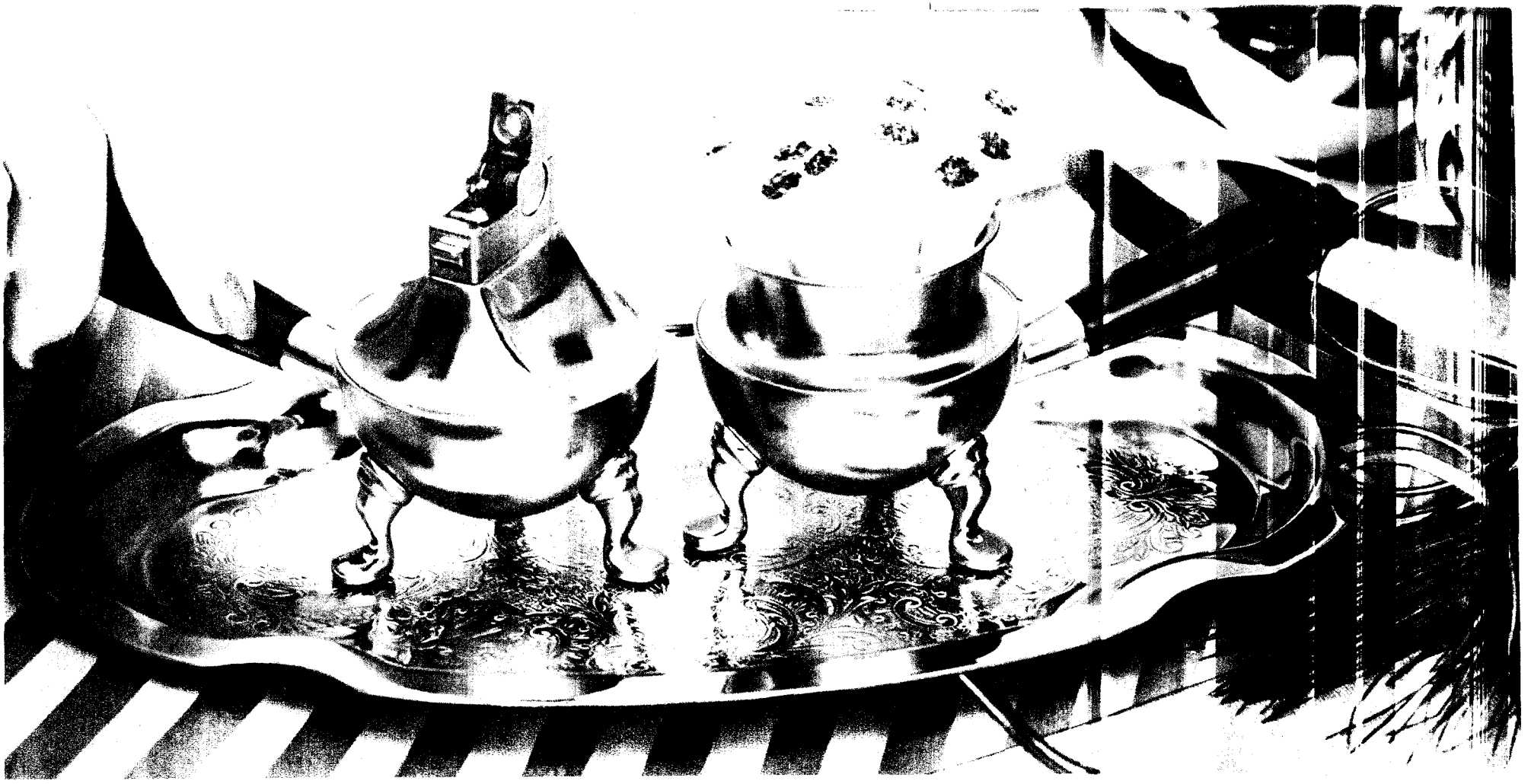
HAROLD A. GREEN, Lakewood, Ohio

A number of different organizations have conducted studies and published pamphlets intended to answer the questions that Mr. Green raises. One of the best that we have seen is a booklet titled How Can the American People Be Given a Better Understanding of Our Economic System? It is put out by the American Association of Advertising Agencies and the Association of National Advertisers, and can be obtained by writing the Joint Committee, 420 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

The Rickey Shift

EDITOR: Branch Rickey's article World Series, 2000 A.D. (Oct. 7th) has been adapted by a major-league manager. I had no sooner read it when Lou Boudreau, Cleveland, used the described shift against Detroit. Although the results desired were not obtained,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



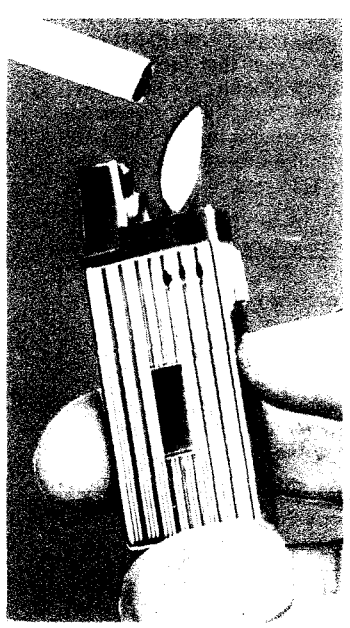
THE HERITAGE SET—Complete—$25.00. Lighter separately,—$12.50. No Fed. Tax.

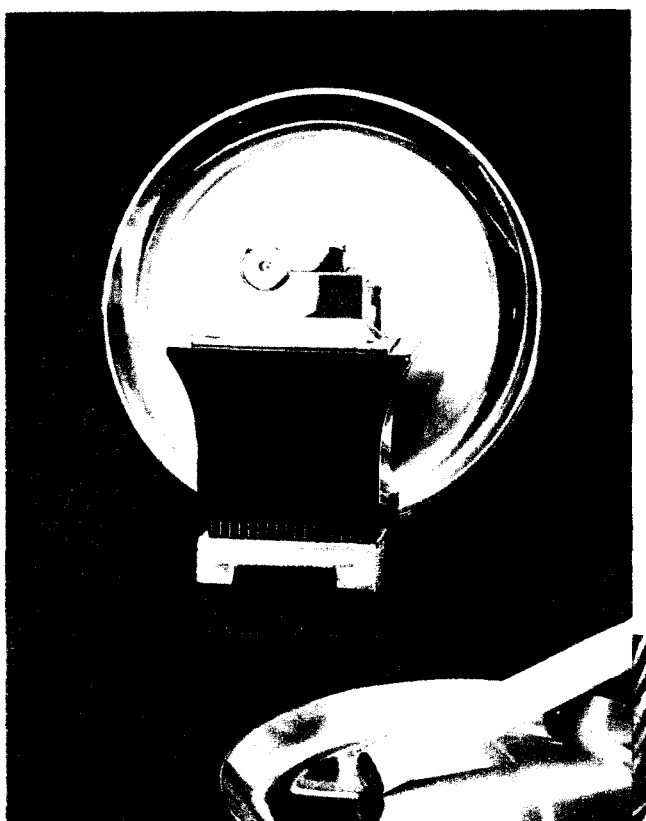
LIGHTER WAYS TO BRIGHTER HOLIDAYS

Give ASR Ascot . . . the world's most beautiful lighters

THE WIND-PROOF

For men, the Wind-Proof Lighter with amazing, new year-long flint —gives 13,000 more lights per flint *than any other lighter, a whole* year's supply. Built-in windscreen. Precision made throughout. Only $7.50. No Fed. Tax.





THE PAGODA SET

Strikingly styled in an oriental motif. Four golden ash trays, ebony stand. Gold finish lighter with Lucite body in ebony, Chinese red or jade green. It's new . . . different . . . a style leader! The lighter—$12.50. Complete set—$15.00. No Fed. Tax.

COMPARE

No other lighter gives you all these features!

. . . Choice of 35 exciting styles, each designed by fashion experts!

. . . 'Light-Switch' action. Snap! It opens and lights in one motion!

. . . Stays lit *without holding.* Pass a light without passing your thumb!

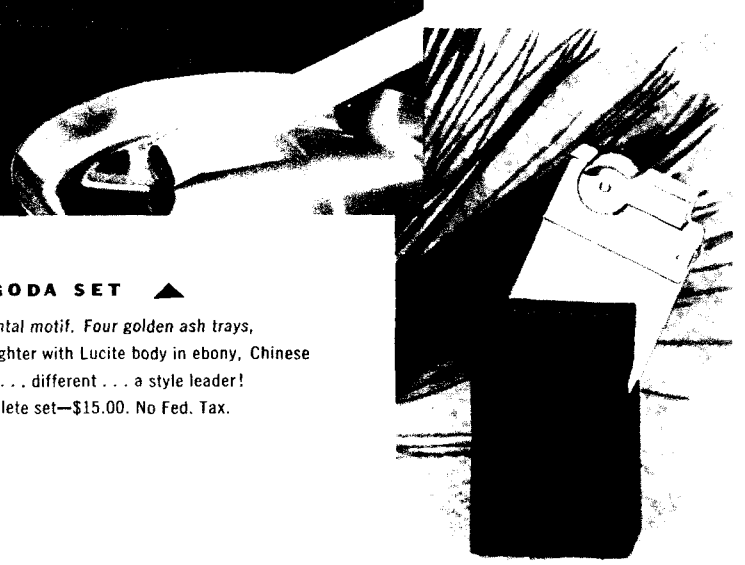
. . . Fibre glass wick lasts lifetime of lighter. Gives clean, clear flame every time.

. . . Easy to fill. No screws or funnels. Leak-tight seal and extra large tank!

. . . Distinctive gift boxes lend added charm!

THE VOGUE

Smartest of all women's lighters. Gold-plated or rhodium finish. Stunning red or green satin-lined calfskin slip-case. Only $10.00.



A·S·R Ascot lighters

PRECISION A·S·R PRODUCTS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

16" Rectangular Tube

BLACK-DAYLITE TELEVISION

●Big as life—real as life too—new G-E Black-Daylite TV brings you the "season's best"! Wonderful 16" G-E rectangular black tube shows all the TV camera sees, more lifelike than ever! G-E built-in antenna, G-E Dynapower speaker, G-E Automatic Sound—just tune the picture, sound is right every time! Hand-rubbed mahogany veneered cabinet. Here's life-size, lifelike TV—backed by a name you can believe in—General Electric. Model 16C103.

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

it shows that this article is truly enlightening and an insight to baseball's future.

BILL SHAFER, Highland Park, Mich.

. . . I agree with Mr. Rickey that there will be some changes in developing the game. There also ought to be some changes concerning the ballplayers. The way I see it the ballplayer has no individual rights whatsoever and can be sold and bought if he likes it or not.

A ballplayer ought to have the right to make his own decision; to make a new contract with his present club for a new season, or to be free and join a new club of his own choice.

PAUL GREENHOOD, Washington, D.C.

The New Marines

EDITOR: The New Breed (Oct. 7th) is another of the many fine and well-deserved honors paid the Marines by Collier's. We believe the most admirable aspect of the Marines is the composure with which they go on about their business of pitching into the most miserable and deadly war-front jobs, shrugging off the slights and humiliations aimed their way by everyone from the chief executive down to the other branches of the armed forces—all of whom seem mighty glad to have the Marines around when things get too hot for lesser units to handle.

BILL BENNETT, Muskegon, Mich.

. . . After reading The New Breed I am wondering how many of the group of Marines pictured on page 15 are still alive.

To the right of the picture in a white T-shirt stands my dear little brother Chadwick O. Burns. But he doesn't stand any more. He lies in his grave at Chindong-ni where he was killed by enemy mortar fire on August the 8th.

Chad died for all of us here at home and no one is going to forget it. All the boys who have been killed in this Communist war have died for our freedom and should always be revered in our memories as minutemen of our independence.

MRS. ALLEN B. LONG, Frankfort, Ky.

. . . Your report in The New Breed of a new 3.5-millimeter antitank gun is extremely interesting. By my slide rule, the projectile in this revolutionary weapon is just under .138 inches in diameter.

To pierce armor, this slightly oversize BB would have to strike with a velocity somewhere within the range of the speed of light, or contain an atomic explosive charge. A third possibility is suggested in your next sentence: "It could hardly be considered big enough for a landing behind North Korean lines." J. H. CARTER, Durant, Okla.

A Beef on Potatoes

EDITOR: I have read with amazement The Great Potato Scandal (Sept. 2d) by Mr. Schendel. I was completely misquoted by Mr. Schendel. The article was full of misrepresentations. I do not wish to comment on each of them, but I feel that I must correct one thing which is basic—the statement as to what the Department of State could have done to limit the importation of Canadian potatoes.

It was said that the Department of State could bring about an increase in the tariff duties on potatoes and implied that such action would have stopped the importation of Canadian potatoes.

Under the authority of the Trade Agreements Act, the executive branch of the government is authorized in certain cases to withdraw concessions previously negotiated under the Trade Agreements Act, which would have the effect of raising the rates to levels not higher than those contained in the 1930 Tariff Act.

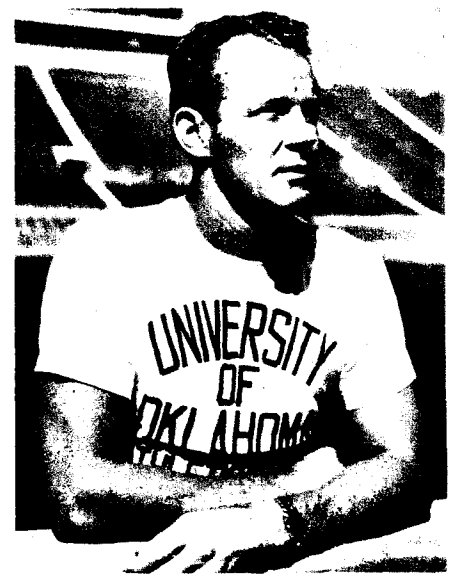
This would mean that the 75-cents-a-hundred-pound duty, which is now being paid on most of the potatoes imported from Canada, but not all of them, would then apply to all Canadian potato imports. It is very doubtful whether this would do much to check imports from Canada with prices here at existing levels. But in any case the Department of State does not have authority to bring about even this limited increase in the duty.

Such action could be taken only by the President after the Tariff Commission had made a finding as to whether such action was necessary in order to prevent serious injury to an American industry.

FRANCIS A. LINVILLE, Assistant Chief, Economic Resources and Security Staff, Department of State, Washington, D.C.

In answer to Mr. Linville, Gordon Schendel insists, as an experienced and reputable reporter, that his brief quotation of the State Department official was accurate, and he pleads not guilty to Mr. Linville's unspecified charges of misrepresentation. He also is of the opinion that, in spite of the technicalities cited in the above letter, the State Department, as our chief agency of foreign policy, is not without influence in determining tariff policies and practices.

Sooners' Galahad



EDITOR: The 100,000 alumni of the University of Oklahoma will take their hats off to Collier's when they read the excellent article by Francis Wallace on Bud Wilkinson, Gridiron Galahad (Oct. 14th).

Mr. Wallace wrote an accurate and interesting story about a great coach and a great university.

R. BOYD GUNNING, Norman, Okla.

Teamwork Questioned

EDITOR: Your excellent article Pennsylvania's Rough, Tough Duff, by Walter Davenport (Oct. 14th), stated that "Republicans teamed up with Democrats in May's primaries to nominate Duff." It is impossible for a registered Democrat to vote for a Republican in a primary election in Pennsylvania. FRANCIS H. YOST, Wyomissing, Pa.

Postscript to our Movie Censorship Story

In an article, You Can't See That Movie, published in Collier's issue of May 6th it was stated that when the Atlanta censor barred the movie Lost Boundaries, she told a reporter she did so "for no particular reason."

Investigation reveals that Christine Smith, the Atlanta censor, banned the picture under a provision of the Atlanta ordinance which prohibits the exhibition of any picture that will adversely affect the peace and good order of the city.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Never Before Has Shaving been So Pleasant

STYLED BY CARL OTTO

THE FINEST SHAVING INSTRUMENT OF ALL TIME

ACTUAL SIZE

ONCE in a blue moon, something comes along to turn a daily task into a swift and pleasant action.

That's exactly what's done by this completely new Schick "20"—20th anniversary model from electric shaving's inventors — quite properly termed the finest shaving instrument of all time.

Its fresh new style is a treat to look at — its light, balanced shape a delight to hold.

And a Schick "20" shave is a quick and easy pleasure you've ***never*** known before in a lifetime of growing whiskers. Just press the button and move the "20" around your face. ***That's all.***

Before you know it, you're finished — completely, neatly shaved. Your whiskers are purred off, without cut or burn, without preparation or cleanup. For you shaved with Schick's Hi-Velocity Heads — driven by Schick's ***real rotary motor,*** the most powerful Schick ever built.

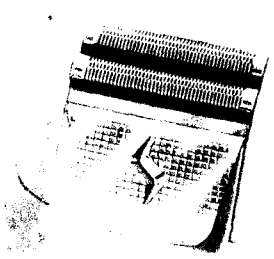
And speaking of "never before," take a good look at that handsome Caddie Case, tailored specially for the Schick "20"—and for your bathroom shelf or grip.

If you want the very finest shaving instrument — head for the nearest dealer. Ask for the new Schick "20" and you'll find out how pleasant shaving can be on your very next shave. He can also show you the famous Schick Super and the Schick Colonel. Schick Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Service offices in principal cities.

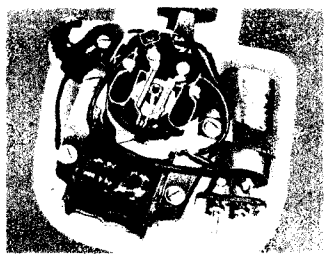
Schick "20" — $24.50

Schick Super—$22.50 • Schick Colonel—$17.50

**P.S.—Gift idea? What better?*



NEW HI-VELOCITY HEADS — Higher speed with longer cutter thrust. Sharpened and honed. Exclusive combing edges guide whiskers. Interceptor bar, in each head, stands up whiskers for close cropping.



NEW TOP-POWER MOTOR — *A real rotary motor. Precision-built, smooth, a powerhouse — packs more power than any other we ever made.* AC or DC. Snaps into action or stops when you press the Stop-Start Button.

NEW EASY-TO-HOLD SHAPE — Lightest shaver on the market, dimpled indentations for non-slip grip, compact form fits fingers. New larger Whisk-Its open to two positions for easy cleaning.

NEW CADDIE CASE — in a rich, leather-like covering, saddle-stitched, lettered in gold. Handily sized for medicine cabinet, wash-basin shelf, dressing room — or for traveling.

CELEBRATING 20 YEARS AS THE FIRST NAME IN ELECTRIC SHAVING

Schick "20" ANNIVERSARY MODEL

MORE MEN USE SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVERS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"JEFF ALWAYS HITS the headpin just right, but he'll never make a hit with that head of unruly hair. He's got all the signs of Dry Scalp. Dull, hard-to-manage hair . . . and loose dandruff, too. He'll bowl 'em over, though, when he starts using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . "

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

GREAT WAY to start your day! A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day work wonders. It checks loose dandruff and those other annoying signs of Dry Scalp because it supplements the natural scalp oils ...gives your hair that handsome, natural look. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . and it's economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: DR. CHRISTIAN, STARRING JEAN HERSHOLT, ON CBS WEDNESDAY NIGHTS. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR LOCAL BROADCAST TIME.

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

Keep Up with the World

By JOHN DENSON

The Navajo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico are afraid to bury their dead. Tradition has it that a ghost hovers over the corpse and will put an evil sign upon those who touch it. To avoid tampering with some devilish spirit, a Navajo will usually ask a white man to conduct the burial. Most Indian

traders are willing to comply. If a white man is not available, the Navajo may bury his own dead but if he does he will discard his clothing, return home by a different way and abandon his home altogether. But if a Navajo is killed by lightning, no one can touch the body. It is left for the coyotes.

★★★★★★★★★

An old three-story white brick building on the edge of the Georgetown section of Washington, D.C., houses one of the most helpful—and dangerous—collections of bacteria in the world. The building is that of the American Type Culture Collection and in its intricate refrigeration system are more than 3,000 microorganisms—from those used to flavor cheese and develop vitamins to the deadly germs of cholera and other epidemic disease.

The Collection grew out of the efforts of Dr. C. E. A. Winslow, who, as public health curator of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, established a bacteriological collection. His catalogue for 1912 lists only about 350 species. In many years of ups and downs, the Collection continued somehow to grow and finally reached its present importance as a joint responsibility of the Society of American Bacteriologists, the American Phyto-Pathological Society, the American Association of Pathologists and Bacteriologists and the American Society of Zoologists.

The Collection grows and feeds cultures of its hundreds of species, many of them valuable in the manufacture of food and other commercial products, and acts as custodian of bacteria supplied by laboratories throughout the country. For example, the Collection cares for viruses—the simple ones, like *influenza* and *the mumps*—and others which carry the threat of death, like sleeping sickness, polio and a variety of virulent fevers.

Feeding of the cultures is one of the Collection's biggest jobs. This requires the most minute laboratory procedure in which special diets are provided the various species. The organisms are given what they like. Rabbit's blood is a favorite. Beef broth another.

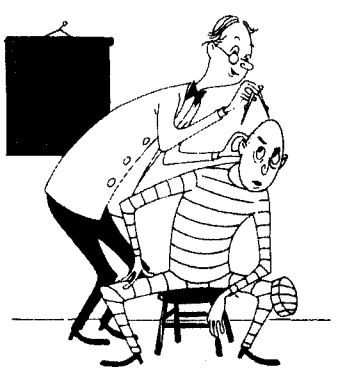
The Collection operates like a mail-order house. Orders for the cultures are received, the cultures packed (dry ice is used a great deal) and shipped. But the Collection is extremely careful where its deadly germs are sent. Almost anybody can order the harmless ones, but there is careful investigation of all orders for those carrying disease. None of the deadly germs, for example, are ever sent to nations behind the Iron Curtain. The Collection could give anybody a good start in waging bacteriological warfare.

★★★★★★★★★

Ancient Saint John's College (252 years old), whose campus is opposite that of the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, *inaugurated a liberal arts course in 1937* which was based on the reading and discussion of a selected list of a hundred or more great books of history, ranging from Homer's Iliad and Odyssey down through the ages to the modern classics, such as Essays in Experimental Logic, by Dr. John Dewey of New York's Columbia University. The Saint John's course is based on the principle that the best education obtainable can be had by the study and the *understanding* of the great books which cover languages (Greek, German and French), literature, religion, government, history, philosophy, economics, logic, mathematics, sciences (physics, astronomy, chemistry and biology) and music. The list of great books now numbers 174, including the Bible. Shakespeare is represented by the largest number of titles—King John, Richard II, Coriolanus, Henry IV (Parts 1 and 2), Antony and Cleopatra, As You Like It, The Tempest, Hamlet, Macbeth and King Lear. The great German philosopher, Kant, and the German poet and writer, Goethe, have, among the moderns, the largest numbers of titles on the Saint John's list, while among the ancients Plato is first with 16 titles.

★★★★★★★★★

Are criminals smart? This poser has been argued and debated by those who read of million-dollar robberies and by those whose profession is the study of penology. A detailed investigation of 500 criminals was undertaken some years ago by two of the nation's top penologists—Drs. Sheldon and Eleanor T.



HARRY GOFF

Glueck. They found that only a third of the criminals had normal intelligence; that about half were "dull," and that 21 per cent were feeble-minded. The investigation showed that the criminals were far below the general population in intelligence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

setting the pace...
the no. 1
bottled-in-bond bourbon offer
that's rocking
the nation!

the unprecedented success
of "County Fair" is a reflection
of the public's demand for a
light-bodied, premium quality,
100 proof bottled-in-bond bourbon—
at a down-to-earth price.

Haller's

County Fair

straight
bourbon
whiskey

Full 100 proof

ask for "County Fair" at your favorite bar, club, hotel or liquor store

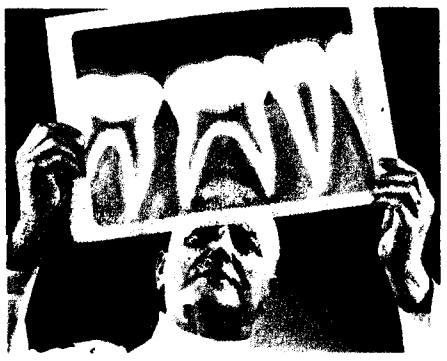
Steinweis

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READER'S DIGEST* reports the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with

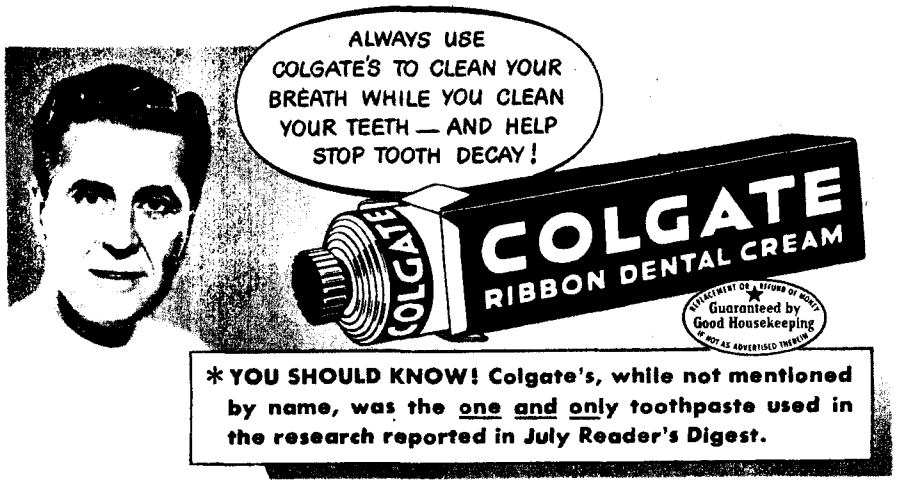
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Better Than Any Other Way Of Preventing Tooth Decay According To Published Reports!



READER'S DIGEST recently reported on one of the most extensive experiments in dentifrice history! And here are additional facts: The one and only toothpaste used in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Yes, this scientific research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE OR POWDER —AMMONIATED OR NOT—OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS! Over a two-year period, leading scientists found no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate's correctly! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay!


ALWAYS USE COLGATE'S TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH — AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!
COLGATE
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the research reported in July Reader's Digest.

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is trying to clean up her restaurants. (We worked in one of them once. It still owes us two dollars. The cook chased us a couple of *miles. We didn't go back.) About* a year ago Pittsburgh's Alcoholic Beverage Commission investigation of 2,565 eating places gave an A-rating (top safety) to 700; B-rating (okay except for floors, walls, ceilings, lighting and ventilation) to 1,500, and C-rating (phew) to the rest. The reason that nothing much has been done about the more roach-ridden feed bags is that the Western Pennsylvania Restaurant Association has stymied the health-men with a court injunction saying that the rating idea was not democratic. The State Supreme Court is asked to decide. The question would seem to be: Are germs constitutional?

★ ★ ★

And our Oklahoma man writes us a shuddering letter about a storm that hit Tulsa, scaring the wits out of a large number of nice people. Actually, it wasn't as bad as it sounded. He says, too, that no one has been able to account for it. He's wrong. We can. It

was the Honorable Alfalfa Bill Murray, good former governor of Oklahoma. Bill saw a parade of his old friends marching in and out of a couple of beauty parlors and, we're told, he let go with an atomic roar that had seismographs from Tulsa to Tashkent scrawling like crazy. But he calmed down somewhat, being a sensible man, when they told him that the barbershops wanted a dollar and more for a haircut, whereas the girls were shearing them neatly for six bits.

★ ★ ★

We have worn out at least a dozen pencils, but no matter how we figure it we can't find more than nine weeks in the two months of November and December. However, we are doing our best and hope you are, too, to celebrate the twelve "weeks" scheduled for these last two months of 1950. We're reminded by Editorial Research Reports that, somehow before the first of the year, we have been faced with the problem of observing these "weeks": American Art, Four-H Achievement, Education, Cat, Diabetes, Children's Book, Hotel, Prosperity, Radio and Television, Jaycee Memorial, Automatic Merchandising and Golden Rule.

★ ★ ★

It's good for your soul to know that there still are men like Professor William S. Haldeman. The professor teaches chemistry at Monmouth College in Monmouth, Illinois. The St. Louis section of the American Chemical Society has just given him the 1950 Midwest Award for Chemical Achievement. But that's not exactly what we're driving at. This Haldeman man, a bachelor, has been teaching at Monmouth since 1918. *After deducting his bare living expenses* (and we mean bare), all that he makes from teaching and writing he lends and gives to penniless students of great promise who might otherwise have to quit school. Among many other things, he even denies himself an automobile that he may make these contributions to the future of America. And he could use a car because he's no longer young—sixty-nine. We were just about to suggest that the next time President Truman gets around to pinning a medal or two on someone for patriotic service, he might stop off at Monmouth.

★ ★ ★

Every now and then, too, we stumble upon new ways to waste time which could conceivably be valuable. For example, recently there was a meeting of important politicos, in Memphis, "behind closed doors," to ponder on the weighty question of whether United States Senator Kenneth McKellar can be induced to run for another term in 1952. Just think of the plight this country would be in if he refused.

★ ★ ★

Inevitably, we have been accused from time to time of faking names appearing in this department of Collier's. An unjust accusation if ever we heard one. We suppose that if we told you that the beautiful Miss Jimmie Ann Grizzle, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Grizzle of Dahlonega, Georgia, was married lately, the protests would make Mr. Vishinsky's seem like the chirp of a fledgling wren. And yet Jimmie Ann, lovely girl that she is, got married to Walter Benefield, lucky guy that he is.

★ ★ ★

Too much about Dixie this week, particularly Georgia, but we can't help it. Who are we to dictate the happening place of interesting occurrences? For example, the citizens of Columbus, Georgia, have been receiving indignant denials from City Hall that the drinking water smells awful and tastes worse. The official explanation is that the water may smell a bit odd but that's merely because it's too clean. Dry weather,

City Hall goes on, has caused the mud to settle to the bottom of the reservoirs leaving the water clear—and Columbus isn't used to clear drinking. However, complaints kept coming in and City Hall decided to do something about it. So they pumped in some muddy water from the Chattahoochee River.

★ ★ ★

Everybody happy again. W.D.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Place your order today at your nearest Typewriter Dealer, Department Store or Jeweler . . . Easy Terms.

Underwood *...Typewriter Leader of the World!*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wait 'til they see...

...what's under the tree!

IT'S RCA VICTOR TELEVISION!

It's Million Proof

—proven in over a million homes

● Take it from Santa, you just can't pick a more exciting gift, a more popular—or a more rewarding one for the *whole family.*

All 18 of the new Million Proof sets are designed from RCA Victor's experience in producing *over a million* television receivers . . . are designed to give you the *best possible reception* wherever you live. The new, extra-powerful RCA Victor television circuits mean picture quality you'll call the finest you've ever seen.

Matter of fact, the only thing that *isn't* "of the highest" about these new RCA Victor sets is the price. Find out at your dealer's how easy it is to own the finest—RCA Victor.

And only when you buy RCA Victor television can you buy the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract—dependable installation and maintenance by RCA's own Service Company.

RCA VICTOR

Fairfield

16-inch television in a graceful Traditional cabinet

This RCA Victor Fairfield has a big 16-inch picture tube, built-in antenna and a phonojack for attaching a record changer like RCA Victor's popular "45." Mahogany, walnut or limed oak finish.

Watch "Kukla, Fran and Ollie," Monday through Friday at 7:00 p.m. New York time over your NBC station.

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . .
FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . .
FIRST IN TELEVISION

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laughs from F.D.R.'s Letters

IOLA,
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

Through his many political campaigns, the burdens of the Presidency and the trials of world conflict, Franklin Delano Roosevelt never lost his sense of humor. This fact is strikingly revealed in F.D.R. His Personal Letters—1928-1945, edited by Elliott Roosevelt, assisted by Joseph P. Lash, to be published in two volumes.

The 1,500 letters in these volumes show, as nothing else can, the human being behind the war President. Many deal with world-shaking events, but perhaps the most illuminating are those written in a lighthearted vein. F.D.R. always liked a good joke, and many of the letters here concern gags and slapstick. Many others of a more serious nature reveal the wit that could in a sentence or paragraph throw new light on a problem or win a critic to a new view of things.

The letters in this issue were selected by Collier's with an eye to variety and coverage of a long span of years, from the time F.D.R. was governor of New York until not long before his death. Unless otherwise indicated, these letters were written at the White House. The two-volume collection will be published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. THE EDITOR

To Frederic A. Delano in Washington, Dec. 23, 1932.

Albany

Dear Uncle Fred:

The tiger skin which you gave me when we moved up here has been rather ill-used and I am taking the liberty of sending it down to you. Would you send it to someone to be repaired and to be kept until we move into the White House and then it will be all ready for me to step out on again? And the bill can go to the White House too—perhaps H.H. will pay it by mistake.

Your affectionate nephew,

To Mrs. Roosevelt on their wedding anniversary, March 17, 1933.

Dearest Babs:

After a fruitless week of thinking and lying awake to find whether you need or want undies, dresses, hats, shoes, sheets, towels, rouge, soup plates, candy, flowers, lamps, laxation pills, whisky, beer, etchings or caviar

I GIVE IT UP

!

And yet I know you lack some necessity of life—so go to it with my love and many happy returns of the day!

F.D.R.

To James A. Farley in Washington, Aug. 17, 1933.

Dear Jim:

Thank you for the N.R.A. postage stamp and cover. The honest farmer, who looks like me; the honest business man, who looks like Grover T. Whalen; and the honest blacksmith, who looks like Lionel Barrymore, are magnificent. But Oh Heavens what a girl! She is wearing a No. 11 shoe, also a bustle, and if recovery is dependent on women like that I am agin recovery.

In spite of the above, it is a grand stamp, gotten out in record time, and will do worlds of good. Congratulations!

Sincerely,

To Herbert Bayard Swope in New York, Jan. 9, 1934.

Sir:

The Typographical Union has lodged complaint under their code against you for submitting copy to the New York Times containing the word "euhemeristic." A hearing will be held by me at your convenience. It is respectfully suggested that a jail sentence can be avoided by you if hereafter you will provide a dictionary of your own copy to all typesetters.

Very truly yours,

P.S. By the way—what does the darn word mean anyway? *(Turn to page 14)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After the repeal of Prohibition, everyone claimed credit for having turned the trick. Swope wrote a letter to the New York Times in which he playfully referred to this "euhemeristic" tendency. Euhemerus was a scholar in ancient Greece who had speculated on the origin of the myths about the gods, and Swope thought the definition fitted some of the claimants. The Times printed the letter, but made the word "euphemistic." Swope protested. The Times apologized in a box on the editorial page. The President's note followed.

To Will Rogers in Beverly Hills, Oct. 8, 1934.

Dear Will:

We saw Judge Priest last night. It is a thoroughly good job and the Civil War pictures are very true to life as I remember the battles of that period!

Also, I am very glad to see that you took my advice in regard to your leading lady—this time you have one who is good to look at and can also act.

I suppose the next thing you will be doing is making application for an appointment on the Federal Bench. I might take you up on that!

Always sincerely,

Judge Priest was a film based on Irvin S. Cobb's character of that name. Cobb had written the book to destroy the stereotype of the Southerner as being either an unreconstructed, high-tempered, decaying aristocrat, or a poor white. Will Rogers played the part of the homespun county judge, an engaging Confederate warrior who had made his peace with post-bellum realities. The highly complimented leading lady was Anita Louise.

To Newton D. Baker in Cleveland, Sept. 26, 1935.

Dear Newton:

I was sorry not to have a chance to see you while you were here.

Dan Roper has shown me your letter of September eighteenth. I know you will not mind. I know also that you will not mind my telling you that I think you are entirely wrong in your thought that constitutional amendment will of necessity be an issue in the next presidential campaign.

As a Senator with a sense of humor remarked to me today, "The Republican National Committee in secret confab searched the woods for an issue; they discarded the constitutional issue and decided in a month or two to come out in favor of the Ten Commandments, proclaiming from housetops that the Democratic Party wished

A. To amend the Ten Commandments

B. To add to the Ten Commandments

C. To scrap the Ten Commandments

On this issue they are confident that they can sweep the country."

I wish much that I could have a chance to see you again. After I get back from my little trip, do run down to Washington and have lunch with me.

Always sincerely,

To James A. Farley in Washington, Feb. 19, 1937.

Dear Jim:

Ever since November 1, 1936, I have been trying to raise enough money to pay my election bet. I appreciate now that I should have asked a hundred to one odds from you when last May I bet you one dollar that Borah would come out for me before November. I made the dollar bet on even terms on the doctrine of chances—that Borah, for the last twenty-five years or more, had threatened regularly during each three and a half years following election to bolt his party nominee—only to backslide to said nominee during the few months before the national election. I was wrong. He ran true to form.

Therefore, having during these days since election saved one cent a day on my lunches, I am able to enclose one of H.M., Jr.'s one dollar bills. I do not think it is any good but you and I, not being financiers, must take Henry's word for it.

Affectionately,

Henry Morgenthau was then Secretary of the Treasury.

To William C. Bullitt in Paris, Apr. 21, 1937.

Dear Bill:

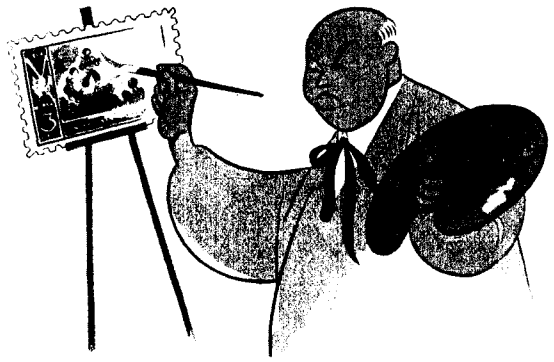
I am delighted to have your rural rhapsody of April 12th and to know that the French Government has spring fever. Spring has come to Washington also and even the Senators, who were biting each other over the Supreme Court, are saying "Alphonse" and "Gaston" to each other.

Your wildflower simile applies to diplomacy, I note, for you say that Austria "is likely to be left hanging on the bough to be plucked at an appropriate moment by Hitler." If he does pluck that apple and eats it, I hope it will have the effect of a green apple.

I, too, am influenced by this beautiful spring day. I haven't a care in the world which is going some for a President who is said by the newspapers to be a remorseless dictator driving his government into hopeless bankruptcy.

Take care of yourself and do not eat any sulphur and molasses. The spring fever should be kept with one as long as possible.

As ever yours,



To James A. Farley, Feb. 10, 1939.

Memorandum for Jim Farley:

Good for you! To draw a word of commendation from the Herald Tribune is like being allowed to sit on an iceberg for a whole day when you are in Hell.

It is worth remembering that knocks by the Herald Tribune in 1939 are nothing new. Turn back to their files in 1933 and 1934 and you will find that they were the opposite of generous, even when we were saving their bank accounts.

F.D.R.

The Herald Tribune had approved the issuance by the Post Office of a baseball stamp: "It will be a distinct honor to the national game and will add further to the boom in philately—the one real and demonstrable boom for which this Administration can take credit."

To Mary Dewson in New York, Feb. 10, 1940.

Dear Molly:

You girls have got to realize that this chiseling business on your part must stop somewhere. I have put more girls' faces on postage stamps in the last seven years than all of my thirty-one predecessors put together. In fact, old Martha Washington was the only female face on letters up to my Inauguration. I even put Whistler's mother on a stamp. And just a few days ago, Louisa Alcott blossomed forth, even though she was an awful old prude.

Now, instead of asking me for a special stamp for the Woman's Centennial Congress, if you had asked me to put Greta Garbo's face on a stamp, I might have listened.

Yes, taking it by and large, a careful survey of the past seven years shows that you girls, as a matter of fact, have been so petted and pampered that if any female voter dares to vote for Dewey, Vandenberg or Taft, next Fall, you will be out of luck. So keep up the good work and if we inaugurate a Democratic President in 1941, I will guarantee that he will provide one new female stamp each year.

As ever yours,

Molly Dewson headed up the Women's Division of the Democratic National Committee in the 1932 and 1936 campaigns.

To Thomas W. Lamont in New York, Sept. 13, 1940.

Dear Tom:

I wouldn't for the world have missed that copy of Earl Browder's speech and I should not have seen it but for that grand sense of humor which prompted you to send it to me. What is that old saying about politics and strange bedfellows? All I can say, Tom, is that if you can stand it, I can.

Gratefully yours,

The speech of Earl Browder which Lamont had forwarded to F.D.R. said, among other things: "The leading and natural candidate of the Republican Party was Robert A. Taft. But he was defeated in the Philadelphia convention and the prowar, big-business, renegade Democrat, Wendell Willkie, was nominated by a conspiratorial junta organized by Thomas W. Lamont of the firm of J. P. Morgan, working in direct agreement with Roosevelt, and engineered by Walter Lippmann. Willkie was chosen for the Republican Party by Roosevelt and Lamont, after an agreement had been reached as to fundamental policy to which all would adhere, the same policy revealed in the President's sensational coup of September 3d."

F.D.R. often entertained his friends at poker by drawing up formal balance sheets. The memorandum below, however, refers to an investment in horse racing—before he and Jesse H. Jones came to a parting of the ways.

FEDERAL LOAN AGENCY
WASHINGTON

JESSE H. JONES
FEDERAL LOAN ADMINISTRATOR

[December, 1940]

SPECIAL PARTNERSHIP

Invested Capital—F.D.R.	$6.00		
Invested Capital—J.H.J.	6.00		
Total Capital			$12.00
Investment in Bimelech	$4.00		
Dividend		$ 7.60	
Investment in Gallahadion	4.00		
Dividend		0.00	
Investment Mioland	4.00		
Dividend		13.80	
Total Dividends		$21.40	
Less Expense—4 hot dogs		.40	$21.00
Dividend in liquidation to F.D.R.			$10.50
Dividend in liquidation to J.H.J.			$10.50

To Frederic A. Delano, Sept. 26, 1941.

Memorandum for F.A.D.:

I think you should tell Mr. Key-Smith that, in my judgment, we should let sleeping heroes lie. The District is pock-marked with generals, statesmen, foreigners, visiting firemen, etc., on horseback, standing and sitting—all without any particular reference to a plan.

Personally I want to see old man Jackson and the horse which is balanced on its tail, in front of the White House as long as I am here. How the General is able to wave without holding onto his pommel, I have never known. I am still fascinated —and I think almost everyone else is too.

From the practical point of view, we should spend no money these days in re-distributing heroes round the parks and squares of Washington.

F.D.R.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Henry H. Arnold, March 26, 1942.

Memorandum for General Arnold:

. . . I think that we should give Colonel Robert R. McCormick the next higher title than Field Marshal—I do not remember what that would be but I think it would be unique in military annals.

If you can find someone with nothing better to do have him verify McCormick's claims of having introduced the R.O.T.C. into the schools, machine guns into the Army, mechanization of the Army, automatic rifles for the Army, and the allegation that he was the first ground officer to introduce observation of artillery fire from the air. . . .

I think he must be a little touched in the head but this letter of his might be given credence one hundred years from now if we did not produce the antidote at this time.

F.D.R.

To Mrs. Roosevelt, April 29, 1942.

Memorandum for E. R.:

Do you remember that about a month ago I got sick of chicken because I got it (between lunch and dinner) at least six times a week? The chicken situation has definitely improved, but "they" have substituted sweetbreads, and for the past month I have been getting sweetbreads about six times a week.

I am getting to the point where my stomach positively rebels and this does not help my relations with foreign powers. I bit two of them today.

F.D.R.

To Stephen Early, May 29, 1942.

Memorandum for S. T. E.:

Tell the Editor of The Yank that I want a complete file of it for the Library at Hyde Park.

Do you know some kind soul who has one of the few complete collections of The Stars and Stripes who would like to bequeath his set to the Library, because some day when I get through here I am going to write a biography of the Editor of The Stars and Stripes—one Stephen T. Early?

F.D.R.

The first issue of Yank, the magazine of the American armed forces, written and edited by enlisted men, appeared on May 28th.

Early pointed out that he had not been editor of The Stars and Stripes in World War I; the post had been held by an enlisted man, Private Harold Ross, later editor of The New Yorker. Whereupon F.D.R. replied:

F.D.R. to Stephen Early, June 2, 1942.

Memorandum for S.T.E.:

Of course I do not believe a word about what you write of your record on The Stars and Stripes. I understand that you were the only man who was completely in charge because you were the only man who could remain relatively sober in Paris. . . .

F.D.R.

To Winston Churchill, July 9, 1942.

Memorandum for W.S.C.:

The enclosed official reply on my part to your official communication of June 14th is, I suppose, for the benefit of the records or archives of both our Governments for the delectation of historians.

The point of it is that I hate like blazes cutting off or diminishing the flow of "Bundles for Britain"—but it has to be done.

However, if you personally long for a seven-to-one Martini, I will send it across pronto.

As ever yours,

F.D.R.

P.S. Tell Tommy and John Martin they may have two apiece.

F.D.R.

The official exchange of letters referred to in this memorandum stated that the flow of private gifts to Britain would have to be cut to make shipping space for "goods of a more warlike character." "Tommy" was Commander Thompson, one of Churchill's aides; John Martin was Churchill's principal private secretary. Both accompanied Churchill on his visit to the United States.

To Ernest J. King in Washington, Aug. 12, 1942.

Dear Ernie:

You will remember "the sweet young thing" whom I told about Douglas MacArthur rowing his family from Corregidor to Australia—and later told about Shangri-La as the take-off place for the Tokio bombers.

Well, *she* came in to dinner last night and this time she told *me* something.

She said, "We are going to win this war. The Navy is tough. And the toughest man in the Navy —Admiral King—proves it. He shaves every morning with a blowtorch!"

Glad to know you!

As ever yours,

P.S. I am trying to verify another rumor—that you cut your toenails with a torpedo net cutter.

To John A. Roosevelt in Oakland, Feb. 13, 1943.

Dear Johnny:

I am delighted to have your letter and to know that you are off for Oakland. I hope they won't keep you there very long for I know of your real desire to go to sea. . . .

I will add a bond every three months for the baby out of your allowance if that is all right with you and Anne.

I do wish I could see you to tell you all about the trip [to Casablanca]. It was really a great success and only General de Gaulle was a thoroughly bad boy. The day he arrived, he thought he was Joan of Arc and the following day he insisted that he was Georges Clemenceau. Winston and I decided to get him and Giraud to come to Casablanca and to hold a shotgun wedding. I produced the bridegroom from Algiers but Winston had to make three trys before he could get the bride.

Ever so much love to all four of you.

Affectionately,

To George S. Patton, Jr., in Europe Aug. 4, 1943.

Dear George:

It is good to have yours of July 27th—and that most interesting map which you carried is a real addition to the Library at Hyde Park. It will go next to the original field maps which General Degoutte gave to me after I had been with him for two days in 1918 on the advance from the Marne to the Vesle.

You are doing a grand job in the advance. It was suggested by Pa Watson and Wilson Brown and Harry Hopkins that after the war I should make you the Marquis of Mt. Etna. Don't fall into the crater!

Always sincerely,

To Mrs. Roosevelt, April 5, 1944.

Memorandum for Mrs. Roosevelt:

I have an alibi. The only time I was ever in Curaçao in my life was in 1904 when I went through the West Indies on a Hamburg-American Line "yacht." I was accompanied by and thoroughly chaperoned by my maternal parent.

I was never given a goat—neither did anyone get my goat!

This looks to me like a German plot!

F.D.R.

A business firm in Curaçao had written Mrs. Roosevelt when she was there that the President had visited the island in the early part of the century as a lieutenant on an American warship. At the request of Lieutenant Roosevelt, the communication went on, a small live goat had been given him as a mascot for the warship. Mrs. Roosevelt turned this letter over to Grace Tully with the following note: "Show F.D.R. and ask what he has been holding out on me all these years."

To Harold L. Ickes in Washington, Dec. 5, 1944.

Dear Harold:

I am delighted that you got religion during the campaign and that the Salvation Army is now sold!

Also, my congratulations on your million-dollar country estate. It reminds me of a lady at Hyde Park who insisted in '36 that I had feathered my nest with one billion dollars. You still have a long way to go!

As ever yours,

Ickes had forwarded an extract from a Japanese propaganda broadcast which stated that it was he who had got the Salvation Army to support Roosevelt, and that one year after his appointment as Secretary of Interior, although his salary was only $10,000 a year, he was able to buy a million-dollar estate.

THE END

DRAWINGS BY AL HIRSCHFELD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They strode around in dark glasses, smoking ivory-tipped cigarettes —and rumors started

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

North Fork Folly

It looked like the last roundup for Dear George and his strictly synthetic Hollywood cowboy. The eyes of Texas were upon them—and the eyes had a nasty glitter

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California

From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

October 23, 1950
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Netherland Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear George:

George, I have another small dog I need walked. Just once around the block. All it requires is a short trip to the beautiful Texas Panhandle. Near, to put it bluntly, Amarillo.

Actually, George, I haven't the heart to try to build this one up to you. It's a canine if I've ever seen one. But somebody has to do it, and you drew the short straw.

Do you perchance know our handsome Western star, Mr. Anthony Blaine, of the singing strings and the chest toupee? Well, Anthony has bought himself a ranch in the Texas Panhandle. An honest-to-gosh cow factory. When he first told me about it, a few days ago, I said well, isn't that dandy, and good luck with the calving.

Unfortunately, life is not that simple. Anthony, modest, unassuming boy that he is, wants us to start banging the anvil to give the entire world the vital news that he is now a rancher complete with ranch. As you know, every time he brushes his teeth he feels that a flash should go out to the peasants waiting at the palace gates.

I'd like to tell him to just go roll his hoop. But at the moment we are making everything out here except money, and Anthony's horse operas are going a long way toward paying the freight; he can therefore do little wrong on this campus. Plus the fact that his current contract is up in October, and Eagle-Griffith is lurking about trying to lure him into their own Augean stables. So to keep him happy, we will have to get him some publicity on his fool ranch if that's what he wants. Just to make sure, I called Lou Bentley, our beloved employer, and he said that if Anthony had even asked me to personally wash his back, for Heaven's sake start heating the water.

So George, it looks like you will have to buckle on your chaps, chap. Hop down there and take a fast look at the place, and then somehow get Anthony's name in the papers in connection with the word ranch. That is all I ask. I don't care how you do it—just do it.

Let me caution you on only one point. Since we won't be publicizing any particular picture, I won't have any budget for any special expenses. So don't get any fancy ideas. In fact, just so that you will understand the situation, I will enclose your expense money for the project—two dollars. Anything you care to spend over that, you can get from Anthony, which I think you will agree is impossible. So adjust your sights accordingly.

And the best of luck to you. The address of Anthony's place is Hidden Acres Ranch, North Fork, Texas. All I know about it is that it is somewhere near Amarillo. But I am sure that you can find it. Just walk around Amarillo in widening circles, and you are bound to come to it. Love,

Dick.

P. S. Oh, I forgot to add the good news. You will be happy to know that when you get there you will not be alone. Dear Anthony is leaving here at dawn tomorrow aboard a chartered sky nag with a small group of guests—his leading lady, Sally Knight; his director, Henry Kline; a cameraman; and those two noted writers of Western movies, Nick Blik and Sam Obaloominofski.

As you might imagine, the purpose of this mass hegira is not completely social. Anthony is already busily planning to rent the premises to the studio as a location site, and he is bringing this first group along to start peddling the idea.

But you don't have to worry about that. Just get Anthony his small toot in the papers, and get out of there.

And don't spend any money.

Dick.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF
SORRY, BUT CAN'T HAVE A THING TO DO WITH ANTHONY BLAINE AT THIS TIME. I JUST WASHED MY HANDS. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL NETHERLAND PLAZA CINCINNATI O
OKAY SO HE'S A BIG TUB OF TRIPE. I AGREE WITH YOU. BUT LET US BEAR IN MIND THAT HIS FEARLESS RENDITIONS OF HOME ON THE RANGE ARE CURRENTLY PAYING A GOOD PART OF OUR HANDSOME SALARIES. WHAT TIME ARE YOU LEAVING? DICK.

(Continued on page 60)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRITZ WILLIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russia's Busiest SPY

By GORDON WALKER

BILL STAPLETON

Mitsubishi 21, Soviet headquarters and propaganda center in Tokyo's downtown area

TOKYO

THE hour for the decisive stroke was near. The great convoys for the Inchon invasion were gathering in ports along the east coast of Japan—Yokohama, Kobe, Nagoya and others, nearly all of them already jammed with troop and supply ships. U.S. Marines and Army forces in an almost unbroken stream moved to the guarded docks. Warcraft waited to cover the movement of our assault forces across the Korean Strait and into the Yellow Sea as they headed toward D day.

At the most feverish moment of preparation, the Japanese ship-to-shore radio terminal at Nagasaki (where one of World War II's atom bombs exploded) received what under normal circumstances would have been a routine message. A rust-streaked freighter requested permission to make port and unload her cargo.

The freighter had a legal right to enter Japanese ports, but the ship, fully equipped with radio, flew the flag of a Soviet Russian satellite in eastern Europe.

American Eighth Army harbor masters were confronted with a delicate decision. They couldn't turn the freighter away, but they were understandably alarmed at the prospect of the Russian satellite crew, probably including experienced intelligence agents, nosing into the middle of our invasion forces. The freighter was hurriedly instructed to leave the area of the invasion ports and to put in at Fukuoka, on Japan's southernmost island of Kyushu.

The case of the rusted freighter is just one example of why the war in Korea has been one of the strangest that American forces have ever been called upon to fight. In support of United Nations actions, we have had to carry on military operations from Japan with spies operating in our back yard. We couldn't shoot, arrest or even control these spies who walked freely about Tokyo and who sometimes traveled elsewhere in Japan.

In Tokyo alone, the Soviet Union diplomatic mission of 233 Red Army officers, civilians, MVD agents, and their wives was from the beginning in excellent position to observe our troop movements, gather other military intelligence and transmit information to the North Korean Communists, directly or indirectly. Intelligence officers at the war front in Korea time after time found the North Koreans amazingly well-informed of United Nations plans and operation.

Yet the Soviet Russians, furthering the North Korean war effort wherever and whenever they could, have maintained their lookout in the heart of the United Nations' war base. Uniformed Russian soldiers and the ever-suspicious secret Red police cover their own operations with their usual zeal; they chase away the curious who seek a closer view of the red-and-black uniformed guards at Soviet missions. These guards carry the well-known Rus-

BILL STAPLETON

Soviet Embassy guard blocks an American trying to enter grounds. Red sentries are tough and watchful—are usually armed with "burp guns"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEST

Soviet intelligence agents roam at large in Japan, keystone of our wall against Red aggression in the Far East. Aided by Jap Communists they imperil our security—and there's little that U.S. officials can do about it

sian "burp guns" slung over their shoulders, fingering them—hopefully, it seems—when strangers come near.

The dilemma posed by the presence of Soviet agents in our war zone has remained unsolved ever since Soviet-American relations began to worsen following Japan's surrender and became acute, of course, after the outbreak of the Korean war. But, without breaking the Moscow agreement of 1945, it is impossible to prevent the Soviets from maintaining a "diplomatic and trade mission" in Japan as an adjunct to Soviet participation on the Far Eastern Commission in Washington and the Allied Control Council in Tokyo.

It is also impossible for General Douglas MacArthur, the United Nations commander and Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers (SCAP) in charge of the occupation of Japan, to prevent Japanese Communists themselves from operating in behalf of their Moscow counterparts.

Allied Base Swarms with Red Agents

Thus the nightmare in security. Lump the Soviets and their only too willing Japanese Communist accomplices together and you have a legally protected organization of upward of 100,000 spies and potential spies working in the center of a forward military base.

The drama of the freighter was not quite ended when the harbor masters sent it away from the invasion-staging area. The next episode took place in Tokyo when the Soviet trade representative, Anatole Gromov, formally requested the permission of General MacArthur's headquarters to proceed to Tokyo and inspect the ship's cargo.

It is normal for the trade section of the Russian diplomatic mission to inspect Russian cargo before it is turned over to Japanese consumers. And if there were no legal grounds for turning the freighter back, there were likewise none for refusing Gromov's application.

Gromov, in order to reach Fukuoka on his "inspection trip," had to pass through the Kansai seaports at Osaka and Kobe where American Marines had landed from San Francisco and then hurriedly staged for the Inchon invasion. Fukuoka itself, while slightly less important in the military planning for Inchon, was nevertheless a "hot" port city.

A short train trip away, the American Seventh Fleet was conducting top-secret war operations, using the old Japanese naval base at Sasebo.

A regiment of American paratroopers from the States was scheduled at the time of Gromov's visit to arrive in the Fukuoka area, prior to re-embarking for the Korean war front.

And within a radius of 25 miles from Fukuoka, feverish activity was under way at three primary American air bases—Ashiya, Itazuke and Brady fields.

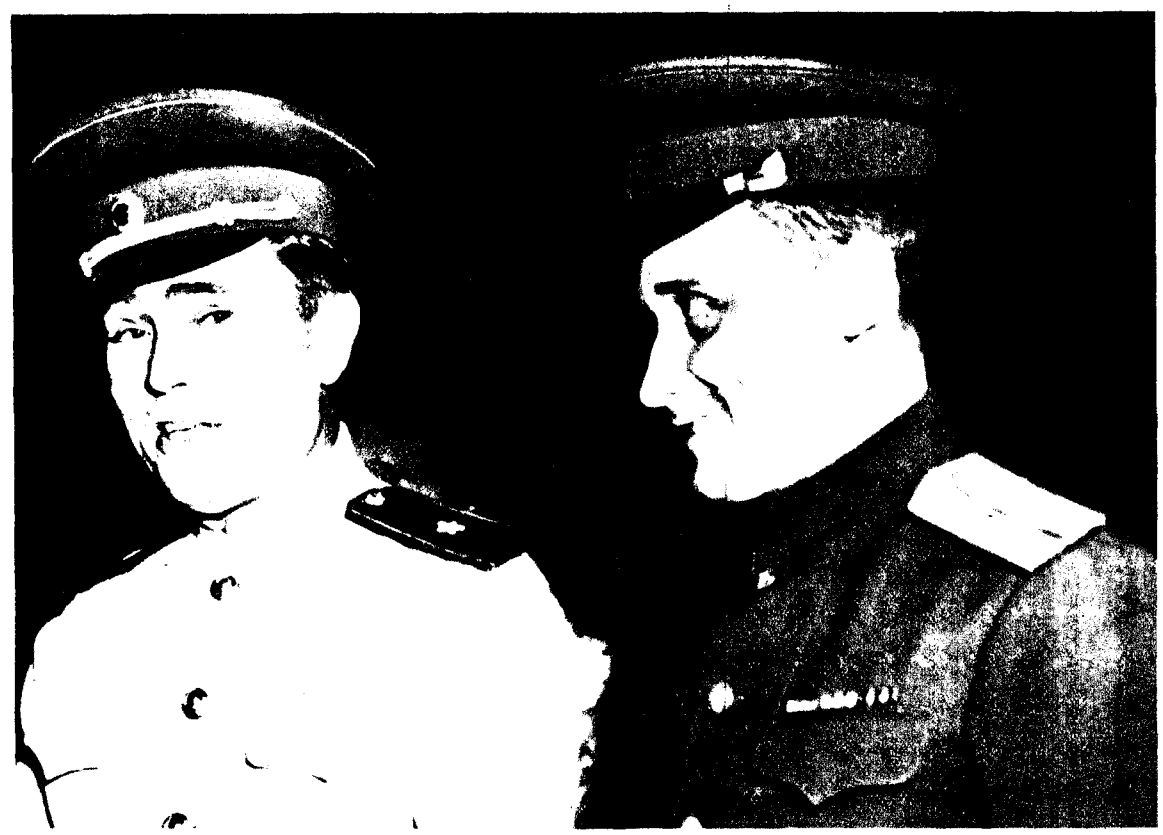
SCAP officials nevertheless could find no adequate excuse for blocking Gromov's visit, and the trade delegate, one of the top three officials in the Soviet organization in Japan, made his trip.

Gromov, who is rated high by American G-2 officers here, did not make the mistake of trying to smuggle himself aboard a train for Sasebo, nor did he attempt to slip past the MP check point at one of Fukuoka's nearby airfields.

If the customary pattern was followed, he merely sat in Fukuoka and chatted casually with members of the local Japanese Communist party who, by literally "blanketing" Kyushu with large numbers, could fill in any missing links in Mr. Gromov's chain of information.

Undoubtedly, Gromov, long before he went to Fukuoka, was well aware of the Inchon landing which had been dubbed by American newsmen as "operation common knowledge."

For days before the operation actually got under way, the Tokyo Correspondents' Club—located next door to Gromov's office in the Mitsubishi No. 21 building—had *(Continued on page 39)*



Top Russian in Japan is Major General Alexei Kislenko (l.) shown with aide. Though some U.S. intelligence officers think he's really a civilian political expert, Kislenko was in uniform until the Korean war. Then he and his staff switched to mufti, apparently to avoid incidents

ACME

Mysteriously called home from Tokyo last May, Lieutenant General Kuzma Derevyanko may be the man who advised Kremlin the West wouldn't fight in Korea. He's shown here in walkout from Allied Council after U.S. accused Soviets of holding 300,000 Jap POWs in Siberia

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Night Before Christmas (naturally) is the principal text. Coed will become Mrs. Santa

SANTA

An efficient Santa must know how to (a) wear the beard and (b) chuckle properly. Above, Dean Howard instructs the author in the first subject. Below, a novice class practices chuckling

AS I got out of the car a voice from somewhere above said, "You look like one."

"You look like one, yourself," I snapped back—and then regretted it. For, roosting on top of a ladder which leaned against the big, white house was a plump, pleasant man wearing overalls and a cheery grin. He had been nailing up decorative greenery.

Pointing to the doorway with his hammer, he said, "Just go inside and make yourself at home. I'll be right down."

I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick—or, as he is known in Albion, New York, Charles W. Howard, dean of the only Santa Claus School in the world.

Fine business, I thought. Here I was, a freshman Santa Claus with no more standing than the stubbiest gnome, and my first thoughtless act was to talk back to the dean. I slunk into the house to hide my confusion.

In a corner sat a gray-haired, motherly woman who turned out to be the dean's wife. She was sewing tapes on a large pillow. "Santa Claus stuffing," she said briskly.

Other students began arriving. We formed an uneasy group. We nodded hello and then began a self-conscious study of the details of the Victorian living room in which we stood. There were two old clocks and numerous knickknacks, including fancy buttons arranged in patterns and mounted behind glass. The place had a sort of night-before-Christmas atmosphere.

Suddenly the dean popped into the room from a side door. He had shed the overalls and was attired in neatly creased gray trousers, a gray shirt open at the throat, and a bright-green coat, cut like a smoking jacket. His eyes twinkled and his face was round.

He engineered the introductions with an easy grace. While waiting for the rest of the class to arrive, he broke the ice by telling us anecdotes of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Using a blackboard, the dean shows the most desirable setup for a department-store Santa

Final exam: A brand-new Saint Nicholas tries his charms on his severest critics—the kids

Graduation day is a happy occasion. It has to be, when all the grads are Santa Clauses

CLASS

This is the season when all good Saint Nicks trot off to school, where they learn to shake when they laugh, like a bowlful of jelly—and how to handle young beard pullers

By JOHN O'REILLY

his many years of playing Santa Claus in department stores and teaching the art at old SCS. (One story was about a boy who grabbed a knife in a department store and refused to give it up, despite the exhortations of his mother and the floorwalkers. Finally they brought him to Santa Claus, whereupon the screaming lad drove the knife deep into Santa's bulging middle. "With a sickening hiss I suddenly lost fifty pounds," the dean said. "The mother fainted. I've never worn an inflated suit since.")

Finally the entire class was assembled, eight plebe Santa Clauses and one Mrs. Santa Claus, Mrs. Arthur W. McAllister, who was to take part in the Christmas doings of the Young Women's Service Club of Albion. The dean said it was his first coeducational class. The men ranged in age from seventeen to sixty-eight years old and in weight from around 150 to 235 pounds (me). Some were to be Santa Claus in department stores and others were to play the part for chambers of commerce and civic associations of various communities.

Like Kids on First Day at School

As on the first day at any school, all of us felt shy and nervous. Some, like myself, felt silly. This Santa Claus stuff was all right, but why was it necessary to go through all this rigmarole? We were to find out.

Calling the class to order, the dean welcomed us to the school with a brief address. He noted that the building in which the classes were held had been his family's home for 117 years. Pointing to a doorway, he said, "I was born in that room fifty-four years ago." Then he passed out loose-leaf folders in which we were to keep our homework and text material.

"I hope you don't mind if I take off my coat," he said. "I'm going to work now."

Mrs. Howard called from the dining room, "Santa Claus! Put on your jacket. You'll catch cold." The dean grinned.

From the beginning Dean Howard tried to impress upon us the spirit and character of Santa Claus. Our very first class exercise was to write down the following as he spoke it with slow emphasis:

"There is a Santa Claus. Not a flesh-and-blood individual that you can see with your eyes or feel with your hands, for if that were true he would have been dead years ago. Santa Claus is made of something that lasts forever—a thought. Trees, though they live many, many years, eventually die. Buildings, though they are built very well, eventually crumble and decay. But a thought that is fine passes from mind to mind, from generation to generation and becomes immortal. And if it is fine enough and worthy of preservation, then it takes on a sort of human form."

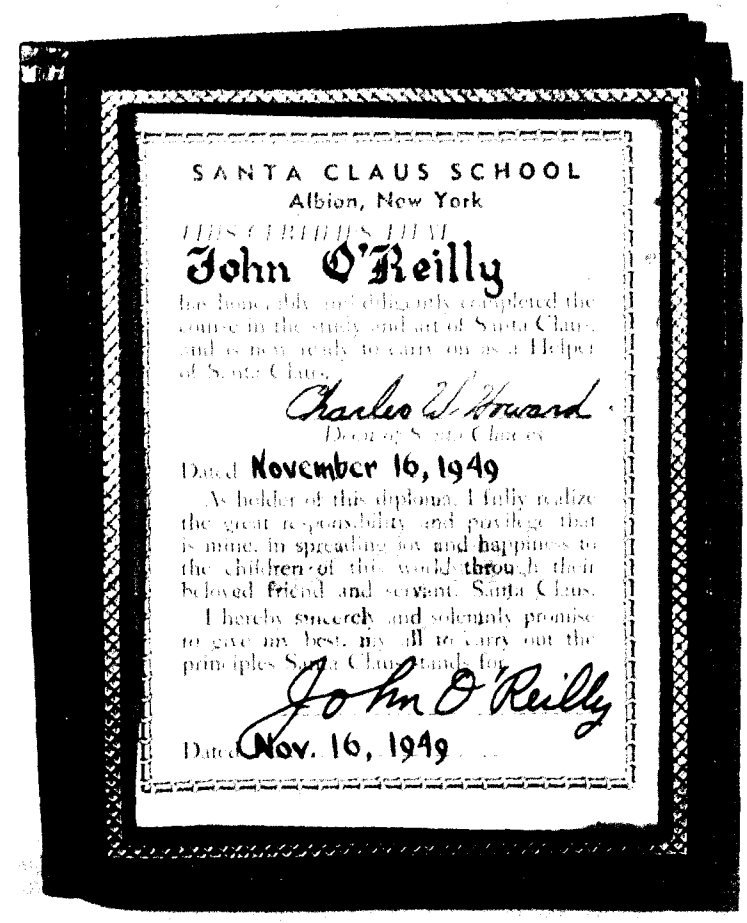
We found the dean jocular, but never coy nor cute. He was always ready for a joke, including some pretty bad ones, but his manner became serious, almost solemn, whenever he spoke of the spirit of Santa Claus or the responsibility of playing the part before children. "To be Santa Claus is a privilege, not a job," he said.

For a while we were skeptical, but gradually we fell under the spell of the genial dean. The class sat silent on chairs and sofas as he read the classic delineation of Santa Claus, 'Twas the Night Before Christmas, by Clement C. Moore. He would read a couple of lines and then analyze them for us.

"Remember that; eight tiny reindeer," he would say. "Your reindeer are as much a part of you as your whiskers. You must never forget their names."

Then came long hours of study. There were classes on the costume and its care, on the wearing and care of the wig and beard, on make-up and on chuckling practice.

Dean Howard explained that the deep ho-ho-ho laugh is pretty much a thing (*Continued on page* 43)



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Router of Dreams

The McCoys' rich aunt was a soft touch for any phony with a message. And Ali Bey was doing fine until the heady smell of lavender roused Joe the Cat to action

By RICHARD STERN

TIM McCOY came into the bedroom with two highballs in his hands. He gave one to his wife Lucas. He kissed her. Then he sat down on the edge of his own bed and drank deeply. "Ah!" he said. He reached down and shucked off one shoe. He wiggled his toes. "When my biography is written, this week will go down to posterity as—"

"Tim," Lucas said, "Aunt Lucy is coming."

There was silence. Tim stared into his drink. His lips moved, but no sound came forth. He raised his head and studied Lucas. Then he drank again.

"Well," Lucas said, "it isn't my doing. She just wrote and said she was coming. The letter came this afternoon. She'll be here in the morning." She picked the letter from her lap, and waved it for Tim's inspection. The purple ink was plain.

Tim drank again. He got off his other shoe. He stared at his toes.

"All right," Lucas said, "what could I do? She's already on her way. She has an appointment with, uh, someone, and—"

"I thought she was raising hamsters."

"She stopped that." Lucas paused. She looked down into her glass. "She's been studying Arabic."

"In order to talk with this, uh, someone—is that it?" He shook his head slowly. Lucas was still staring down into her glass. "That makes it pretty clear," Tim said. He finished his drink and stood up. "If the schemes that have been concocted to put the bite on Aunt Lucy's money were laid end to end— That lamasery in Tibet, the blue-blooded Pekingese, you remember him?"

"Tim! She's a dear old lady."

"That's what I said. She doesn't play with a full deck of cards, but she's a dear old lady." He paused. "Rich, too. Only thing is, it'll all go to endow a home for earthworms, or something."

Lucas breathed heavily through her nose. "I don't like it any better—" she began, and there she stopped. Miss Henderson was standing in the doorway. Miss Henderson was nursemaid to Thomas, the McCoy baby. Her expression was polite but determined. "Yes?" said Lucas. "Come in, Miss Henderson."

Miss Henderson marched forward two full paces. She halted. "It is not my nature to complain, Mrs. McCoy," she said. "I like cats. I even like Joe."

Lucas looked at Tim. Tim looked at the ceiling. "Yes?" Lucas said.

"This afternoon," Miss Henderson said, "I received through the mail a sachet. It was a handmade sachet, Mrs. McCoy. A relative of mine in New England made it for me. I left it on my bed while I fed Thomas." She paused. "Joe stole it, Mrs. McCoy. He ran out the window with it. I saw him."

Tim said, "Maybe he has an old fur coat he wants to keep fresh."

"That isn't funny, Tim," Lucas said.

"No," Tim said, "I guess it isn't." He looked at his empty glass; in the bottom of it he saw Aunt Lucy. "I'm fresh out of funny." He looked at Miss Henderson. "I'll investigate."

He slipped into his shoes and went out through the living room and the dining room. He left his empty glass in the pantry, and he went through the kitchen, past Cook who muttered and mumbled to herself at the sink. Beneath the stove Vincent, the McCoy monkey, was earnestly polishing off the nightly bowl of milk and dark rum. Joe was not present. Vincent raised his head and spoke briefly. Tim went on outside.

There on the back porch he called. There was no answer. He went out toward the tool shed, searched through the carnations which were Joe's especial joy, and found nothing. He started back for the house, and there on the lawn beside the pool, he saw Joe.

Joe's chest was low, his rear end high, his stub tail aloft like a guidon. Between his great forepaws he pinned something darkly purple, water-stained, and as Tim watched, Joe rubbed his face against it, first one cheek and then the other, all the while purring loudly. He caught the thing in his teeth, shook it once, set it down again and began to wash it with his tongue. He lifted his hind feet in a little dance of ecstasy. The purring rose in pitch and volume. "My Lord," Tim said. He advanced a little. "Hey. Hey, Joe!"

Joe raised his head. Still pinning the sachet between his forepaws, he regarded Tim without expression. The purring died away.

"Now, look," Tim said. He moved steadily forward. He held out his hand. "Give."

Joe lowered his head. He caught the sachet between his jaws. He stood there, motionless, watching, and his stub tail was beginning to twitch.

"Now see here," Tim said. "I'll try to square it for you. I'll try to mollify Miss Henderson and Lucas. I'll explain that it was a mistake, that you thought the thing was yours. I'll—" He stopped there. Joe was gone, trotting swiftly across the lawn, the sachet still in his mouth. "Hey!" Tim called. Joe went up the trunk of the large tree, along the roof of the tool shed and over the fence beyond. He disappeared. "Well, I'm damned!" Tim said. He went slowly back into the house and mixed himself another drink as preparation for his report on the failure of his mission.

IN THE next yard, Joe, secure from pursuit, lay down beneath a bush and dropped the sachet between his forepaws. He cradled it thus. He washed it. He rubbed his cheeks against it. He purred to it softly and buried his nose in it and breathed deeply, inhaling its delicious fragrance. Not since his first discovery of the carnations—so long ago that was now—had anything smelled so good.

The next day was Saturday. Tim sat at the breakfast table with the newspapers, his fourth cup of coffee and his fifth cigarette, thereby delaying the clearing up. Cook muttered to herself in the pantry, wondering yet again what it was that prompted a woman, of her own volition, to have a man around the house. Miss Henderson, bearing the remnants of Thomas' breakfast, marched past the table, kitchen bound, and she, too, but for a different reason, regarded Tim without enthusiasm. The loss of the sachet galled. Joe had purloined it, that much she had seen; but Tim had failed to get it back; the two, then, the cat and the man, shared equally in the blame. She went on into the pantry, keeping her thoughts to herself.

And then came Lucas, already dressed for the day, her mind abristle with little chores of preparation. She stopped at the table. "Just take your time," she said.

Tim nodded, not looking up. "Thanks."

"There's nothing to be done in the house, of course. Nothing at all."

"That's fine," Tim said absently.

"Tim!" Lucas stamped her foot. "Tim! Will you stop dawdling!"

Tim raised his head in mild surprise.

"Aunt Lucy is coming," Lucas said. "And you —you aren't even dressed yet."

TIM looked down at himself. "Shirt," he said, "pants, even shoes. What more could she ask —a toga?"

"A tie."

"No." He shook his head. "Not on Saturday. Tell her to go somewhere else if—"

"And, Tim—" Lucas paused, and her voice changed in tone. "She doesn't like cats, do you remember? They bother her. Will you see that Joe—" She paused again, and her mind changed direction smoothly. "About that sachet—"

"Joe and I will stay outside," Tim said. "We'll sit in the carnations together, me without a tie and Joe with whatever he's got that's obnoxious. How's that?" He watched the door to the pantry close, and he heard the feminine talk begin in a small spontaneous burst. He sighed. He finished his coffee and pushed back his chair. "It might not be such a bad idea at that," he said. . . .

It was midmorning. Tim sat in the sun beside the pool, Vincent upon his knee. The sun was warm, and a breeze stirred gently. Vincent plucked idly with his small fingers at the crease of Tim's trousers. From time to time he lifted his head and watched Tim's face. His attitude was that of a disciple harking to the words of the sage. "It appears," Tim said, "that life is a vast succession of crises, some major, some minor." He paused and rubbed the soft fur of Vincent's black skullcap. Vincent watched with bright, adoring eyes. "Sachets from New England, aunts, Joe and his—" He stopped there. Joe was coming slowly out of the shrubbery, walking in a leisurely manner, his whiskers comfortably curled. "Well," Tim said. "Good morning, you thief."

Joe sat down. He lifted one massive forepaw, turned it this way and that, admiring it. Then he spread the toes and, with a great show of indifference, began to wash between the pads.

"As I was saying," Tim said, "you aren't popular, son. Why'd you do it?"

Joe said nothing. He *(Continued on page 67)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL MITCHELL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He slapped Ali's ankle three times, claws extended, drawing lines of blood. He heard the high-pitched squeal, and moved to press his advantage as Ali Bey kicked viciously

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEMOCRACY *Bets on*

Through the famed canal, with locks to drop ships 21 feet from Superior to Huron, move

By JOHN LEAR

I MET Ernie Winter on top of an old stone chimney 80 feet above the rapids of the Saint Marys River, along the wild Canadian border between Lake Superior and Lake Huron. He was walking back and forth in a green glass box that was shaped like a Chinese lantern.

"I'm beginning to get mad," he was saying as I started up the stairs from the elevator landing. The statement was entirely credible. For his back was excessively erect, his thin body was stretched to its utmost limit—possibly five feet eight inches—and his wiry white hair was standing straight on his head as though it were about to shoot off into space.

"Just look at that!" he exclaimed in disgust. "He's letting her die on the pier!"

I hurried to the glass wall and looked down at the water. Who was doing this dastardly deed? On the five concrete islands directly below, perhaps a dozen men were lounging about, looking unconcerned. But they didn't seem to be unconcerned about anyone in particular. After diligent but fruitless peering, I asked, "Where is she?"

Thus I learned that the female under discussion was a slow, clumsy boat, built like an overstretched matchbox, with nothing on her long awkward deck between the pilothouse far forward and the smoking stack far aft. "He" was "her" captain, and their tragedy consisted of entering the Soo Canal with the moribund speed of a snail.

The distress, in other words, was not the boats; it was Ernie's. As senior towermaster at the Soo —that chopped distortion of the original French, *le Sault de Sainte Marie*, persists in spite of the full and proper English name, Saint Marys Falls Canal—Ernie is responsible for dispatching boats through the narrow passage. Whether the war is hot and calls for weapons, or whether it is cold and demands labor-saving machines to woo backward lands from the blandishments of Communism, every minute he can save on his timetable is a minute gained in our struggle to prepare for the war that may be forced upon us.

The awkward craft that caused Ernie so much anguish carried enough iron ore to make 222 Patton tanks, or 6,678 howitzers, or 213,696 machine guns. And she was only one in an endless, monotonously ugly procession that streams beneath Ernie's green glass perch through nine months of the year. Altogether, this Great Lakes fleet moves 85 per cent of America's supply of the one irreplaceable raw ingredient of modern mechanical power from the mines on Lake Superior to the lower Lakes, the blast furnaces and the steel mills.

The four man-made water basins which lie at the foot of the old stone chimney are the only means of floating the ore boats across the 21-foot drop from Lake Superior to Lake Huron. There is no practical substitute for them. It would take a freight train of one hundred 70-ton cars every 38 minutes around the clock and throughout the year to duplicate the ore traffic the locks handle in nine months. The best the Lake Superior mines have been able to do in shipping ore to the East by rail in 1950 is one such train every 24 hours and 8 minutes. And that is a new speed record.

"If God is really on our side, He will make it evident at the Soo," one of the more devout of the little band of canallers told me. He meant that the weather alone decides how long the canal can operate in any one season. "We have learned how to make it rain," he noted, "but we don't yet know how to keep it from getting cold."

When it gets cold at the Soo it gets bitter cold. Temperatures drop below zero, 90 inches of snow falls in a winter, and the river is stilled by more than three feet of ice. To prevent the canal from being wrecked by the relentless pressure of the freezing water, the locks are closed tight and drained. They then are dismantled, cleaned, repaired and—when the ice breaks in the spring—reassembled for a new season.

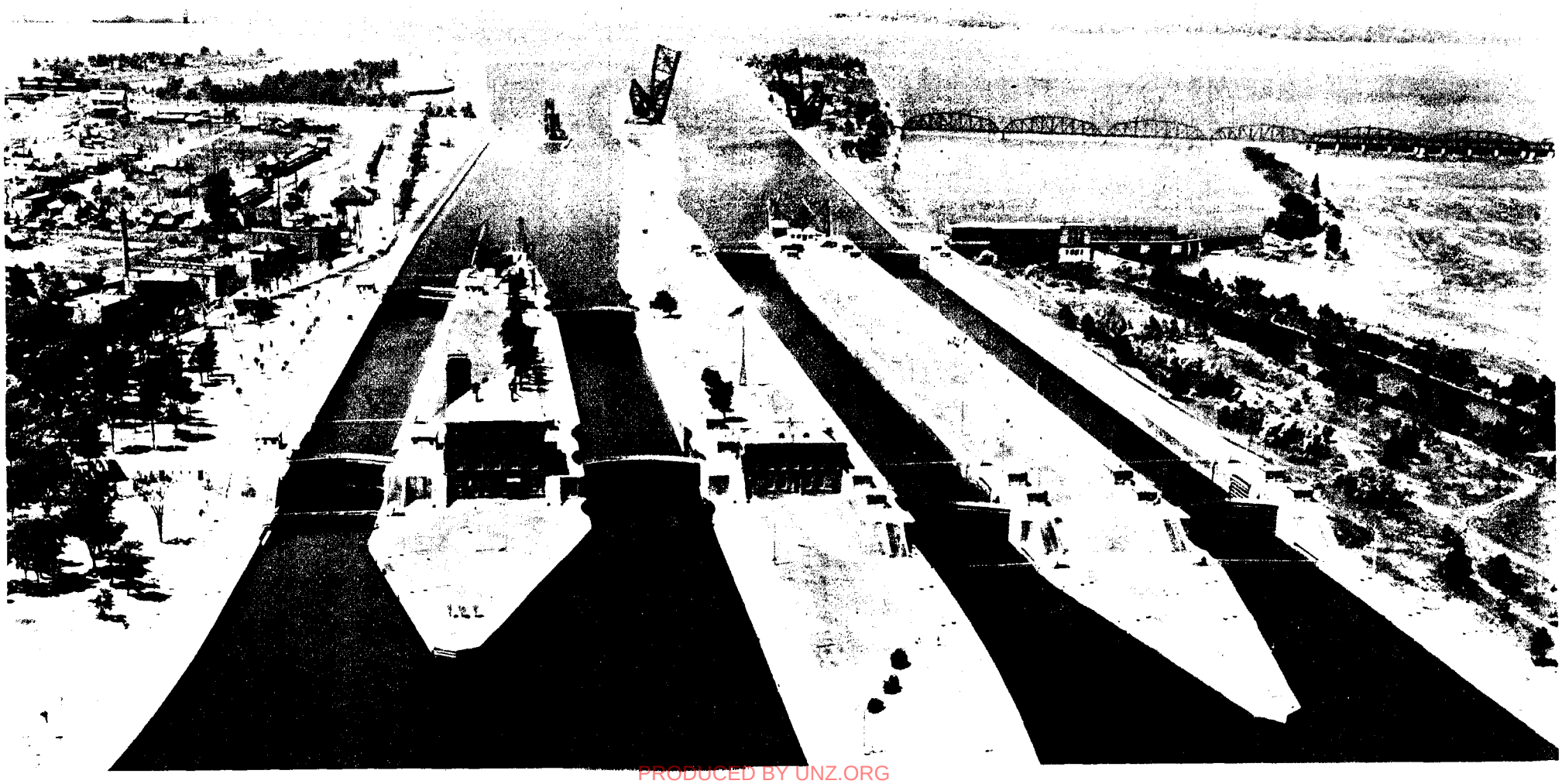
This process usually begins between mid-December and New Year's Day. The locks have moved ships as late as January 14th, in 19-below-zero weather, but those were not ore vessels. Ore is made up partly of water and normally freezes tight in the unloading chutes beneath the lofty railroad trestles at the Lake Superior ports—Marquette, Ashland, Superior, Duluth and Two Harbors—well before Christmas.

Steam is cascaded upward through the ore to thaw it during the early weeks of ordinary winters. As the cold deepens, the thawing time lengthens until its cost becomes uneconomical under normal conditions. This winter, however, the railroads and docks at the head of the Lakes are committed to intensified steaming to keep ore flowing beyond the usual deadline. And the canal is committed to remain open for the last boat that dares Superior's notoriously vicious storms. Because, of all the 95 winters in which modern man's destiny has been involved in the closing of the Soo, this winter has special, perhaps crucial significance.

The railroad strike of autumn, 1949, cut the ore shipping season short by two months, leaving the

Soo Locks, looking toward Lake Superior, showing the Canadian shore (upper right) and (left) Sault Sainte Marie, Mich.

FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the SOO

35 per cent of vital U.S. iron ore

steel mills with a 44,786,000-ton stockpile to feed the blast furnaces until spring. That was only 374,000 tons less than in 1948. But spring, 1950, blew in late on a southeast wind that blocked the Superior iron ports with ice until May 1st. By that time, the stockpile was down to its second lowest point in history: 14,000,000 tons. In June, the North Koreans drove south of the 38th parallel.

Throughout the summer and fall, it was the ore boats' job to help discourage the Reds from new adventures. They plodded across the water patiently and persistently, carrying what is likely to add up to 79,000,000 tons of ore. But all the while the steel mills were speeding up toward a yearly output of 100,000,000 tons, and now, at the end of November, the boats have yet to secure their strategic objective. Only a late winter can save the stockpile from hitting a lower bottom next April or May than ever before.

If a major miracle is required to make democracy impregnable, the Soo is the logical place to expect it to happen. The anonymous patriots who run the canal work minor miracles every day. There is nothing remotely like their operation anywhere else in the world. They move as many as 56 boats in a single eight-hour watch.

Compared with Other Big Canals

During a normal navigation season, which runs from April 10th to December 17th, they complete 20,000 passages, moving coal, oil, salt and wheat in huge quantities in addition to iron ore. They make Panama look like a practice operation. For Panama operates only from 7:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M. and the passages are made by special pilots. The Soo works around the clock, dispatching more tonnage in nine months than Panama, Suez and Kiel combined carry in a full year. And every boat is piloted through the Soo by her own captain.

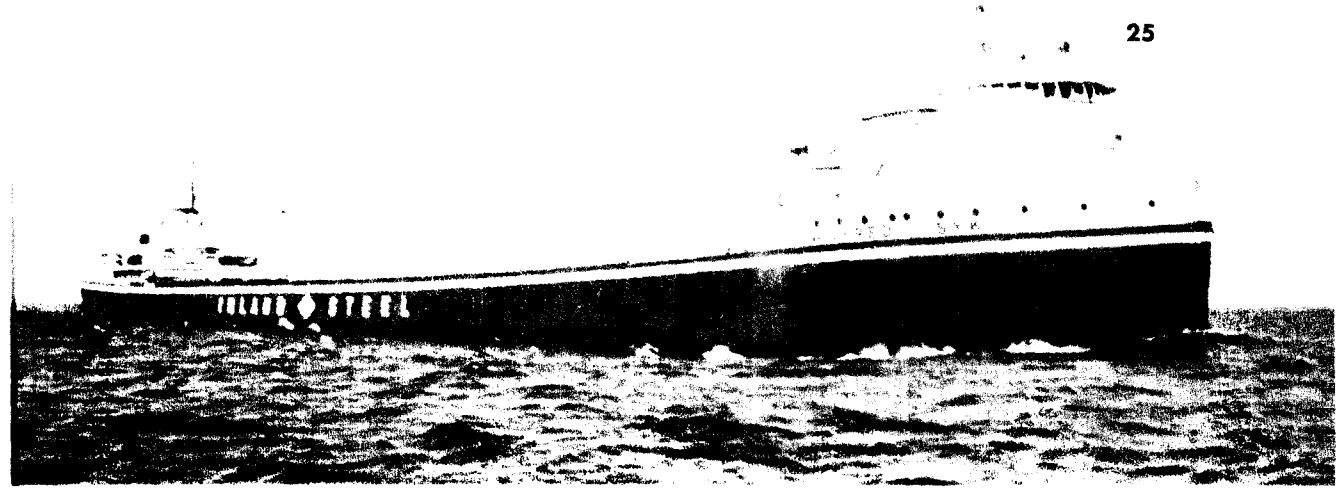
"An ocean-going skipper would be afraid to start through here," Ernie Winter said. "He isn't trained to get in and out of tight spots the way a Lakes captain is. Matter of fact, a salt-water captain wouldn't make a good third mate here at the Soo."

Strangers to canalling see the Soo as an utterly tranquil institution, set in wild and beautiful landscape. There are four parallel troughs of water between five concrete islands. Their greatest length is 1.9 miles, their direction is roughly east-west, and they lie immediately south of the rapids they were built to detour. Beyond them, on the northern side of the rapids, is Canada's one lock, which operates as part of the American canal in emergencies.

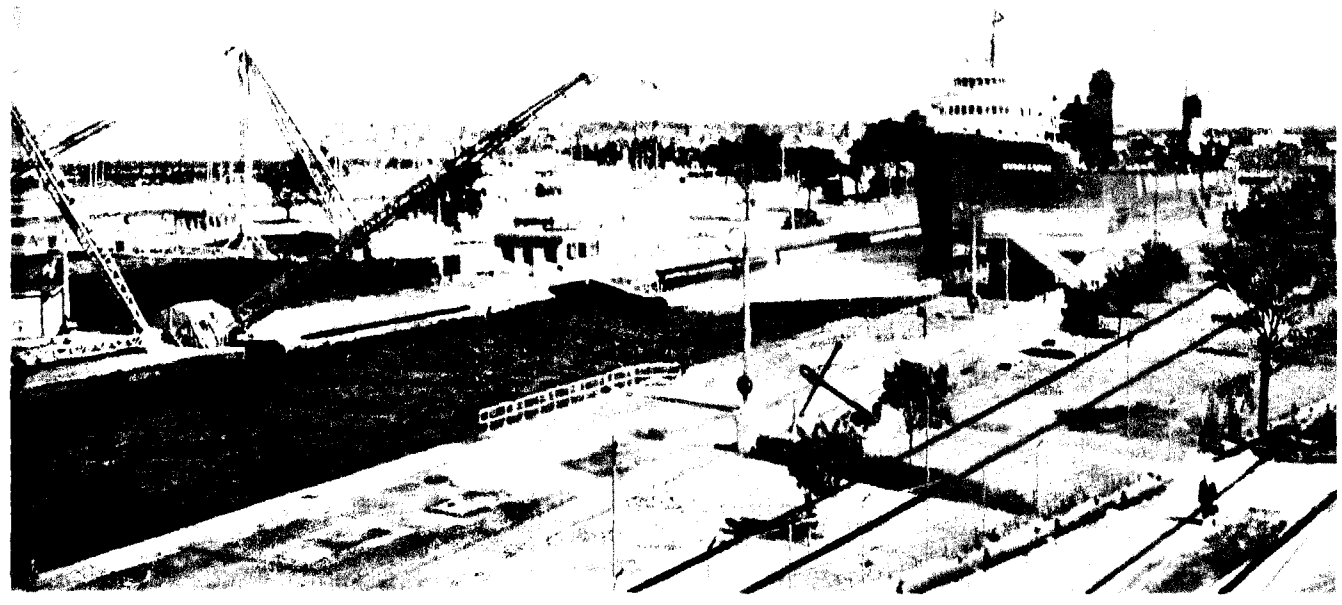
Originally dug at a cost of $999,802 by the state of Michigan, with the aid of a federal land grant, and opened in 1855, the locks were turned over in 1881 to the Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army, which has rebuilt them, ever larger, four times, and operated them toll-free to date at a total expense of something over $70,000,000. That's cheap, as canals go. The original price of Panama alone, excluding fortifications, was $388,000,000, and the New York State Barge Canal cost $176,500,000. An itemized accounting for one Soo passage totals $47.13—less than a penny per freight ton—and goes into the annual bill for operations, $940,000, which is sent to the taxpayers.

The Engineers, under canal superintendent Clifford Aune, are responsible only for the canal proper. Authority over traffic in the Saint Marys River above and below the locks is in the hands of the Coast Guard, led by an old ore-boat skipper, Commander Theodore A. Dahlburg. Since one boat clears the locks either *(Continued on page 57)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY
JOHN MENDICINO AND ROCCO PADULO

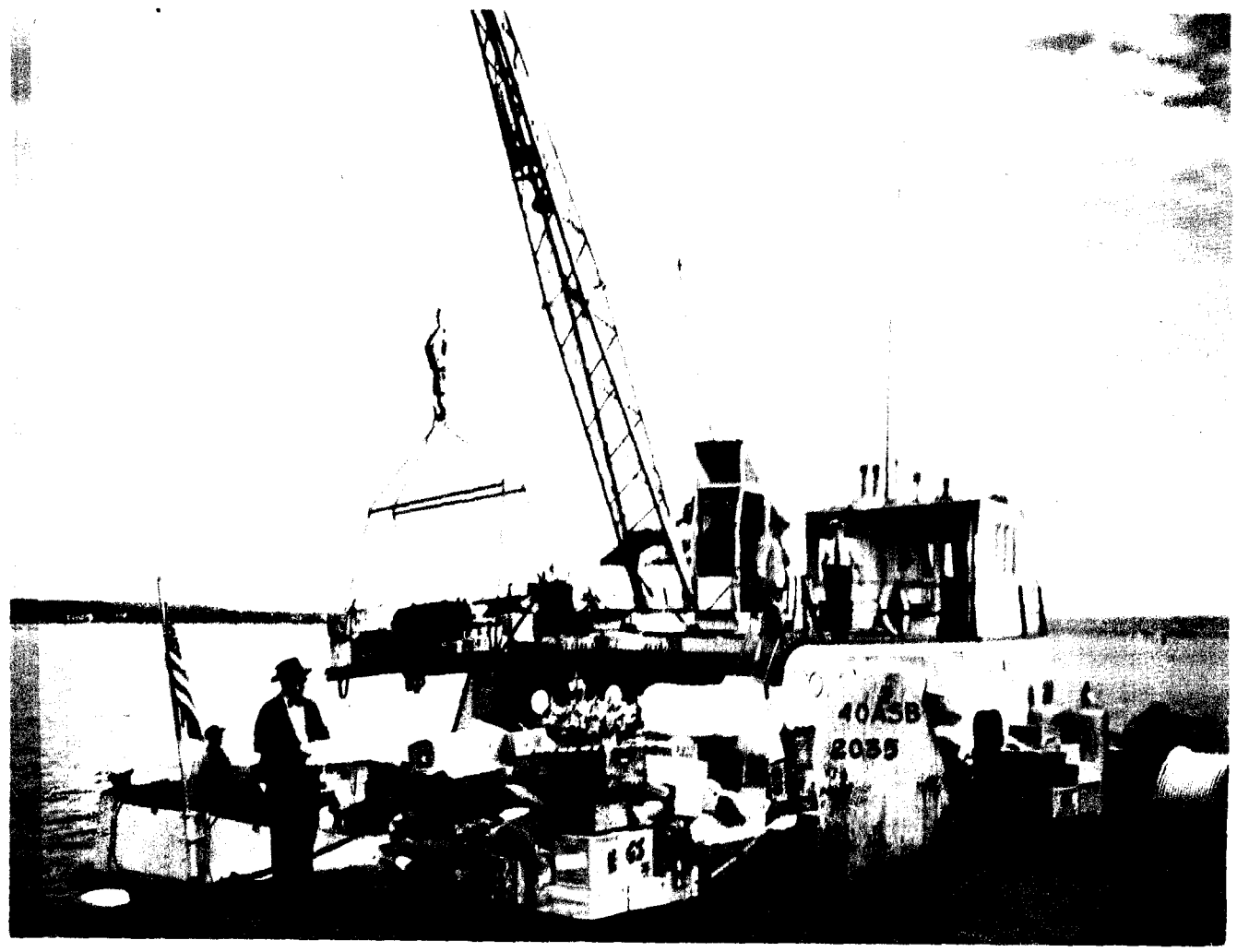


One of the newest ore boats on the Great Lakes, the Wilfred Sykes, has such luxuries as private baths for crewmen, stainless-steel kitchen and a windshield wiper for the captain



An upbound boat in MacArthur Lock. The upraised safety boom ahead of and to the right of the craft shows locking is completed, gates opened and the vessel is off on her way

Supply boat Ojibway being loaded with laundry, flowers and other items she hauls to 96 ore carriers. On deck in jacket is storekeeper Fred Elliott. On pier, aide Jim Bennett



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's Sectional ALL-STAR

SELECTED BY THE AMERICAN FOOTBALL COACHES

By BILL FAY

FRANCIS (REDS) BAGNELL, Penn's talented tailback, created two intercollegiate records as the Quakers routed Dartmouth, 42 to 26, on the third Saturday of this topsy-turvy 1950 football season. Bagnell completed 14 consecutive passes (Record No. 1) and ran and pitched for 490 yards of total offense gains (Record No. 2).

Tuss McLaughry, the Dartmouth coach, endured a film encore of Bagnell's performance 48 hours later; then, after dissecting the game movies, play by play, McLaughry made the following notation on his weekly ballot for Collier's 61st All-America football team:

"Bagnell strong runner to his right. Very good passer. Blockers gave him airtight protection and his control was perfect. Glenn Adams, Penn wingback, potentially more dangerous runner than Bagnell. He's heavier and hits harder."

McLaughry's comment on Adams—a relatively obscure sophomore whose work was overshadowed statistically by Bagnell's brilliant efforts—illustrates an important point about football coaches. They analyze *every player* when they review the game movies.

Each week during the past season, more than 250 members of the American Football Coaches Association reported directly to Collier's on the performance of outstanding All-America candidates in key games. These exclusive reports—based on analytical reviews of game movies, supplemented by scouting data and personal on-the-field observations—were consolidated by Collier's All-America board of famous coaches, including Bud Wilkinson of Oklahoma; Lynn Waldorf, California; Frank Leahy, Notre Dame; Leo (Dutch) Meyer, Texas Christian; Carl Snavely, North Carolina; Lou Little, Columbia; Ray Eliot, Illinois; Henry Frnka, Tulane; and McLaughry.

After evaluating these exclusive game-by-game reports, Collier's All-America board nominated the five sectional honor teams listed on these pages—All-East, All-Midwest, All-South, All-Southwest and All-Far West.

The 61st All-America, to be selected from this supersquad of the nation's 55 finest players, will be announced in next week's issue, which also will contain another outstanding football feature—Collier's choice of the best 11 players of the past 50 years.

Who were the greatest gridmen of the last half century? To obtain an authoritative answer, Collier's polled the famous players who have been named to its All-America team from 1900 through 1949. Their consensus may surprise you. (Just for fun, why not jot down *your* selections now, then compare them next week with the official picks?)

It's the same problem each year. For example, vastly underrated Bob Moser of College of the Pacific was the best center in the Far West. But was Moser superior to Bob McCullough of Ohio State, the Midwest's No. 1 pivot man? Or Irv Holdash, North Carolina's smashing linebacker? How does Moser compare with Bob Bates of Texas A&M or John Pierik of Cornell?

Questions like these will be answered after the All-America board considers additional game-movie evidence covering each of the 55 candidates for the 1950 team. Eastern guards will be compared with Far West guards. Southern tackles with Midwest tackles, and so on through the 11 positions. Only members of Collier's board can make these authoritative comparisons because, as representatives of the Coaches Association, they have *exclusive* access to film *(Continued on page 52)*

DARTMOUTH'S JOHN CLAYTON

EAST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Dan Foldberg	Army
E	Alan Pfeifer	Fordham
T	Holland Donan	Princeton
T	Nick Bolkovac	Pitt
G	Bernie Lemonick	Penn
G	Bruce Elmblad	Army
C	John Pierik	Cornell
Q	Johnny Clayton	Dartmouth
H	Frank Bagnell	Penn
H	Dick Kazmaier	Princeton
F	Al Pollard	Army

Honorable Mention

ENDS: Herb Agocs, Penn; Brad Quackenbush, Yale; Bill Wilson, Navy; Victor Pujo, Cornell; George Sulima, Boston University.

TACKLES: Charles Shira, Army; Paul Tetreault, Navy; Ray Mantone, Villanova; Jim Jerome, Cornell.

GUARDS: Bruce Ackerson, Army; Warren Davis, Colgate; Tom Mareski, Fordham; Gerald Audette, Columbia; Peter Radulovic, Yale.

CENTERS: Elmer Stout, Army; Leon Root, Rutgers; Baird Brittingham, Yale.

QUARTERBACKS: Mitchell Price, Columbia; Bob Blaik, Army; Bob Zastrow, Navy; Dick Doheny, Fordham.

HALFBACKS: Victor Pollock and Jim Cain, Army; Dick Gabriel, Lehigh; Glenn Adams, Penn; Alan Egler, Colgate; Frank Miller, Cornell; John Turco, Holy Cross; Bobby Whelan, Boston University.

FULLBACKS: Gil Stephenson, Army; Jeff Fleischmann, Cornell; Alan Corbo, Penn; Pete D'Alonzo, Villanova; Ed Petela, Boston College.

MARYLAND'S BOB WARD

SOUTH

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Bucky Curtis	Vanderbilt
E	Bud Sherrod	Tennessee
T	Bob Gain	Kentucky
T	Ray Krouse	Maryland
G	Ted Daffer	Tennessee
G	Bob Ward	Maryland
C	Irvin Holdash	North Carolina
Q	Vito Parilli	Kentucky
H	Steve Wadiak	South Carolina
H	John Dottley	Mississippi
F	Fred Cone	Clemson

Honorable Mention

ENDS: Blaine Earon, Duke; Bob Walston, Georgia; Ed Lary, Alabama; Elmer Wingate, Maryland; Gene Schroeder, Virginia; Leo Martin, Miami.

TACKLES: Elmer Costa, North Carolina State; Bob Werckle, Vanderbilt; Jim Staton, Wake Forest; Bill Pearman, Tennessee; Charles Lapradd, Florida.

GUARDS: Ed Listopad, Wake Forest; Pat James, Kentucky; Tom Banks, Auburn; Allen Hover, Louisiana State; Mike Mizerany, Alabama.

CENTERS: Bill Bradshaw, Georgia; Ken Farragut, Mississippi; Larry Smith, South Carolina.

QUARTERBACKS: Bill Wade, Vanderbilt; Clarence Avinger, Alabama; Gil Bocetti, Washington & Lee.

HALFBACKS: Ray Mathews, Clemson; Billy Cox, Duke; Hank Lauricella, Tennessee; Frank Smith, Miami; Ken Konz, Louisiana State.

FULLBACKS: John Papit, Virginia; Bill Leskovar, Kentucky; Joe Stump, Virginia Military Institute.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

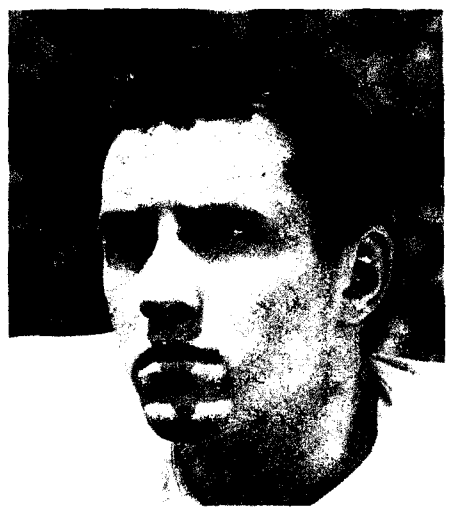
TEAMS

ASSOCIATION

Next Week

THE 61st ALL-AMERICA

And the Top 11 Players of the Past 50 Years



PURDUE'S JOHN KERESTES

MIDWEST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Bob Carey	Michigan State
E	Tom Bieneman	Drake
T	Bill Trautwein	Ohio State
T	Al Wahl	Michigan
G	Lynn Lynch	Illinois
G	Dan Thomas	Indiana
C	Bob McCullough	Ohio State
Q	Bob Williams	Notre Dame
H	Vic Janowicz	Ohio State
H	Johnny Karras	Illinois
F	Johnny Kerestes	Purdue

Honorable Mention

ENDS: Don Stonesifer, Northwestern; Leo Sugar, Purdue; Bill Schaake, Kansas; Lowell Perry, Michigan; Ken Sachtjen, Wisconsin; Tony Klimek, Illinois.

TACKLES: Bob Toneff, Notre Dame; Rudy Cernoch, Northwestern; Charlie Toogood, Nebraska; Ken Huxhold, Wisconsin; Mike McCormack, Kansas; Don Coleman, Michigan State.

GUARDS: Bill Smith, Indiana; Fred Wallner, Notre Dame; Allen Jackson, Michigan; Don MacRae, Northwestern.

CENTERS: Jerry Groom, Notre Dame; Charles Boerio, Illinois; Ray Wietecha, Northwestern; Tony Momsen, Michigan.

QUARTERBACKS: Lou D'Achille, Indiana; Dale Samuels, Purdue; Bill Weeks, Iowa State; Bob Petruska, Wisconsin.

HALFBACKS: Everett Grandelius, Michigan State; Bob Reynolds, Nebraska; Gene Gedman and Bob Robertson, Indiana; Charles Ortmann, Michigan; Charlie Hoag, Kans.; John Petitbon, Notre Dame; Johnny Bright, Drake; Jerry Faske, Iowa.

FULLBACKS: Bill Reichardt, Iowa; Dick Raklovits, Ill.; Rich Athan, N'western.

TEXAS' BYRON TOWNSEND

SOUTHWEST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Ben Procter	Texas
E	Andy Hillhouse	Texas A&M
T	Jim Weatherall	Oklahoma
T	Bobby Collier	So. Methodist
G	Bud McFadin	Texas
G	Clair Mayes	Oklahoma
C	Bob Bates	Texas A&M
Q	Vernon Glass	Rice
H	Kyle Rote	So. Methodist
H	Byron Townsend	Texas
F	Leon Heath	Oklahoma

Honorable Mention

ENDS: Pat Knight, Southern Methodist; Bob Moorman, Texas Christian; Fred Smith, Tulsa; Frank Fischel, Arkansas; Stan Williams, Baylor.

TACKLES: Jerrell Price, Texas Tech; Gene Vykukal, Texas; Paul Giroski, Rice; Charles Perry, Southern Methodist; Dean Smith, Oklahoma.

GUARDS: Herschel Forester, Southern Methodist; John Kadlec, Missouri; Russ Frizzell, Tulsa; Frank Struska, Texas Christian; Carl Molberg, Texas A&M.

CENTERS: Lee Stonestreet, Rice; Dick Hightower, Southern Methodist; Dick Rowan, Texas.

QUARTERBACKS: John Ford, Hardin-Simmons; Rusty Russell, Southern Methodist.

HALFBACKS: Wilford White, Tempe; Billy Tidwell, Texas A&M; Johnny Champion and Fred Benners, Southern Methodist; Bill Cross, West Texas; Pug Gabrel, Texas Western; Brad Rowland, McMurry; Billy Vessels, Oklahoma.

FULLBACKS: Bob Smith, Texas A&M; Louie Schaufele, Arkansas.

USF'S OLLIE MATSON

FAR WEST

POS.	PLAYER	TEAM
E	Bill McColl	Stanford
E	Bob Wilkinson	UCLA
T	Volney Peters	So. California
T	Russ Pomeroy	Stanford
G	Les Richter	California
G	Bruce Maclachlan	UCLA
C	Bob Moser	Col. of Pacific
Q	Don Heinrich	Washington
H	Jim Monachino	California
H	Ollie Matson	San Francisco
F	Hugh McElhenny	Washington

Honorable Mention

ENDS: Jim Lasseter, Utah; Joe Cloidt, Washington; John Thomas, Oregon State; Harold Hatfield, Southern California; Darrell Riggs, UCLA.

TACKLES: Breck Stroschein, UCLA; Bob Karpe, California; Herman Clark, Oregon State.

GUARDS: John Justice, Santa Clara; Ted Holzknecht, Washington; Paul McMurtry, Southern California; Chester Daniels, Oregon.

CENTERS: Donn Moomaw, UCLA; La-Vern Torgeson, Washington State; Doug Reeves, Wyoming; Dick Hill, Brigham Young; Burl Toler, San Francisco.

QUARTERBACKS: Gary Kerkorian, Stanford; Ed Brown, San Francisco; Gene Menges, San Jose State.

HALFBACKS: Roland Kirkby, Washington; Harry Hugasian, Stanford; Rex Berry, Brigham Young; Pete Schabarum, California; Eddie Talboom, Wyoming; Howard Hansen, UCLA.

FULLBACKS: John Olszewski, California; Merwin Hodel, Colorado University.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was Clint, sitting in a booth— with Laura. They didn't see us at first, and the way she was looking at him made a hard knot in my stomach. I felt sick

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let Nothing Come Between Us

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

So he's my big brother. Does that mean I've got to just stand there and watch him walk off with my girl?

I HAD been fishing for channel cats up by the old bridge with Cy Kinney, without luck, and when I got back at sundown my brother Clint was home. He'd been living in a tent in Colorado all summer, and looked brown and hard. I felt a little tense about seeing him again. I didn't know how he would act. But he acted all right.

"Hello, kid," he said. "No fish?"

"River's way down," I said. "Just a few stagnant holes."

He lighted a cigarette and squinted at me. "Did you get fixed up to play football this fall?"

"Sure," I said. "The bidding was heated. I guess I'll go to the university." Because Laura Gannon is going there, I could have said.

"Good deal," he said. "You'll like it up there."

"Well," I said. "Guess I better get washed up." I went in the bathroom and took a shower, and when I came out Clint was helping Mom put the supper on the table. She was splurging in his honor—T-bones yet. You'd hardly notice his limp when he walked, but it had sure fouled up his football career. He'd been a hot-shot high-school quarterback before he got a slug in the knee on Okinawa. Mom always said for her dough it was better to have a trick knee from war and get a medal for it than to have a trick knee from football and get nothing, like I'd probably wind up doing. But I think she secretly hoped I'd hurry up and get a trick knee from football before the draft got me.

During supper Clint asked me about the squirrel hunting, and I told him there were lots of them in the pecan timber up above the old bridge where we usually hunted. He said in a day or two we'd have to go try our luck. After that he told Mom all about Colorado and not seeing any women to speak of, or to, all summer. He grinned and said he was ripe for romance, and I sort of held my breath for a second, remembering how we'd got messed up back before he went to Colorado. But that was all right now on account of Laura. He could have that other babe, wherever she was now.

Thinking of Laura, I saw that it was getting dark outside, and I was ripe for romance, too. I was getting a little anxious. So I hurried through the rest of my meal and excused myself and went in our room to pretty myself up. I took off my shirt and dumped talcum on my chest and rubbed it under my arms, and I used some cologne and aftershave lotion from Clint's toilet kit. Because lately I had become very conscious of how I smelled. No more old untidy sweat shirts and sneakers for Woody Smith. Old Woody was trying to make the big impression again—and he wasn't doing so good. I couldn't understand it, either.

In the mirror I looked all right. I mean I wasn't any Marlon Brando, but I had broad shoulders and a good tan and plenty of hair and teeth and about as good a line as the next guy. But it didn't seem to buy me anything with Laura Gannon, and I got to admit it really hacked me.

Listen, she *liked* me all right, but she just wasn't sold. "You're a nice boy," she told me—"conceited, but it's natural for your callow age group." My callow age group—my aching antenna! What kind of talk was that? Why didn't she just say: Drop dead, Woody.

Take Ellen Marlow. She appreciated old Woody. I went with her a lot before I met Laura. Ellen was younger than me, pretty and nice. Although somewhat flippant—you know, a typical high-school girl, but real cute. So I had to fall for a newcomer, a coed from OU, an older-type chick. By older I mean she was nineteen and I was eighteen. So what? If it didn't bother me, who should it bother? Look at me, six feet two, one hundred and ninety-seven, and all-State end last fall, somewhat sought after by any number of college coaches. What was wrong with that girl? Read a book, in a book it says boy meets girl and *wham!* They look at each other and *boinnng!* Only this wasn't a book. This was stark, raving reality. No *wham*, no *boinnng!*

I put on clean slacks, a sport shirt, socks and loafers. I went outside and Clint was sitting in the porch swing with Mom. It was a hot night, even for late August. They looked at me in the light from the street lamp. I still didn't know how I stood with Clint, how he felt, but I tried it. I said, "Let's go kick some splinters, Clint."

"I oughta stay home and visit with Mom," he said. "After all, I haven't seen the old hag for a long time." She swung at him and missed, and he held her wrists, and she said, "After that remark, who would talk to you? Go on with Woody. Anyhow, I want to sit in a tub of cool water and think about chilblains and other unseasonal luxuries."

"Okay," Clint said. "I guess I know when I ain't wanted." Funny how he could talk it up to Mom like that and then kind of freeze around girls. A guy his age, shy with the girls. I didn't get it. He had a funny kind of pride; he was sensitive about the limp he managed not to let show, and the scars on his leg. Maybe that had something to do with the way he was around girls. Quiet, sort of. No push, no brass. Me, I had plenty of brass. Sometimes I thought maybe I had too much. Like that night before he went to Colorado, when we were out together scoffing suds and I guess I had a couple beers too many.

WHILE we walked up the street, I thought about that night, and I didn't feel too good about it. This nice-looking babe kind of moved in on Clint, and I'd been winking at her and trying to get a look from her without any success. I guess that hurt my pride a little, old Clint just sitting there minding his business, drinking beer, and so she came over to the booth while I was gone to the men's room, and when I got back she was sitting there being real chummy with him. So I got a little hurt about it and started throwing wisecracks at her, and pretty soon Clint told me to ease off, and I resented it and made some more wisecracks. So he told me to pipe down again, and I told him if he didn't like it maybe he'd be interested in stepping out in the alley with me. He just looked at me for a while, like he was thinking it over, and then he shook his head.

"I can't make the weight, killer," he said. And he said to the girl, "Would you like to go somewhere else?" She gave me a nasty look and said she certainly would like to go somewhere else, and they got up and left. I never did even know her name, or where she was from.

That was the night before Clint left for Colorado, and I'd thought about that deal a lot while he was gone. Now, walking in the hot night beside him, I wanted to apologize. But I couldn't quite do it. I don't know why I couldn't do it. I knew I *owed* him an apology. He was twenty-five, seven years older than me, and ever since Dad died when I was ten, Clint had sort of tried to fill in for him. Like the way he used to warn *(Continued on page 46)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unsung Song Writer

By LLOYD SHEARER

Whatever kind of music a movie producer needs—jive, blues, waltzes—Harry Warren is his man. He's written 400 tunes, scores of them hits. But he just can't get to be a celebrity

OVER a table in a famed Hollywood *bistro* not long ago several press agents were observed in mournful parley. The subject of their discussion was not, as might have been expected, the latest cinema starlet and her latest private escapade, but a gentleman named Harry Warren, a resident of the film capital for the past 18 years and earner of a six-figure annual income through his own prodigious efforts as a composer of music for the movies.

The publicity brethren were bemoaning Warren's apparently chronic inability to garner the national celebrity accorded such fellow music makers as Irving Berlin and Cole Porter. "The trouble with Harry," one press agent argued, "is that he didn't marry a girl over the objections of her wealthy father. Another trouble is that he never went to Yale, never wore gold garter clasps, and never inherited a million bucks from his grandfather. Let him go to Yale and wear gold garter clasps, and we'll get him plenty of clippings."

"For 18 years," another filmland tub thumper chimed in, "Harry's been writing most of the top musical movies out here. In that time, he wins three Academy Awards. But do you ever see him take one ad in the trade papers? Never!

"I tell you the guy's got no publicity flair. I went to see him the other day about that score he did for M-G-M on Summer Stock. I told him he needed a press agent. Know what he said? He said, 'Does Cole Porter need a press agent?' 'Look, Harry,' I said. 'Let's face it. You're no Cole Porter. You don't even know Elsa Maxwell. Porter's been around the world. Porter's lived in Paris. You'll never get any publicity. Your whole life's been too damn' routine. Change it—before it's too late.' "

At fifty-six, Warren, who has composed more than 400 songs, among them some of the most memorable tunes of the century, is indeed the forgotten man of contemporary American popular music. A partial list of his compositions provides evidence of that contention:

Don't Give Up the Ship (adopted by the U.S. Naval Academy), Forty Second Street, Shuffle Off to Buffalo, We're in the Money, Where Do You Work-a John?, Shadow Waltz, I Only Have Eyes for You, About a Quarter to Nine, She's a Latin from Manhattan, Song of the Marines (adopted by the U.S. Marine Corps), Jeepers Creepers, You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby, September in the Rain.

Lists make dull reading, but just to emphasize the extent of Warren's neglect by the public, here are a few more of his works:

Crying for the Carolines, Lullaby of Broadway, I Found A Million-Dollar Baby, Cheerful Little Earful, Boulevard of Broken Dreams, Would You Like to Take a Walk?, You're My Everything, Down Argentine Way, Serenade in Blue, Plenty of Money and You, I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo, Chattanooga Choo Choo, On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe, You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me.

These represent just two handfuls of Harry Warren hits. There are dozens more. In recent months, for example, he wrote all the songs for Summer Stock, a musical starring Gene Kelly and Judy Garland, plus all the tunes for Pagan Love Song, another Metro extravaganza suited to the aquatic and vocal talents of Esther Williams and Howard Keel.

JOHN FLOREA, FOR COLLIER'S

Harry Warren, with sheet music of some of his songs

For Summer Stock, Warren composed six numbers: Dig for Your Dinner, Friendly Star, Memory Island, Happy Harvest, You Wonderful You and If You Feel Like Singing, Sing! For Pagan Love Song, which he dubs "the poor man's South Pacific," he turned out Singing in the Sun, House of Singing Bamboo, Why is Love so Crazy? and a moody love ballad, Sea of the Moon.

To Metro insiders, these tunes were sensational from the start but with the release of the motion pictures introducing them, thousands of recordings are being pressed, a million or more copies of sheet music published, and people everywhere singing and listening to them.

Soviets Like Chattanooga Choo Choo

In fact, there are relatively few music lovers around who have not, at one time or another, sung, whistled, hummed, played, danced or listened to some of Warren's 400-odd songs. Even in Russia, where U.S. pop tunes are considered a sign of degenerate capitalism, Vassili Stalin, the dictator's son, reportedly looks upon Harry's Chattanooga Choo Choo as his favorite bit of swing.

In 25 years, more than 30,000,000 copies of Warren's songs have been printed. He is the only composer to win three times the Academy Award for the best song from a movie: Lullaby of Broadway in 1935, You'll Never Know in 1940, and Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe in 1945. Probably more of his tunes have appeared on the Hit Parade than any other music writer's. ASCAP—the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers—reports that dozens of his songs are constantly being played on the radio and that a minimum of 25 have come to be regarded as popular classics.

ASCAP's primary method of assaying a composer's popularity is to determine periodically the number of times his tunes are played over the networks. In annual surveys it has found that Warren tunes rank steadily among the most often played.

Tin Pan Alley old-timers will tell you, with what for them is amazing alacrity, that Warren has probably written more "rocking-chair" numbers than anyone else in the business with the possible exception of Irving Berlin. A "rocking-chair" song is one which permits the music publisher to relax in his rocker and enjoy a good cigar while the tune's royalties pour in.

Berlin calls Warren "one of the really fine composers of popular music in this country." Oscar Hammerstein II, the lyricist who has collaborated with such front-rank composers as Jerome Kern, Richard Rodgers and Sigmund Romberg, has told friends, "I'm sorry I've never had the opportunity of working with Harry Warren. His is one of the truly versatile musical talents in our field."

Arthur Freed, the lyric writer turned movie producer—he wrote I Cried for You, Singin' in the Rain, You Are My Lucky Star, Temptation and many others—says, "In my 21 years at Metro I've worked with pretty nearly all the topflight composers of America—fellows like Jerry Kern, Cole Porter and Irving Berlin. I can tell you that both in quantity and quality Harry Warren takes a back seat to none of them. This guy can write anything your script calls for—ballads, blues, swing, jive, waltzes, novelty numbers, anything.

"What's more, he tailors his numbers to fit the personality and ability of the star who's going to sing them. He knows that Judy Garland's best notes are B-flat and C-natural, and he knows what Judy likes to do to a song. When he's writing for Fred Astaire or Gene Kelly, he knows their range is fairly small, and he composes accordingly. For my dough, Harry is absolutely tops. That's why we have him under contract, and that's why we pay him about four grand a week."

Despite such intraprofessional recognition and the popularity of his musical output, Warren remains, to the public, a relative unknown. "More people know Lassie," he sadly comments.

After years of good-natured introspection, Warren himself has come up with his own analysis. "The trouble with me," he points out pleasantly, "is that I'm not a jet personality. I can't generate any hot air. There are some song writers who can sit while they strut. I can't even strut standing up.

"Every time I write a hit, the credit seems to go to the fellow who made up the lyric. I beat my brains out on something like Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and what happens? My granddaughter tunes on the radio, and the announcer introduces the tune as 'that wonderful Johnny Mercer song.'

"No one ever introduces anything as 'that wonderful Harry Warren song.' Years ago I wrote Million Dollar Baby in the Five and Ten Cent Store. Two weeks after it became a hit, I was stopped by one of the guys in Tin Pan *(Continued on page 54)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ERIC CARPENTER

Howard Keel sings a Warren number in Pagan Love Song, to be released soon. He and the Hawaiian girls played the scene on the isle of Kauai

The composer, in his living room, listens to six-year-old granddaughter Julia Hacker tape-record one of his tunes. He's sitting beside grandson Peter Hacker, aged two. Also enjoying the performance are Warren's son-in-law, John Hacker, Warren's wife Josephine and only daughter Joan

JOHN FLOREA, FOR COLLIER'S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

32

Traff directed the three men to carry Dixon to the attic. Sarita was standing silently in the doorway of her room

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Play A Lone Hand

By LUKE SHORT

If he wasn't going to die young, Giff needed friends, and he counted on Mary Kincheon. He wasn't there when she said to Sebree, "Giff Dixon is going to pull the roof down on all of us"

The Story: Barely recovered from mysterious gun wounds, and a stranger in Corazon, in the Territory of New Mexico, GIFF DIXON is befriended by a farmer named CASS MURRAY. Cass gets him a job as guide to Special Agent VINCENT WELLING and Surveyor BILL FISKE, investigators for the government's Land Office. Trouble starts when they receive, from the printer of the local newspaper, a letter which hints at a huge land swindle. Giff goes off to question the man, but no sooner has he caught up with him than they are ambushed. The printer is killed and Giff is beaten unconscious. The next day Fiske explains that the letter names GRADY SEBREE, who controls the Torreon Cattle Company, as the man behind the swindle. In it with him are ROSS DEYO, chief of the local land office, and EARL KEARIE, publisher of the paper, the Free Press. Since the law requires publication of land claims, Sebree has his cow hands file false homestead claims which are then printed in a fake issue of the Free Press—and Sebree receives title to the land.

Welling, weak and alcoholic, wants no part of being a hero. Fiske isn't strong enough, so it's up to Giff to bust the scheme wide open. If he can get hold of a legitimate copy of the April 17th Free Press of the previous year—which will prove that certain false claims were never published—he'll have evidence to convict Sebree. With the help of MARY KINCHEON, a pretty typesetter who is, curiously, feared by Sebree, Giff advertises a reward for the missing paper. Sebree, worried now, sicks his foreman, GUS TRAFF, onto Giff, and in the ensuing fight, Giff almost breaks Traff's jaw. Sebree isn't kidding, however. He goes to nearby Taltal to see his employee, SID BENTHAM (married to SARITA, Sebree's former mistress) and gives him five hundred dollars to hire a killer to take care of Giff.

Soon after that Giff himself rides out to Taltal in a desperate effort to find out more about Sebree—and gets the surprise of his life when Bentham tips him off about the hired gunman, JIM ARCHER. Giff says he'll get Archer, but warns Bentham to look out for his own skin since Sebree will inevitably learn of the betrayal.

V

CORAZON'S early risers were the teamsters who had horses to curry and harness before their day's work could begin. The morning after his visit to Taltal, Giff had breakfast among them at the Family Café and afterward, when he stepped out onto Grant Street, it was deserted save for a pair of romping dogs whose capers stirred up thin streamers of soft dust.

He turned at the land office corner, his half boots ringing hollowly on the deserted plankwalk. Three blocks beyond he saw Cass Murray, busy at his town farming. This was the hour, he knew, that Cass preferred to work alone in his garden; and when Giff reached the half-block plot, he hunkered down on his heels against the trunk of a bordering cottonwood and had his after-breakfast cigarette.

Cass saw him, but continued hoeing his corn for another few minutes. Then, finishing the row, he shouldered his hoe and tramped over to where Giff was sitting. There was a kind of tranquillity in Cass's round face that Giff envied. Neither man spoke immediately.

Cass sat down beside Giff and had his look at his crop which, in its strange setting amongst the tall trees and houses of the town, was nevertheless a balanced farm in miniature.

Presently, Giff said, "Cass, a new man will come to town in three or four days. He'll put up at the Territory House. His name will be Jim Archer." Now he looked at Cass. "Suppose you could let me know when he comes in?"

"Where'll you be?"

"That's just it, I don't know. But you can always find me."

"Who is he?" Cass asked. "Land office?"

Giff smiled faintly at the thought, but only shook his head. "Just a man I want to see when he gets here."

"Sure," Cass said, and his curiosity ended there. He plucked a stem of grass and chewed thoughtfully on it for a silent interval. Then he said, "Your boss spilled over at the mouth again, Dixon, didn't he?"

Giff nodded. "So that's around town by now?"

"Is it true that the paper you advertised for will put Sebree, Deyo and Kearie in jail?"

Giff said it was.

Cass thought about that a moment. "You'll never get it now, you know. Sebree will have a man watching in the hotel lobby. A man would be signing his death warrant to ask for Welling."

"I know," Giff said glumly.

Cass removed the blade of grass from his mouth and looked at it, speculatively. "How did you ever get that reward notice in the Free Press to begin with?"

"Mary Kincheon."

Cass looked sidelong at him, "Think you could do it again?"

Giff didn't know. Mary had never mentioned any trouble between Kearie and herself over the placing of the notice; and thinking of it now, he considered it strange that he hadn't. Had Kearie, once the harm was done, accepted it philosophically and never mentioned the matter to her? Giff did not, however, know what Cass was driving at and he said, "And suppose I could?"

"Well, if a man had a copy of that paper you wanted, he could write and tell you so, and you could come and get it. Sebree would never know he'd written."

Giff considered this a brief moment, liking it. He said, "It might work, Cass. We'll try it."

They talked then about other things as the town came to life around them. A barefoot boy drove a cow past them to the morning milking. An occasional merchant or clerk, enjoying the cool of this morning hour and the sight of Cass's planting, passed them, giving Cass good morning.

Presently Giff rose and Cass hauled himself to his feet and together they walked back to the livery. Giff parted with him there and headed for the Free Press office.

He found himself liking the prospect of seeing Mary again; and he wondered, in view of what had passed between them yesterday, if she would be the same. The front office of the Free Press was empty, and from the rear came the same soft chunking of metal upon metal that he had heard on his first visit. Walking back, he halted by the type stand.

Mary, seated on the stool, had heard him enter and was waiting to identify her visitor. He saw the small start of pleasure in her eyes as she recognized him.

"What'll we talk about, flowers or horses?" she asked, putting down the sticks of type in her hand.

Giff remembered their parting yesterday—when they decided to discuss pleasant topics only—and he touched his hat, giving her a wry smile. "Can we put that off?"

"So, it's business again."

Giff looked around the shop and said, "I thought Kearie promised you a new printer."

"He's on order. But you know printers—they are a little brighter than your boss, but they are just as thirsty. I ought to know; my father was one." She wiped her ink-stained hands on the front of her heavy apron and then came around the stand and walked to her desk saying, "This new one is probably drinking up his pay in a Vegas saloon. He'll be along."

THIS was the first clue Giff had had to her past and as he followed her across the office he asked curiously, "Did your father run a newspaper?"

Mary sat down, and she grimaced wryly. "Yes, he ran them and from them. From Indiana to California and back here. I learned to set type because I had to if we were to eat. Sometimes we didn't."

"He owned the Free Press?"

Mary nodded. "Years ago. He took it over for five months' back pay. It was his big chance." She shrugged. "He missed it."

"Booze?" Giff asked.

Mary nodded. "It was that finally, but not to begin with. When he first took it over, it meant a great deal to him. He'd been printing other men's opinions for so long that he almost forgot he had any himself. When he first took over, he remembered those opinions and spoke up—for a while."

"What changed his mind?"

Mary looked levelly at him. "Grady Sebree."

Giff's interest quickened. Perhaps she would now tell him her real reason for hating Sebree. He said nothing, waiting for her to go on.

"Oh, it's not what you think," she said quietly. "Grady never threatened him or even told him he didn't like what Dad printed. He shut him up another way."

Giff watched her in puzzlement.

"Dad started out by sticking up for the homesteader, and the little rancher. Sebree never whined when Dad hit him in print. As a matter of fact, he would come in and talk it over. He flattered Dad by asking his advice."

"On what things?"

Mary shrugged. "Oh, nothing important. Did Dad think it was time to ship, or should Torreon wait? Who did Dad think would make a good sheriff? Did Dad like the government policy toward the Indians? It was just anything—but Dad was flattered."

She paused and Giff waited, and presently Mary went on, her voice bitter. "Pretty soon, Dad got to talking like Sebree. He copied his opinions after Sebree. He forgot the ordinary man, and started beating a drum for the big cattle interests. He wasn't his own man any more. Sebree's flattery and friendship had corrupted him. He borrowed money from Sebree, who *(Continued on page 70)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Subscribers to Mrs. Shaw's Social List include the White House, all embassies—even the FBI

She's

For capital social climbers

IN WASHINGTON, D.C., a city where the struggle for power is incessant and ruthless, there is one field in which authority is undisputed. In this tightly defined and strictly limited sphere—the realm of Washington Society—the supreme arbiter is a tall, slender, middle-aged lady named Carolyn Hagner Shaw. Her word is absolute and unquestioned. There is no appeal.

What is the proper dress for an informal embassy function? Mrs. Shaw has the answer—and the only answer. Who may properly be invited to an affair of great fashionable significance? Hostesses ask Mrs. Shaw. On matters of protocol and precedence, on questions of eligibility and social standing, her advice is law.

It has been said in Washington that if you are not invited to the right parties and receptions, if you are not seen in the proper places, you simply don't exist.

Mrs. Shaw can see to it either way.

The slender scepter with which Callie Shaw wields her mighty power is a green suède volume called The Social List of Washington, D.C., a compendium of some 4,000 names which she publishes annually with the assistance of a carefully anonymous, five-member Board of Directors. (This group is so secret that some people insist flatly that it doesn't exist.)

As the time for its publication nears, elite Washington holds its breath, and the List's appearance signals a vast outpouring of comment and gossip within the unique assortment of diplomats, elegant hostesses, small-town politicians and plain social climbers that is Washington Society. (It also attracts attention elsewhere. When Major General Harry Vaughan, President Truman's much-publicized military aide, was summarily dropped from the List, the news was flashed to papers all over the country, to be clucked over by a whole nation at breakfast the next morning.)

Just as some people claim to be born into High Society, Carolyn Shaw can claim to have been virtually born into the editorship of the Social List. Her forebears have been Washingtonians for almost as long as the city has existed. One of her great-great-great-grandfathers—Peter Hagner, a finance official in the War Department—arrived in the District of Columbia hot on the heels of French Major Pierre L'Enfant, who had been commissioned by President George Washington to design a new capital city for the young United States of America. Ever since that time, the ladies of the Hagner family have been active in the fashionable life of the city.

However, it was not until the turn of this century, when Carolyn's Aunt Belle Hagner went to live in the White House as social secretary to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, that the Hagner ladies began turning their social interests into a profitable profession. Mrs. Shaw's mother, Helen Ray Hagner, followed up with the founding of the Washington Social Bureau some 40 years ago—when Carolyn was six—thus providing a refuge and general information service for timid ladies from the hinterland who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Got a Little List

By HYMAN GOLDBERG

Callie Shaw holds the only key to success. If you're not on her roster, you're just nobody

were bewildered by the confused structure of Washington society.

Several years after she set up the bureau, Mrs. Hagner published the first edition of the Social List, and she remained the lawgiver of the capital's social set until her death in 1943.

Carolyn took over at that time. She was well-trained for the job. When she was thirteen, her mother initiated her into the fantastic rigmarole of protocol and social forms; at sixteen she was sufficiently versed in Washington procedure to become social secretary to Elizabeth Hanna, the immensely wealthy and extremely social granddaughter of politician Mark Hanna. From that post, Callie went with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leiter, famous Washington host and hostess, and finally to Mrs. Eleanor (Cissie) Patterson, the late owner of the Washington Times-Herald, who ranked with the late Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, Mrs. Pearl Mesta and Mrs. Morris Cafritz as a memorable, lavish Washington hostess of the grandest manner.

While Mrs. Mesta's appointment as Minister to Luxembourg keeps her pretty much removed from the capital scene these days, Mrs. Cafritz is today one of the most prominent of the city's party givers. As such, she naturally makes use of Callie Shaw's Social List.

The Governors Have the Final Word

It is Mrs. Shaw's contention that while the List may be hers, in one respect, major responsibility for what goes into it rests with the Board of Governors. "The board," she says, "does the actual selecting of the names that go in, as well as the names that are dropped. I can make recommendations, but they're only recommendations. Quite often the board disregards my suggestions."

This panel, according to Mrs. Shaw, comprises "two social butterflies, one extremely active clubwoman, one lady representing an old Washington family and one man with government connections." They meet every summer to vote on the admission of new names and the deletion of "undesirable" old ones, choosing from a slate of candidates proposed by themselves, by persons already listed, and by Carolyn Shaw. For this purpose Mrs. Shaw keeps five large drawers of cards locked in a safe (and insured for $10,000), on which she makes notations intended only for the eyes of the board.

During the social season, Mrs. Shaw says, at least one board member is present at practically every big function in Washington. "If anyone ever behaves as a member of polite society should not behave, you may be sure that one of the board members will either notice or hear about it. There are 'dropouts' each year, of course, but I can't give the reasons, except in a very few cases. The board meets privately, and the members don't even tell me their reasons for admitting or dropping someone."

Thus, there was no reason given when newspaper columnist and radio commentator Drew Pearson (a man of irreproachable family) was jettisoned in 1944. Nor was the cause announced for the dropping of General Vaughan. "I assume," Mrs. Shaw said in reference to the Presidential aide, "that the board had its reasons." People who keep up with such matters suggest that there was probably one reason, and that it was the same in both cases: The board, they say, may have felt that the two men were too often embroiled in controversies.

Board or no board, many of her critics insist that Mrs. Shaw is the one who ultimately says who goes in and who stays out of the Social List, an enterprise from which it is estimated she makes about $15,000 a year. (The List costs $12.50 a copy and each edition is bought by about 3,500 people.) Her other activities—which include a column on manners for the Washington Times-Herald, radio programs, and arranging parties and weddings—probably net her a like sum.

The belief that Mrs. Shaw controls the listings is widespread, and she receives an average of 15 anonymous letters each week, citing reasons why persons should be dropped—usually for marital indiscretions, although facts and figures concerning black marketeering and the taking of undue favors from lobbyists and others also have fallen into her hands. "When there is no signature on the letter," says Mrs. Shaw, "I ignore it and throw it away."

That the Social List is highly regarded in Washington is indicated by the fact that as many as 15 copies are requested each year by the staff of the White House, that every Justice of the Supreme Court and every Cabinet member uses one, that every foreign embassy buys at least one copy each year, that the State Department is also a subscriber, and that the Federal Bureau of Investigation—and its director, J. Edgar Hoover—are also on the subscription list.

As further evidence, one woman who had been dropped from the book threatened to sue Mrs. Shaw for damages, claiming that her social career had been ruined. Mrs. Shaw is continually forced to return the flowers, hats, gift certificates made out for large sums on the finer Washington stores, and cases of bourbon sent to her by importunate persons who earnestly want a place on the Social List.

Embarrassing Spot for a Bridegroom

Mrs. Shaw will admit to only one blunder in her long career as the social arbiter of Washington. "When Drucie, daughter of Secretary of the Treasury Snyder, was married to John E. Horton at the Washington Cathedral last winter," she said, "I handled the wedding arrangements, including the list of people who were to attend the wedding ceremony. I gave the list to the Secret Service, who were helping the police to handle the crowds at the Cathedral. Somehow, I left out only one name. It was the name of the bridegroom, Mr. Horton. They wouldn't let him through the police lines, until his best man went home and got his driving license and other papers to identify him."

There is a persistent rumor in Washington that Callie Shaw's assurance on questions of etiquette stems from frequent discussions on precedence and protocol with the White House and the State Department.

"She must have their backing," said one prominent Washington hostess, "or else the foreign embassies wouldn't use her and trust her judgment as they do."

Some of Mrs. Shaw's critics hold that her confident air of infallibility on such questions is unbecoming and much too Olympian for a private American citizen. As a matter of fact, there is strong historical justification for her position. For as long as there has been a High Society in Washington (which is to say, for as long as there has been a Washington), its members have been troubled by complex questions of protocol. And there has never been a time when "experts" were not on hand to provide authoritative answers.

A Handbook for Puzzled Hostesses

However, it was not until Mrs. Shaw's mother published the first List that many of these rules were passed on to posterity in concrete form. In some cases, they have become the definitive interpretations of delicate issues which had been vexing capital hostesses for years.

It was Mrs. Hagner's feeling, for instance, that a man elected to Congress is entitled to admission in the ranks of gentlefolk and should be assumed to be socially acceptable until he proves himself otherwise—even though he might have been a tuba player or a street sweeper before coming to Washington. For the same reason, she included in her Social List the names of officials in the various executive departments, as well as the names of their wives and children, along with the long-time residents who came out of their quietly splendid mansions only to drink tea and sample the caviar and pressed duck in one another's homes.

The listings of department heads and congressmen, to be sure, were kept apart from those of the Old Families. But their inclusion gave them, often for the first time in their lives, what amounted to an unimpeachable standing as members of High Society. They all bought books for themselves, as well as several copies for folks back home.

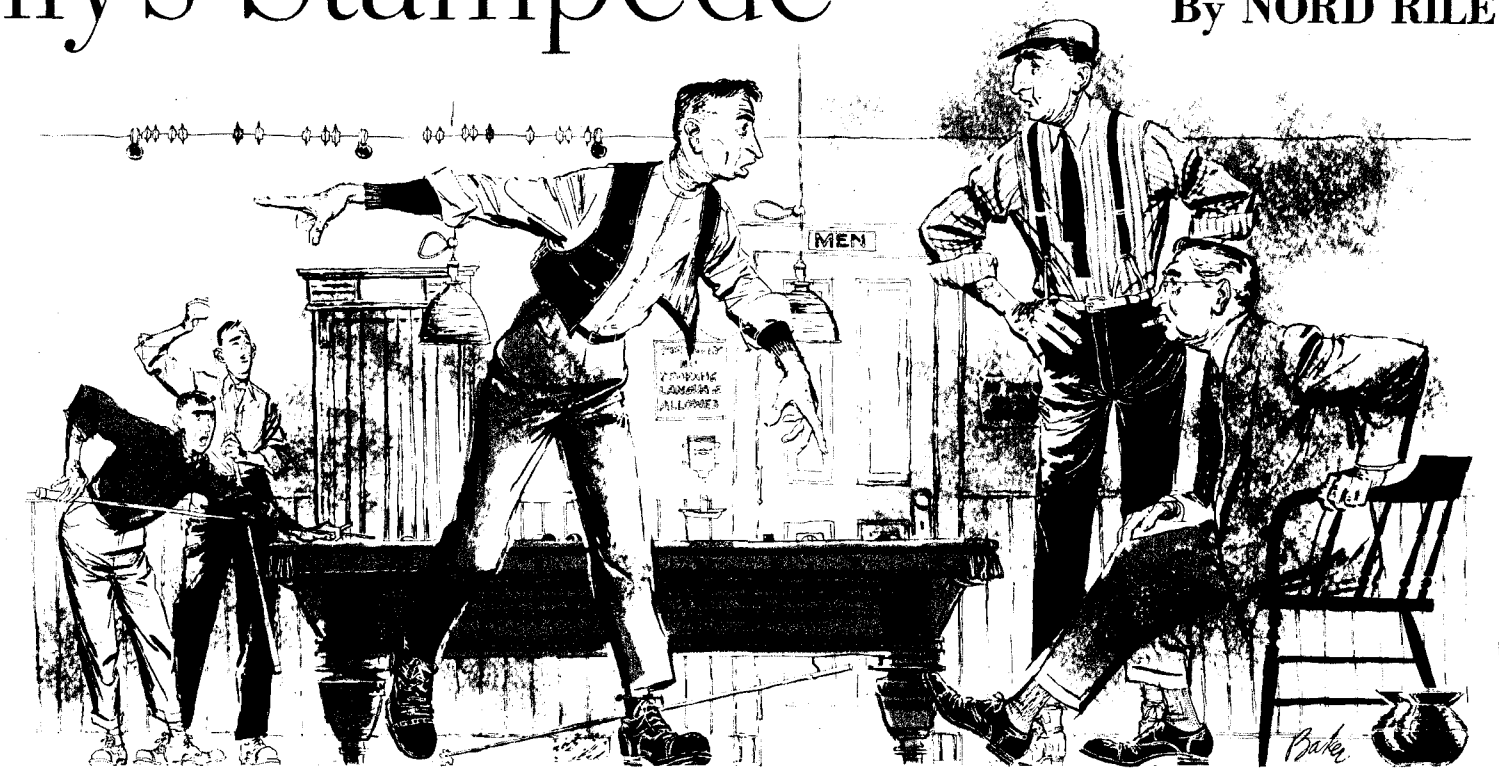
Nowadays, many of the new subscribers and clients waste no time in coming to Mrs. Shaw when they arrive in the capital. "Naturally," she says, "they feel lost in Washington, and it's not at all strange that they do, because Washington is a strange place.

"In every other city, for instance, a newcomer must wait until she is called upon by her neighbors or others in the community, unless she has letters of introduction. But in official Washington, *she* does the calling. While it no longer is considered necessary to call upon everyone who is senior to her husband in position and rank, the wife of a new Representative—to choose one example—must leave cards on the wives of all the Cabinet officers, the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, the Speaker of the House, the *(Continued on page 38)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Billy's Stampede

By NORD RILEY



BILL BAKER

"Stampede, Mr. Mosser!" Billy shouted. "Hunnert head of steers just busted outta the Soo stockyards!"

BILLY CANE racked balls in Luke Mosser's pool hall, and behind the near-beer empties at the rear he had a room with a bed, mirror, dresser and closet. Luke let him have the room free and paid him a little something. Next door, at Milnor's Bright Spot, Billy ate on a free meal ticket which old Buck Milnor solemnly punched after each meal. Having it punched in public made Billy feel he had some standing around town.

When Billy's big day came he was about forty, a small man with the empty eyes of a Holstein.

What little there was of Billy's mind camped out much of the time in a world of its own. He daydreamed, but he was convinced that his dreams were actual current events and he reported them daily, usually after lunch. So far as any of us knew at that time, he had only four dreams: the Methodist church was burning; the Great Northern's No. 2 had just been robbed and the baggageman thrown off the trestle on Pete Murdock's farm; a well that George Matson was digging had caved in on him and George was being squashed; a gun fight was going on out at Gus Hackschmit's where Gus and a hobo who had kissed Mrs. Hackschmit on the mouth were shooting it out. It was Billy's habit after eating at Milnor's to rush into the pool hall and announce the fire, the robbery, the cave-in, or the gun fight as going on.

Luke would look at him soberly. "All right, I'll handle it. Thanks for letting me know." That would satisfy Billy and he'd go back to work. The way we figured it, Billy got his plots from movies —which he adored—cast local people in them, and ran them as current calamities.

The trouble started the fall day that Billy, hotfooting it out of the Bright Spot, met Mr. Hatfield, the new school superintendent. Hatfield wore collars like Herbert Hoover's and kept his glasses on a black ribbon. They didn't know each other, but Billy stopped to tell him the Methodist church was on fire and to ring the fire bell while he, Billy, got his ax. Hatfield rang the fire bell and was dragging one of the chemical wagons down Main when they stopped him. It made a fair afternoon's fun for everyone but Hatfield.

About a month later, word got around that Hatfield was making a move to have Billy put away in the state home. Hatfield said that Billy was a disgrace, that Billy's yarns made fools of innocent Christians and proved Billy was not only half-witted but crazy to boot. He said Billy was living in squalor among sordid influences and that Billy's mendacity corrupted our young.

The news outraged the pool-hall people. All of a sudden we had a protective, family interest in Billy. "Sure," Luke said, "Billy's totin' no more brains then a banty rooster, and he tells them fool stories, but he don't harm nobody and he racks a tight ball. Damned if I ain't seein' to it the little guy gets a fair rattle and roll!"

A week later Mabel Ruckerman, a liberal among local females, told Luke she'd learned from the mayor the night before that Hatfield had petitioned the state and got them to send down a doctor to investigate and report to court whether Billy should be put away. The man was due next day. That really puckered Luke. "Damn it," he shouted at Billy, "we'll fight 'em! Gus, George, Pete, Oscar, anybody else don't want to see Billy railroaded by that stiff-collared superintendent, come over here. I got somethin' to say!"

The more we talked, the tougher the deal looked. We could tidy up some sordid influences, but there wasn't much we could do about the mess inside Billy's head. At suppertime we broke up, stymied. Luke said he'd work on it some more, but the way it looked to him now Billy didn't have no more chance than a rabbit.

Next day around noon, while Billy was eating at the Bright Spot, I drifted over to Luke's. The place looked different. The stud-poker table was gone, the spittoons were polished, and Luke had a tie on. He took me back to Billy's room. It was fancied up like a St. Paul hotel room: curtains, rug, doilies, pink bedspread and a lamp shade with tassels on it. "Mabel dolled it up for Billy last night," Luke said.

The state man came in a little later, smoking a cigar. We learned afterward he was from the East and had just started practicing out here. We all knew who he was, but nobody let on. He asked Luke if he could see Billy's room and Luke took him back. Luke told us the state man asked if Billy was ever sick and Luke said no. He asked if Billy was a boozer and Luke told him not a drop.

They came back and we all waited for Billy to come in, hoping he wouldn't make too big a fool of himself and get put away. At one, Billy trotted in, dead serious. "Stampede, Mr. Mosser! Hunnert head of steers just busted outta the Soo stockyards! Headin' for Main Street, Mr. Mosser!"

The toothpick fell out of Luke's mouth. "Stampede, you say, Billy? Holy God, we gotta head them steers off!" He charged out and a half-dozen men with pool cues followed him. The state man hurried out too.

Gus Hackschmit's big grain truck was parked in front of the pool hall and he and Luke highballed her south down Main. Pete Magnuson and George Matson took Pete's dray wagon. There weren't any cattle in sight, but the rest of us ran like there were. At Olsen's corner the state man sprinted by me holding his cigar in one hand.

At the intersection, Gus parked his truck square across the street coming in from the stockyards. Pete put his dray in alongside. "Here they come!" Luke yelled. "Fan out! Make 'em mill!"

Kicking up dust, the steers thundered down at us. Behind them in the dust were three guys on horses. The cattle saw the truck and slowed down. The leaders tried to go around, but men waving pool cues and hollering bent them around on themselves. That broke the stampede and the steers began milling as the cowboys took over.

"By Jasper, that was something!" the state man yelled at Luke. He was pretty excited.

"Doc," Luke said quietly, "without we had Billy's warnin' and hustled down here in time, God only knows what'd happened. Women trampled, likely. Windows busted. Hate to think about it."

WITH a strange kind of elation we walked back to Luke's. Billy was there. Luke waited until we were all in, including the state man. "Billy, you saved this town a horrible beatin'. I'd like to shake your hand if I may." He did, too. We all did, including the state man.

When the state man had gone and Luke was setting up drinks, Oscar Adams came in with a couple hired hands, dusty and smelling of horse.

"How'd it go?" Oscar asked Luke.

"Finest stampede I ever saw," Luke said, and took off his tie. "Billy's safe. The state man told me that we owe Billy a great deal."

That night I asked Luke how he'd done it.

"Know that cowboy movie down at the show house? Got a stampede through Abilene in it. Got me to thinkin'. All of Billy's other lies was too big for us to frame on the state man. Couldn't burn the church; get the Methodists down on us. Couldn't cave a well in on George Matson; might kill George. So I took Billy down and showed him the movie. After the regular show I talked to Max Eisen and he run the stampede reel over and over for Billy. Billy just jumpin' he was so excited. What worried me was whether there was accommodations in his head for another story. But I gambled. Oscar had his steers in the Soo yards and Oscar's one of my renters so I lined him up. I had Buck Milnor call Oscar at the yards to start the steers when Billy left the Bright Spot." Luke grinned. "Billy come through, didn't he? No brain on him to speak of, but a good reliable boy in a pinch." THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Challenges Comparison!

California's Catalina Island *Challenges Comparison* with *any* scenic spot. Calvert's finer taste *Challenges Comparison* with *any* whiskey!

BUY IT! TRY IT! COMPARE IT!

Ask a friend or favorite barman to pour about ¼ ounce of Calvert Reserve into one glass, and the same amount of your present brand into another glass—*without telling you which is which.*

BE YOUR OWN WHISKEY EXPERT

Sniff one brand for *aroma.* Taste it *critically.* Swallow *slowly* to judge its freedom from harshness. Then judge the other brand in the same way, and pick the one that *really* tastes best.

Your own good taste will tell you

It's Smart to Switch to

Calvert Reserve

CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW ALLEN-A SENSATION!

"LIVE-RUBBER" Action Fit!

Like comfort in action? This new Allen-A Atlastic* T-Shirt has live-rubber s-t-r-e-t-c-h in shoulder seams and collar for *permanent* shape-holding fit – in both action and at ease!

These new Allen-A Atlastic* Briefs have live-rubber s-t-r-e-t-c-h at legs and waistband, naturally. But their new live-rubber and combed-yarn knit fly is Allen-A's alone. It gives you permanent fit *plus* mild support. Ask for this newest Allen-A "wonder-wear" today!

Allen A

- New comfort!
- New smooth, easy fit!
- New mild support!

Atlastic* UNDERWEAR

engineered with "live rubber"

—fits like your own skin!

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.—Pat. No. 2,282,217

She's Got a Little List

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

Chief Justice of the United States, the Vice-President and, of course, the President. *Everyone* should leave cards upon the President. It is a courtesy that must be paid; also it is the only way to get on the list of those invited to White House receptions and parties.

"And, if she wants to be received at the embassies and invited to *their* receptions and parties, she should leave cards on them. That's the most frequent question they ask me: 'How do I get invited to the embassy parties?' The only way is to let them know that you're in Washington—and they can't recognize the fact that you are there, even if your husband gets up on the floor of the Senate twice a day and makes speeches that get into all the papers, if you don't pay them the courtesy of calling and leaving cards. It is the same as a diplomat presenting his credentials; no one in the government can take cognizance of his presence, unless he presents his credentials."

While the custom of leaving cards has endured for years, a related practice—that of setting aside certain card-leaving days for various groups—all but disintegrated during World War II. Mondays were set aside for calls on the Justices of the Supreme Court; Tuesdays for the House of Representatives; Wednesdays for the Cabinet; Thursdays for the Senate; Fridays for the diplomatic corps, and Saturdays for nonofficial Washingtonians. On the seventh day, everyone rested.

The card-leaving convention in the capital adds considerably to Mrs. Shaw's chores. The embassies and the more circumspect of the higher officials, as well as some of the executive departments, use her as a sort of private detective agency to check up on otherwise unidentified persons who leave cards. Five percenters and lobbyists are among the most assiduous card leavers at embassies and at the homes of important officials, for it adds immeasurably to their prestige and influence when they can be seen at the right receptions and cocktail parties.

The Guest of Honor Problem

Naturally enough, not all of Mrs. Shaw's rules involving precedence are greeted with complete enthusiasm by Washington hostesses. For example, a great many of them have fought like tigresses against her insistence that a guest of honor is a guest of honor, and should be treated as such, no matter how undistinguished he might be.

"If a senator gives a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Smith, from his home town," she says, "they should be seated in the honored positions next to the host and hostess, no matter how exalted the other guests are. Unless, of course, there are foreign guests from the diplomatic corps. The diplomatic people are very touchy, and the safest rule is never to fool around with what they consider their prerogatives."

In this regard, Mrs. Shaw's headaches have been eased somewhat by a dictum of the State Department that resolved a question of precedence which had been a thorn in the side of Washington hostesses since the founding of the Republic. Until last year, the Chief Justice of the United States and ambassadors of foreign countries were never invited to the same formal dinner parties because no one, not even the State Department, would say who preceded whom. Last year, however, it became known that the State Department was putting the Chief Justice above ambassadors in the table of precedence, and Washington hostesses sighed with relief.

What part does national politics play in this question of precedence? None, says Mrs. Shaw.

"I don't pay any attention to what party is in or out, or what a person's political beliefs may be. All the time I lived in Washington, I couldn't vote; now that I live in Maryland, I don't vote either. Cissie Patterson and Mrs. Mesta and all the other great hostesses in Washington never paid any attention to politics either, when they entertained. Indeed, they used to take delight in seating people of different views next to one another, no matter how bitter their political enmity might have been, because it created discussion and livened things up. Everyone who went to their houses knew they might expect to meet almost anyone there, and they looked forward to a lively time."

Lists for Junior Parties Too

As an arranger of parties, Mrs. Shaw operates through a Social Bureau which she runs, in association with Mrs. Minnigerode Allen, from a Washington hotel. Here, among other things, she keeps on file the names of several hundred children from the ages of twelve through sixteen, members of "socially eligible families," from among whom she selects guests for the junior, ice-cream-and-cake variety of brawl. She also has several hundred debutante and postdeb names, and, more important, the names of some 500 stags.

"They're the ones who cause me the most trouble," says Mrs. Shaw sadly. "The young men in Washington are badly spoiled. They keep getting invited everywhere, because there are so few of them in relation to the number of girls their age and, as a result, they don't even make an effort to be gracious or even polite."

Her list of young men keeps getting smaller, Mrs. Shaw finds, because she is altogether ruthless about striking them off for various reasons. "So many of them," she says, "will go to a party, and stand against the wall looking bored. Not only won't they dance or talk with the girls. They won't even talk to the other boys! They just stand there with their hands in their pockets. Well, I get reports about them, and if they keep behaving like that, off my List they come. And then their mothers call me up and ask me indignantly why their darling boys aren't invited out any more."

Despite her unique position in Washington society, Mrs. Shaw's private life is quiet, possibly because she is not included in her own Social List. She entertains rarely and then only in the most casual and informal manner. Her friends are in the main women with whom she grew up in Washington. Of these only a very few who are not in the List have ever displayed an interest in getting into it.

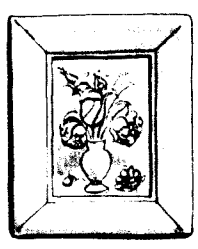
Mrs. Shaw was divorced several years ago from her husband John F. Shaw, once a leading Washington jeweler. Their twenty-five-year-old son, John, Jr., has his own apartment in Washington, and their daughter Jean is married to Navy Lieutenant Thomas James Murray.

Callie Shaw's six-room, one-bath house is in fashionable Chevy Chase, Maryland, a Washington suburb. It is exactly the same as all the other brick and frame six-room, one-bath houses on the block, and is separated from its neighbors on either side by only a few feet. She and her five assistants use an upstairs room as their office; Mrs. Shaw shares the rest of the house with Alfronia, her maid and cook; and with an eleven-year-old cocker spaniel named Sara, Stuffy, a miniature fox terrier almost as old, and a beat-up alley tomcat she calls Pete.

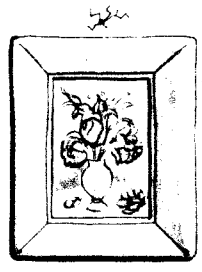
Another Russian Mystery

For some time now, Mrs. Shaw, like almost everyone else, has been puzzled by the behavior of the Russians. For the last two years, she has been receiving orders from a New York firm called the Four Continent Book Corporation, for copies of the 1946 edition—and only the 1946 edition—of her Social List of Washington, D.C., to be sent to various institutions in the Soviet Union. The latest order was for a copy to be sent to something called the "Filial Instituta Ekonomiki i Statistiki," at an address which was given as "G1. Poclat p/jasch .669. Moscow, U.S.S.R." So far, she has sent to Russia some 20 copies of this edition.

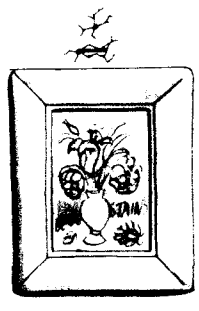
The only apparent difference between that issue and the editions before and after is that 1946 was the last year when Andrei Gromyko was listed in the book as Soviet ambassador. One suggestion which has been put forward is that Gromyko may feel that in achieving this place of eminence in Washington High Society he reached the apex of his career. THE END



"Try it a little lower—about an inch or so . . ."



"That's better, dear. . . . It still seems high, though. Drop it a little more and move it over a bit . . ."



". . . Hmmm . . . that's *too* low . . ."

"As soon as you get over being purple—there's some patching plaster in the hall closet"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russia's Busiest Spy Nest

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

been a bedlam of giveaway activity. Newsmen who had been covering the southern perimeter fighting in Korea suddenly quit their assignments en masse and returned to Tokyo, there to sit around and wait for things to happen.

Assignments for the coming invasion were discussed freely in the Press Club bar, dining room and lounge. Public Information Officers canvassed correspondents for their plans, and later began summoning them for assigned posts on transports, aircraft and Navy covering vessels.

The Press Club, with its 200-odd correspondents of all nationalities, has never been "secure." When newsmen departed to cover the amphibious landing of the American 1st Cavalry Division at Pohang, they were crowded into a U.S. Navy bus in front of the club.

Then with club servants, wives and girl friends waving good-by and shouting, "Be careful," they took off on an operation that was as subtle as a Russian tank creeping through a field of broken glass.

No Effort to Guard Secrets

The prelude to departure for Inchon was little different. At one point just before take-off time a harried newsman was yelling into the telephone at the Press Club desk to his office in New York: "I am leaving for a sea trip, do you understand me, *a sea trip!*"

Another correspondent stood nearby at the club bulletin board where a notice stated that newsmen leaving for Korea would have to renew their immunization shots.

While he stood there, Evgeniy Egerov, boyish-looking but keen-thinking correspondent for the official Soviet newspaper service Tass, sidled up. And with a broad grin on his face, he asked, "Do you guys still have to get visas to go to Korea?"

Egerov, who is a SCAP-accredited correspondent, is entitled to travel freely anywhere in Japan, including military installations. But like other officially stationed Soviets in Japan, he did not press for his legal privileges by requesting to go along to Inchon. He merely dropped into the club and listened.

Russians like Egerov and Gromov were undoubtedly of inestimable value to Moscow. For where else could the Kremlin station its ubiquitous cloak-and-dagger boys to pick up such vital military intelligence?

Soviet embassy officials are scrupulously correct in their compliance with SCAP regulations in Japan. And they even joke about their intelligence mission.

Once, just before an Allied Council meeting began, a newsman suggested to one of the Soviet delegates that if their claims on unrepatriated Japanese war prisoners were true, they should not object to a group of newsmen visiting POW camps in Siberia.

"But we have no transportation to get you there," the Russian replied.

"Oh, that's easy," the correspondent came back, "undoubtedly SCAP would give us a B-29 to fly to Siberia on such an important story."

The Soviet looked at him a moment, then, smilingly, suggested:

"Better you should come in a B-36; we already have the B-29."

SCAP's G-2, however, is not thrown off the track by such "levity." (And accordingly Major General Charles A. Willoughby heads up one of the biggest G-2 organizations in the U.S. Army.) They are only too well aware of the fact that Japan rates at the top as a source of Soviet military intelligence.

Moscow's intelligence bosses remember only too well that when Germany attacked Russia in 1941, the Kremlin had prior knowledge of the attack because of information sent from Tokyo by the notorious spy, the late Richard Sorge.

Now, because it is used as a base for American military operations, Japan is of even greater importance.

And whether or not the Soviet has any more Richard Sorges in Japan—and they probably do—they have a large corps of Red Army and civilian Russians who can hardly avoid gathering intelligence information.

The original Soviet Mission diplomatic staff has been cut down from about 400 in 1946 to 125 staff members and 108 wives and dependents. In recent months, the rank and file have done very little traveling; they are seldom seen except around Tokyo itself, at the occupation-authorized swimming pools and beaches, or in the Tokyo theaters.

However, they make use of every opportunity to send out official agents under the guise of observing a Japanese election in the field, or inspecting an incoming Russian cargo at some port of entry.

Recently Moscow and the Japanese government concluded a barter deal whereby the latter was to build a flotilla of wooden barges in return for assorted Soviet commodities such as timber, hides and coal.

A Soviet trade representative came into SCAP's Economic and Scientific Section with a list of ports where the Japanese barges were to be built.

SCAP officials had not even heard of some of the remotely placed ports. Walking over to a wall map and pointing with his finger, a SCAP trade representative politely but firmly told the Russian:

"You will have the barges built only here, here and here."

Then the Soviet trade representative announced that they would have to send their men to these ports to supervise the building and make sure they were up to Russian specifications.

They conducted this operation as normal supervision. And if they contacted, at the same time, local members of the Japanese Communist party and received volumes of intelligence material on local economy, seaport movements and nearby American occupation forces, it was something which occupation authorities could not legally prevent without an international incident.

Japanese Communists, of course, are one of the most valuable sources of Soviet intelligence.

Some of them are Moscow-trained, numbers of them were in the Japanese military intelligence section in China and Manchuria, and most of them are only too willing and eager to help the representatives of the one nation which backs their cause.

Japanese Reds in Vital Jobs

General MacArthur's G-2 counterintelligence agents work ceaselessly to screen and detect Japanese Communists who might be working in key offices of the Japanese government, police departments, seaports, telephone exchanges, railways and even as maids in the homes of occupation personnel.

But it would take two Army divisions of these agents to find them all, to investigate their past, their personal life, their after-work activities.

Because SCAP is short of supporting American personnel on many jobs, our commanders are forced to draw on the Japanese to run Army Air Force weather stations, to operate radar outposts, to guard occupation military installations, and to work as stenographers in SCAP offices.

Japanese working for the occupation are constantly moving about inside airfields, naval ports, war-supply warehouses and dumps.

SCAP was so short of shipping and seagoing personnel that, even for the invasion of Inchon, we were forced to use Japanese to man some American invasion LSTs.

And if, among all of these Japanese, the Soviet Mission in Japan cannot find or plant informers, it would be unusual.

Once they obtain information there is no

What's busier than a toy train on Christmas?

The answer, of course, is a *real* train. And not only at Christmas but day in and day out—*every* day throughout the year – America's railroad freight fleet is constantly on the go.

Busy carrying the bulk of the things Americans use in their daily lives and work.

Busy hauling the raw materials and the fuel to *make* these things.

And, right now, *especially* busy moving the machinery, munitions, and material so vital to America's national defense. Each week, this adds up to the huge total of about 850,000 freight cars – loaded and sent on their way! The railroads moved swiftly to handle peak industrial production plus the needs of our defense forces.

They stepped up their car repair and rebuilding program so as to restore to service hundreds of additional cars a day. They ordered more than 100,000 *new* cars for earliest possible delivery. And they're working, with the active cooperation of shippers, to get the utmost use out of every piece of equipment.

Yes, your railroads are busy – busy day and night – busy in fair weather and foul – carrying the things it takes to make this nation strong!

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

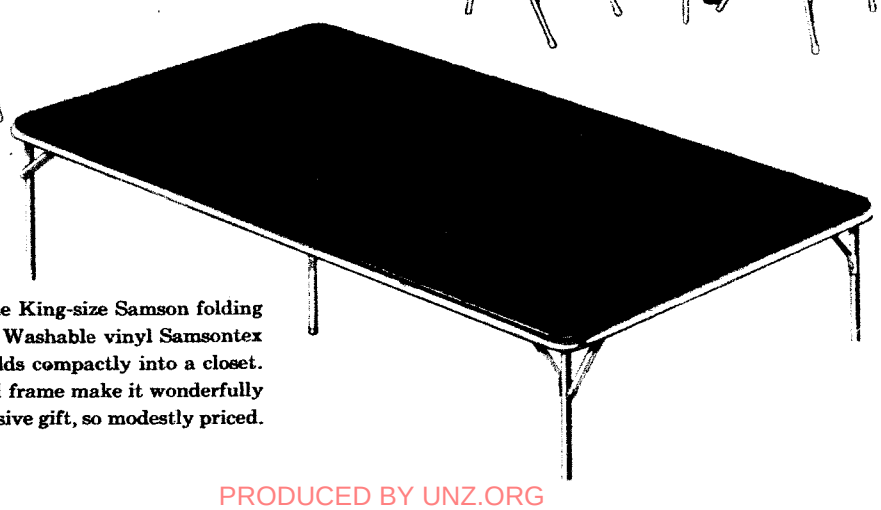
Listen to THE RAILROAD HOUR every Monday evening on NBC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Samson solves your gift problems

GIVE FOLDING CHAIRS AND TABLES

For your favorite partners at cards, give a set of Samson chairs and table at winning prices. Choose any of the smart, new designer colors—in washable, stain-resistant vinyl Samsontex. Spring-cushion seats, posture-shaped, upholstered backs and roomy table make Samson furniture unusually comfortable.



For enthusiastic hosts and hostesses, give the King-size Samson folding table and matching folding chairs. Washable vinyl Samsontex table top has no cracks to catch dust. Table folds compactly into a closet. Electrically welded, tubular steel legs and frame make it wonderfully sturdy. In new designer colors. Such a big, impressive gift, so modestly priced.

for everyone on yo
budget! And altho
make such big, in
expensive ones! •
apartments or have
Samson folding tab
no further...make
Then go to your fav
one time- and mone

Samso

Shwayder Bros., Inc. • Fur

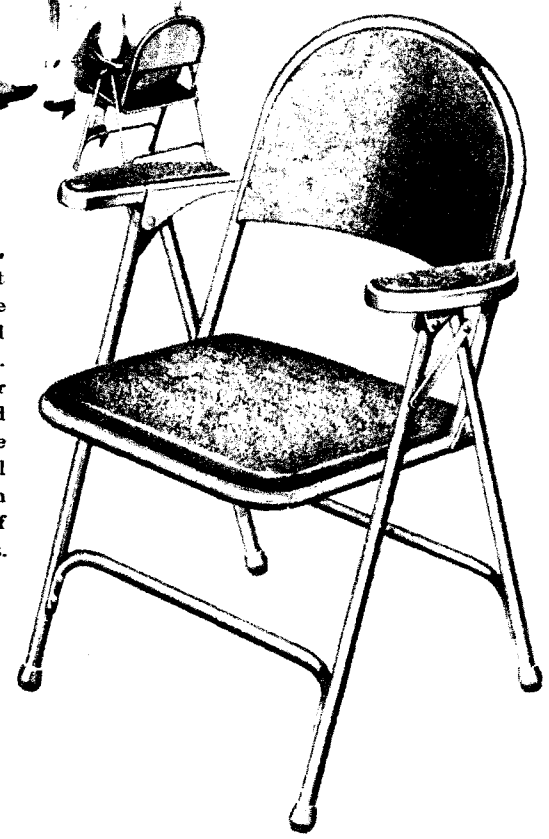
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

th the biggest values for your money

HEY'LL ENJOY FOR YEARS

or rumpus and game room,
unning, practical Samson
arm-chairs. They cost less
a company dinner—give
ears of company comfort.
seat are posture-moulded,
ly angled to put the body
in a most restful position.
rms can hold glass or ash
-on designer colors.

For television fans,
man-sized Samson arm-chairs that baby your gift budget. They make televiewing a comfort, yet fold away when programs are over. Spring-cushion seat, foam-rubber cushioned arms; padded, contoured back rest. *Upholstered in washable* vinyl Samsontex. Tubular steel frame and legs. Baked-on enamel finish. Choice of stunning designer colors.



For daughter who loves to entertain,
give a set of low, low priced Samson folding table and chairs. They'll hold records and phonograph . . . double as sewing, vanity, and study set. Electrically welded, tubular steel legs make these folding tables and chairs strong enough to take teen-age punishment. In smart, new designer colors.

Strong enough to stand on!

Search no further for the perfect practical gift
t . . . There's Samson folding furniture to fit every
ou pay little, Samson folding tables and chairs
ive, useful gifts, that they'll overshadow more
our friends entertain, play cards, live in small
ing families, they'll love space-*saving*, space-*making*
d chairs in smart, new designer colors. Yes, search
Christmas gift list selections right from this page.
urniture or department store and place your order in
ing visit to their Samson Folding Furniture Section.

folding furniture

Division • Detroit 29, Michigan • Also Makers of Samsonite Luggage • Luggage Division • Denver 9, Colo.

There's a Samson institutional chair for every public seating need
For special quantity prices, ask your public seating distributor. Or write Shwayder Bros. direct for the name of your nearest dealer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problem in getting the information back to Moscow. As an accepted diplomatic entity, the Soviets in Japan are entitled to operate their own radio transmitter and use secret diplomatic codes. They are free to run their own air and sea couriers openly from Tokyo to Vladivostok.

Nor would it be difficult for some of the many Soviet submarines—frequently spotted in the Sea of Japan—to sneak into some secluded spot on Japan's long, unguarded coast line, drop off an agent or bring out some "hot" Japanese Communist leader who has been put on the police pickup list.

On the surface, at least, their chief liaison now, outside of radio, is a monthly boat run from Vladivostok to Tokyo—often an American lend-lease mine sweeper—which has a known cargo of caviar and vodka.

It was one of these dirty little seagoing couriers which carried away from Tokyo what was probably one of the most important military intelligence analyses which the Soviets have yet made on the Americans in Japan.

The American Diplomatic Section attached to SCAP received a phone call from the Soviet embassy at 4:45 P.M., May 26th —almost one month before the Korean war broke out.

And to a suddenly agitated American consular clerk, the Soviets announced that Lieutenant General Kuzma Derevyanko, chief of the Russian Diplomatic Mission in Japan since the surrender, would leave for Moscow the following day.

Passengers on a Trawler

At eleven o'clock the next day, while SCAP officials were still trying to figure out the unexpected pull-out and the complete lack of any farewell formalities, a grimy 500-ton fishing trawler slid out through the fairway of Tokyo Bay, carrying General Derevyanko and 48 members of his embassy staff and their wives.

Newsmen covering the Tokyo beat did not get onto the story for another 24 hours. Then they let loose with a spray of speculation.

It was suggested that Derevyanko had "lost face" under the sting of frequent and mounting verbal tongue-lashings from MacArthur and his representative on the Allied Control Council.

It was rumored that the burly ex-Red Army war hero had been too friendly with occupation forces in the past—too many vodka parties and lavish entertainments.

A month later, however, it was not difficult to figure out why the Kremlin's bosses had summoned their Tokyo man. When Derevyanko arrived back in Moscow in early June, the first question fired at him probably was this:

What is the state of American occupation forces in Japan and has the recently completed American combat training program been effective? Then they probably wanted Derevyanko's opinion as to whether Korea had been "written off" by the Americans as had appeared to be the case.

And then came the 64-ruble question: If war broke out in Korea, would America intervene?

Derevyanko, who for four and a half years had been in close social and official contact with many foreign diplomats and occupation personnel in Tokyo, should have been in an excellent position to answer these questions.

Together with other Soviet envoys who had been recalled at the same time from China, Thailand and satellite countries—ostensibly to attend the June 12th Supreme Soviet—the Kremlin's geopoliticians and military leaders got a close-up picture of our armed forces. If Derevyanko answered the 64-ruble question, he must have interpreted his information incorrectly because the North Koreans struck quickly and seemingly without thought that the United Nations would oppose them.

Derevyanko himself undoubtedly had an excellent underground and aboveground intelligence network running in Japan. He had some top-Soviet Foreign Service men and Red Army officers on his embassy staff. And through his political adviser, Nikolai Generalov, he enjoyed close contact at all times with the Japanese Communist party, both its headquarters in Tokyo and its branches scattered all over Japan's four main islands.

Other members of the Russian embassy staff were seen but seldom heard. Once in a while they would go out for a Sunday-afternoon stroll or tour the spacious U.S. Army PX on the Ginza, satchel in hand, shopping for items which Moscow shops had never seen.

They had to be careful of the MVD spies in their own mission—the watchful chauffeur or planted Russian clerk. But when they got home at the end of the day to their homes, procured from the Japanese government as part of the cost of occupation, they could indulge themselves freely in the delicacies of choice meats, their monthly caviar and vodka ration, American radios, and other luxuries which the occupation offers to foreign diplomats.

The embassy itself has been Soviet government property since pre-Pacific war days —a large, yellow stucco building with huge rooms adorned by Russian antique furniture.

At the downtown embassy adjunct, the six-story red brick Mitsubishi No. 21 building, the Soviet Mission runs its much-patronized propaganda library, maintains its trade offices, and houses its lower-ranking mission staff members, their wives and children.

The Mitsubishi 21 tenants have lived a quiet, secluded life, unobserved except for the American junior officers who used to turn out their lights at night in the adjacent Yurako Hotel billet and peer across the street into the Soviet offices and bedrooms.

Probably under strict orders, they left social liaison to their more experienced chief. And Derevyanko, until the latter days of his stay in Tokyo, was a capable host and much sought-after guest.

His successor, Major General Alexei Kislenko, who arrived on August 30th, was an entirely different type.

Kislenko, short, pudgy and with the look of a scholar, is clearly not a typical Red Army military type. Some American G-2 officers, while lacking detailed information on Kislenko's true background, have suggested that he really is not a Red Army soldier but may be a civilian political expert.

He nevertheless continues to wear the Red Army uniform—mustard-colored jacket and blue trousers—and he tours Tokyo either in his big 1947-model American-made car or a Russian Zis, with Soviet military insignia on front and back.

Occupation officials have also expressed the opinion that when Kislenko came to Japan the first time in March, 1946, as deputy chief of the mission, he became the actual No. 1 Soviet representative, with Derevyanko only the titular head.

Kislenko is seldom seen out in public; he rarely accepts an invitation for social functions, and he rarely deviates from the short path between the embassy and his home, which he took over when Derevyanko evacuated it.

The only conspicuous change in Kislenko and other staff members is that they suddenly emerged in mufti following the outbreak of the Korean war. This was interpreted as an effort to avoid drawing undue attention and precipitating any type of incident.

But there is little question but what Kislenko and the Soviet embassy staff, while avoiding the public gaze, are still running what undoubtedly is Russia's busiest spy nest.

The new political counselor, Georgi Pavlychev, maintains contact with the Japanese Communists, and he is often credited with having helped some of those who were recently purged, by order of SCAP, to escape Japan.

Anatole Gromov, the trade man, continues to maintain his office in central Tokyo. He and his staff make their frequent trips around Japan inspecting Russian cargoes.

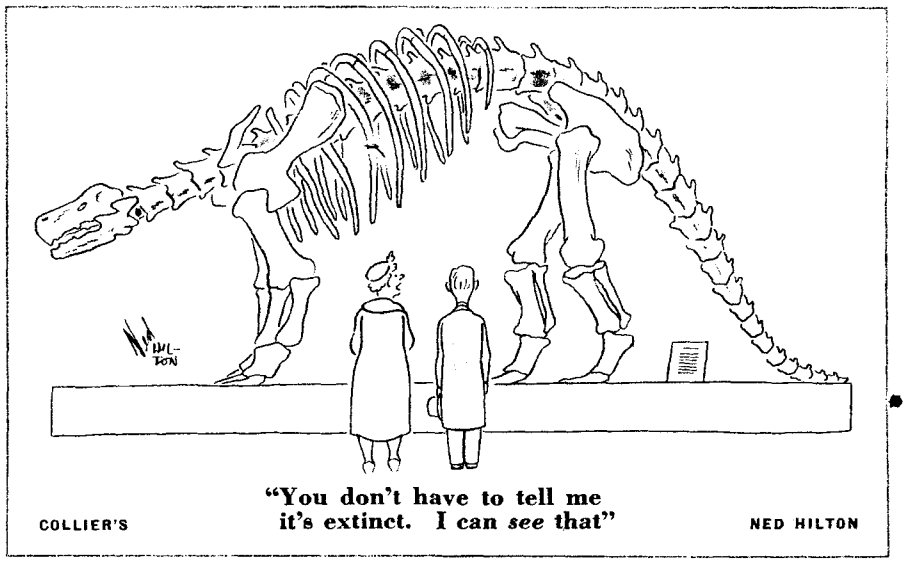
Colonel Nikolai Smirnov has taken over from Lieutenant Colonel Nikolai Beznosikov the duties of liaison with SCAP.

They and other foreign diplomatic liaison men no longer are permitted to enter SCAP's G-2 offices; they contact G-2 Russian-language officers loaned to SCAP's Diplomatic Section.

There they are ushered into a reception room where the only printed matter in sight is old copies of American magazines.

Since the war began in Korea they have not engaged in any liaison matters nor have they addressed any requests for information to SCAP.

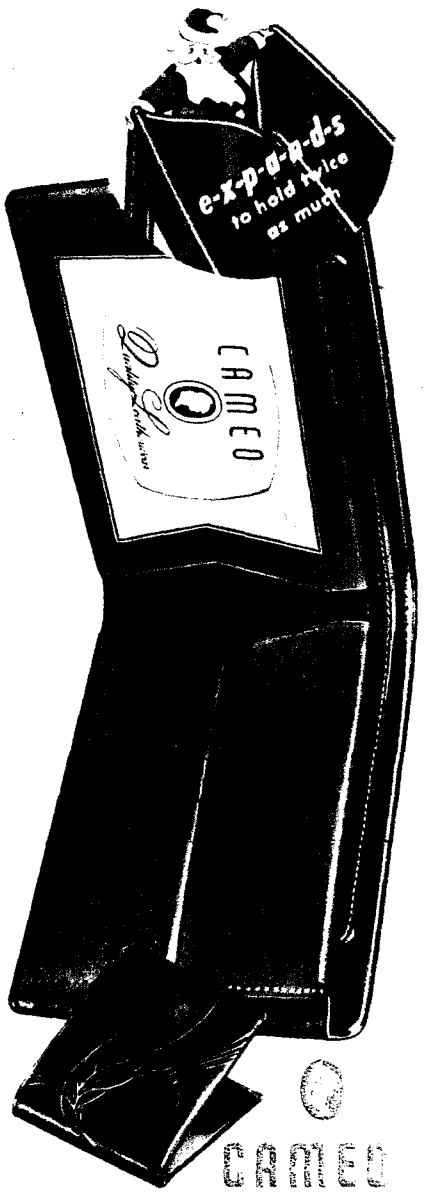
But the Soviet diplomatic staff, from Kislenko down to the 30 Red Army guards, are still in Tokyo: what the American Army G-2 here considers to be an army of enemy spies working in the heart of an American advance base. THE END



COLLIER'S

"You don't have to tell me it's extinct. I can *see* that"

NED HILTON



CAMEO

E-X-P-A-N-D-E-X

Twice the room for currency, cards, papers! Twice as easy to get in and out of! Yet E-x-p-a-n-d-e-x folds flat, neat without bulging. Two expanding bill compartments, two roomy card pockets plus a *secret* pocket for big bills. Grandest of gifts for the man who keeps everything . . . and carries it with him!

He-man styling. Ruggedly handsome tooled designs in long-wearing, good-to-the-feel yearling calf. As shown, $10.00. Other styles and colors, $5.00 to $12.50.

CAMEO

pak-a-dor

striking match for smokers!

Pat. No. 2,279,696

Pocket pal to the wallet. Zip in a full pack. Keeps cigarettes firm, fresh . . . no tobacco crumbs. Offers single smokes with fingertip ease. $3.00. Other smart leathers to match E-x-p-a-n-d-e-x, $2.00 and up.

The Springfield Leather Products Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Next Week

The 61st All-America

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Santa Class

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

of the past. Frightens the children. The throaty chuckle is more in general use, although an occasional ho-ho-ho is all right to cheer up adults. A deep, booming voice is bad, too. It is best for Santa Claus to speak in his natural voice. If he starts the day using a deep voice, by the end of it he may sound more like a weary frog than like the spirit of Christmas. There are other speaking problems as well. If Santa has a Scotch or Irish accent he can always explain that everybody talks like that at the North Pole. But a Santa Claus with a Southern drawl lasted only two days in Detroit and had to be replaced. The Detroit kids wouldn't be fooled.

Bringing out a sample of the costume he had designed, Dean Howard said that red Shetland cloth trimmed with white rabbit fur is best. The suit (which costs $230, complete with wig and beard) is designed to give an impression of bulk, thus making padding unnecessary—except for some ultraskinny Santas.

The coat is cut full, with a flaring skirt. A patent leather belt, five inches wide and with a huge belt buckle, heightens the bay window effect. Boots or leggings are optional. The hat is large so as to fit over the wig, with the tassel worn over the shoulder.

In our classes, wig and beard work took up considerable time. The best wigs and beards are made of yak hair, imported from China and bleached to a silvery gray. There are two types of wigs—center-parted and the bang type. The beard is held on by strings tied over the top of the head. The flowing mustache is attached to the beard on a wire frame so that no glue is needed. This makes for comfort.

"Above all, men," the dean told us, "when you play Santa Claus be comfortable. And be sure that your mustache is in the middle of your face."

Having learned the best way of getting in and out of the suits, we took up beard practice. We wore them for long periods to get used to the feel, and to learn to stand the tickling of a new beard that has not been broken in. Mrs. Santa didn't wear a beard, but looked pretty in a red gown and cap trimmed with white rabbit fur.

Once we got the hang of the beards we had twinkle practice.

"You've got to have a twinkle—remember that," the dean said. "If you haven't got a twinkle, try a squint."

Learning How to Twinkle

We stood in front of a row of mirrors on a long dressing table and practiced. Most of us had to resort to a squint, although one elderly student had a pretty good twinkle. Make-up also was practiced before the mirrors. Dean Howard demonstrated how to whiten the eyebrows.

"Go against the hair with the brush. That gives the eyebrows a hoary, frosted effect," he said. For cheeks and nose we used No. 18, or Evening Glow, rouge. Over that we put blending powder. The dean is in favor of light make-up rather than the deep red, or barroom, effect.

At length we were all rigged out in costumes, wigs, beards and make-up. By this time we were more at ease and plied the dean with questions. In answer to one, he explained that when an urchin starts to pull Santa Claus's beard you reach up under the beard and hold the chin cup to which the beard is attached.

"Be sure to holler, 'Ouch,' " the dean said. "Then he lets go because he thinks he is hurting Santa."

We broke up into teams to practice this, one Santa pulling the beard while its owner held on to the chin cup and said, "Ouch."

Having mastered, more or less, the use of the beard, costume and make-up, we worked hard at long technical sessions. These had to do with "setups" or arrangements for Santa's throne and the handling of children and parents. Dean Howard has designed many setups. He stood at the blackboard, drawing designs of various arrangements that had proved practical.

Pointing with his ruler, he would say, "Children (C) come in here, and parents (P) file in on the other side of this railing. Santa should be at eye level with the children and the child should always be where its parents can watch its face. Handling parents is sometimes more important than handling the children."

There was a lecture on tricks used to learn children's names and other pertinent information beforehand. Sometimes the information is relayed to Santa through a small speaker hidden under his wig.

"Santa Claus is supposed to know everything," the dean said.

A Tough Quiz for the Dean

Each day the entire class ate lunch at the long table in the school. During the meal we kept throwing questions at the dean. Our greatest worry was over the embarrassing things that children might do, such as yelling like fiends or trying to wreck the entire legend. One man, a garage owner built like a heavyweight boxer, who had been drafted by his civic association to play Santa Claus, said he would have to go around town visiting the various stores. "What do I do about the liquor store?" he asked. "Should I go in there?"

Dean Howard gave this considerable thought and finally decided that Santa Claus had better stay out of liquor stores as a general thing. He felt certain that if the garage owner talked it over with the liquor store proprietor beforehand the latter would understand.

After a heavy day of classes we would return to a rooming house in Albion. We were never in costume outside the classroom, so nobody had reason to suspect anything, except that we were strangers.

The full course at SCS lasts five days and the tuition fee is $100. The school was started in 1937 but was suspended during the war years. There are usually three classes each fall. Besides tuition fees the dean makes additional money as Santa Claus consultant to various department stores. He rents sleighs and sells Santa Claus suits and beards. He is not getting rich at it, but he has more fun than a string of jingle bells—which is exactly what he had expected when he got into the Santa business.

Before that happened, Dean Howard had been a toy manufacturer and designer. On his Christmas rounds he had noticed what sorry specimens most department-store Saint Nicks were. What they needed, he felt, was proper training. So he started his school to fill the need, and for 13 years it has been doing just that.

As the school days wore on, we students became jollier. In time we entered into our studies with the same jovial spirit which the dean exhibited—i.e., the spirit of Santa Claus. Nevertheless, there were solemn moments. We were saddened, for example, to learn that the average breakdown age (the age when a child realizes that Santa Claus is not a human being but a thought) is 7.1 years. We were dismayed, too, when told of certain non-co-operative parents who take the attitude that Santa Claus is a disciplinarian and say such things as, "If you don't behave yourself, Santa Claus is going to wallop you." This type of parent makes things hard for Santa Claus.

We learned how to meet many situations through examples cited by the dean. A little girl once said to him, "Santa Claus, when I asked you for a didie doll last year I didn't mean a live didie doll." This, he related, stopped him momentarily. Then he shook his head in a deploring manner and said, "Oh, did I get that order mixed up?"

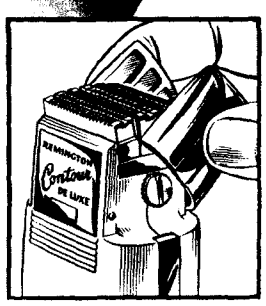
Our class was on such convivial terms

No Other Shave Compares With A

REMINGTON Contour SHAVE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Three Blue Streak Twin shaving heads with 240 Diamond-Honed cutting blades on all Contour models.



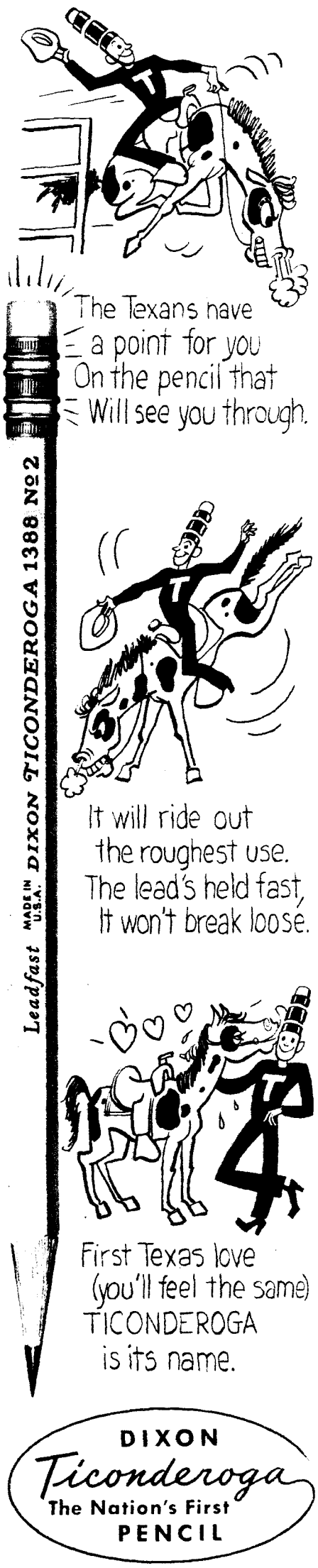
New single-hinge swing-back chrome hair pockets expose all three heads for easier cleaning.

The Remington Contour Shave is an entirely new concept of shaving, developed by Remington Rand for men who say "Electric shavers don't shave me close enough." The Contour Shaver is different... new... revolutionary. The Contour will shave even the toughest beard, as close as you want. It will shave even the tenderest face faster and easier, without nicks or cuts. Try a Remington Contour today — at your dealer's or at any of our 108 shaver branches.

A PRODUCT OF Remington Rand

FIRST IN SALES
BEST IN PERFORMANCE
Remington Contour
ELECTRIC SHAVER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



that one day, when we learned that H.M. Sensabaugh, a sixty-six-year-old classmate, was having a birthday, we interrupted a study period to sing together, "Happy birthday, Mr. Sensabaugh. Happy birthday to you." The dean joined in.

But there came a time when our relaxed, carefree attitude was suddenly dispelled. At noon on the day of our commencement exercises the dean announced that immediately after lunch we were to get into full costume and go to the Albion Grammar School to put into practice what we had learned. Each student, he announced, would be required to play Santa Claus before an entire class of children.

Apprehension swept over me. As I put on my make-up I tried to remember the thousands of things the dean had told us: "Don't kiss children. Just as they go to kiss you, turn your head and let your beard take the rap. In standing, always stand with your stomach out. You're Santa Claus. You have to have faith in yourself that you are Santa Claus. Never forget the names of your reindeer, Dasher, Dancer, Prancer..."

New Use for a Fire Escape

When all of us were in costume we got into automobiles and rode the mile into Albion. The cars slipped up a back street and parked behind the school. Eight uneasy Santa Clauses and one Mrs. Santa Claus, all in full regalia, climbed up a fire escape and entered the school through a small door.

We found ourselves in the empty auditorium; the dean quickly herded us into a room off one end of the stage. Then he disappeared. In a short time he was back; off went the first student to do his stint. I was to be next. I paced the floor and the others stood about, nervous and sympathetic. The garage proprietor brought out a package of cigarettes.

"Better have a smoke before you go on," he said. His hands trembled as he held the match—gingerly, so as not to ignite my beard. After what seemed a four-year wait the dean returned and led me out. The auditorium was empty as I climbed to the stage and took my place on the throne beside Mrs. Santa Claus. Her duties were to engage the children and keep them from mobbing Santa all at once.

The door opened and in came the first grade, marching in pairs and all less than 7.1 years old. Cold perspiration stood out on my face and I realized what the dean had meant when he said that sometimes we'd be glad to be behind that beard. Little girls in short dresses and little boys with cropped hair marched down the aisle, across the auditorium and up onto the stage. Their eyes were big and each pair was fixed right on me as the children advanced. For me it was the last mile.

I managed to wave at them but my arm seemed to extend a yard and a quarter. As the first of them came across the stage, I saw childish sincerity staring from every face. I regretted any skepticism of the dean's teachings that I had ever entertained. I couldn't let these kids down. I had to make good. Through a blur of perspiration and yak hair I saw a little girl standing in front of me. She was twisting her hands together and two of her front teeth were missing. Slowly I reached out and took her by the hand. "Hello," I said.

Her mouth moved as though she were going to speak, but no sound came out. Instead she broke into a wide grin. There was a long pause as I tried to remember various gambits. Finally I said, "Well, I guess all you want for Christmas is your two front teeth?"

"Do you know that song, too, Santa Claus?" she asked. This was more like it. I tried a modest chuckle. It came out a little raspy.

"Santa Claus knows everything," I lied. "Have you been thinking about what you want for Christmas?"

It turned out that all she wanted was a dollhouse. She had a doll, she said, a very good doll, but the doll had no place to live. With everything settled, she moved away and I reached out for the next one. This time my arm didn't seem quite so long nor quite so trembly. Most of the girls wanted dolls and dollhouses and most of the boys wanted cowboy suits, guns, ropes and other Western paraphernalia. A surprising number of both sexes asked for cash registers. Could this be parental suggestion or was it a reflection of the economic trend?

I was doing pretty well, or at least I thought I was, when I decided to try a ho-ho-ho instead of a chuckle to see if the dean had been right. I threw back my head, grabbed my belt and let it out. The little girl in front of me almost jumped off the stage. It took some time to wheedle her back again. I talked so fast I got a mouthful of yak hair.

One girl rushed up to me without introduction and threw her arms one third of the way around my waist.

"I like you, Santa Claus," she said, hugging tightly. The list which this young woman had prepared was terrific and I could have sworn that it included a mink coat (although it could conceivably have been a pink boat).

While dealing with a thorough lad who insisted on describing every detail of the cowboy outfit he wanted, I glanced toward the next boy in line. His sandy red hair stood straight up. His blue eyes were alert and his nose was as pointed as a reindeer's horn. Without warning he ran up to me, grabbed my beard with both hands and gave it a heavy jerk.

I forgot my lessons. I didn't have time to grab my chin cup, and I neglected to holler, "Ouch!" In a panic, I poked the skeptic in the stomach with my index finger. He let go the beard and grabbed his midriff. This gave me the time I desperately needed. I launched into a discussion of what he might get for Christmas. The light of desire began to shine from those blue eyes and he forgot his foul plan. When he finally went away I let out another chuckle. This time it had a relieved note.

After that things became easier. I had been through the worst and the beard string had held. After the last of the 30-odd children had been interviewed I stood up, stuck out my stomach, and waved them a cheery good-by as they marched away. When they waved back I called out, "Merry Christmas."

Then, an experienced Santa Claus, I swaggered back to the room where the quaking novices were waiting. They gathered about me and asked how it had been.

"Wonderful. Never had so much fun in my life," I said. They looked at me as at a man just returned from the front line.

After all of us had been through the supreme test we were led back through the small door and down the fire escape, there to confront a new horror: An entire class of children was just emerging from a side door, and at the incredible sight of eight Santas tramping down a fire escape they set up a yell. We clattered down the iron stairs and dashed for the cars.

"Lookit! One of 'em lost his hat," I heard a boy yell. They swirled about us screaming as we climbed into the automobiles and slammed the doors. The drivers backed out and stepped on the gas. With bulky Santa Clauses hunching low, the cars roared down the street. On Plymouth, on Pontiac, on Ford V-8. With tires screeching, the vehicles rounded a corner onto the highway and sped out of town.

"Well done!" said the dean when we had reached the childless safety of our own school. "As fine a class as I've ever had. But we sure had a narrow squeak."

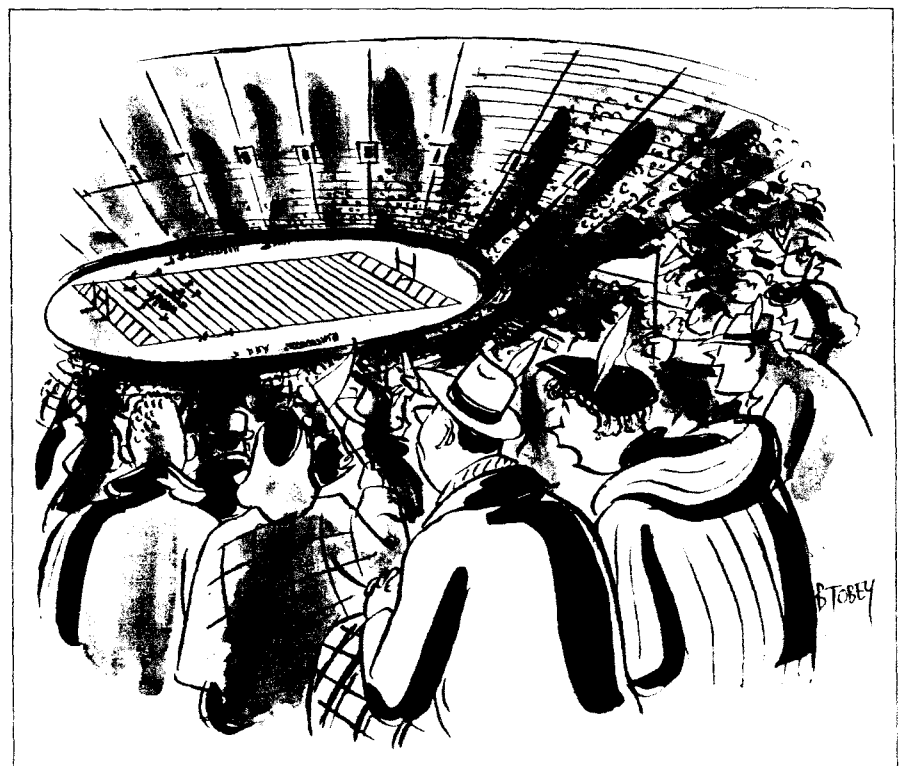
That night, at the dinner and commencement exercises at the D.A.R. headquarters in Albion, Dean Howard again expressed his pride in our class. Seated at the long table with us were Mayor Arnold W. Holliday and other city officials of Albion. Santa Claus's helpers, girls in green-and-white uniforms, served the dinner. Dean Howard gave the commencement address and told us that by writing a thesis and doing certain other things we could earn the Degree of Bachelor of Santa Claus.

"Only 11 men in the world hold the B.S.C. degree," he said. Then he told a Christmas story, as the strains of Silent Night, played softly on a piano, came from the next room. After a speech by the mayor, each member of the class was called to the head of the table where the dean shook hands, said a few words about the graduate and handed over the diploma.

With the formal exercises over, the entire graduating class, the dean and his wife, Santa Claus's helpers and the mayor all gathered around the piano and sang carols.

It was not until I was on the train headed back to New York City that I got around to inspecting my diploma in detail. Printed on it was the following inscription:

"As holder of this diploma, I fully realize the great responsibility and privilege that is mine in spreading joy and happiness to the children of this world through their beloved friend and servant, Santa Claus. I hereby sincerely and solemnly promise to give my best, my all, to carry out the principles Santa Claus stands for." THE END



COLLIER'S

"I'd say these seats are comparable to a *six*-inch screen"

BARNEY TOBEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Peggy

for marrying me in the first place.

for bringing up our children—while I mostly sat back and gave advice.

for the 2,008 pairs of socks you've darned.

for finding my umbrella and my rubbers Heaven knows how often!

for tying innumerable dress ties.

for being the family chauffeur, years on end.

for never getting sore at my always getting sore at your bridge playing.

for planning a thousand meals a year—and having them taken for granted.

for a constant tenderness I rarely notice but am sure I couldn't live without.

for wanting a *good* watch ever so long . . . and letting your slow-moving husband think he'd hit on it all by himself.

for just being you . . . *Darling, here's your Hamilton with all my love!*

Jim

HAMILTON

Authentic diamond Hamilton watches are identified by this guarantee folder and the name "Hamilton" on the *back* of the case—your assurance against recased watches.

Shown above: **1.** LADY HAMILTON M-6—6 diamonds in 14K white gold: $150.00; **2.** VERNA—14K gold: $71.50; **3.** VENITA—14K gold: $71.50; **4.** FL-33—14K gold with bracelet: $175.00; **5.** WESLEY—14K gold: $180.00; **6.** NORMAN—14K gold-filled: $71.50; **7.** EATON—10K gold-filled: $60.50. Prices incl. Fed. Tax—subject to change without notice. Better jewelers everywhere. Priced from $49.50 to $12,000. Each Hamilton watch is adjusted to temperature, isochronism and position. Send for FREE booklet "What Makes a Fine Watch Fine?" Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. D-8, Lancaster, Penna.

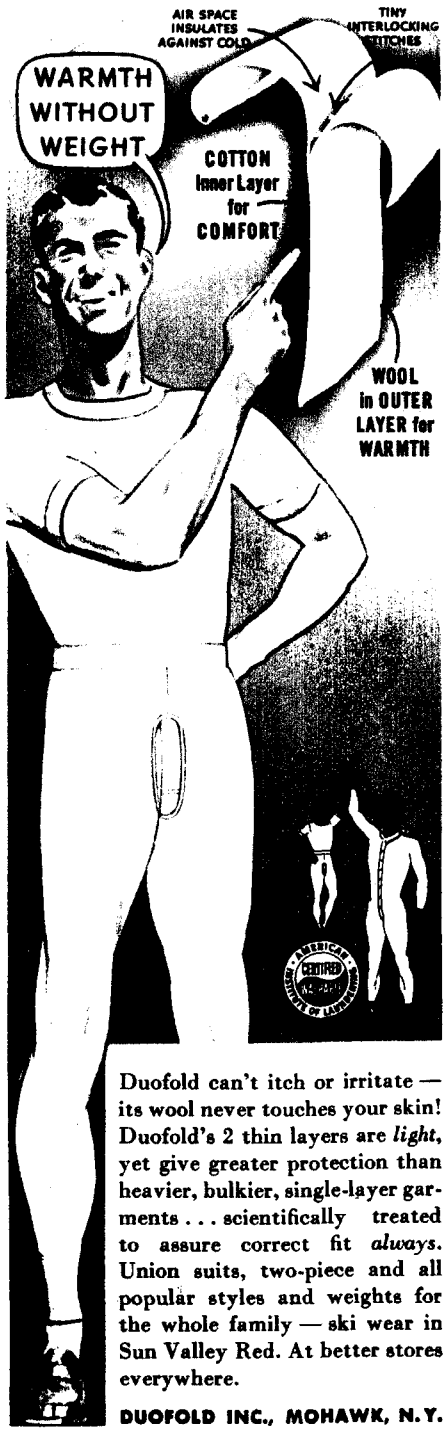
AMERICA'S FINE WATCH

Copr. 1950 Hamilton Watch Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ITCH ?

SWITCH !
TO
Duofold
2-Layer
HEALTH UNDERWEAR


AIR SPACE INSULATES AGAINST COLD
TINY INTERLOCKING STITCHES
WARMTH WITHOUT WEIGHT
COTTON Inner Layer for COMFORT
WOOL in OUTER LAYER for WARMTH

Duofold can't itch or irritate — its wool never touches your skin! Duofold's 2 thin layers are *light*, yet give greater protection than heavier, bulkier, single-layer garments . . . scientifically treated to assure correct fit *always*. Union suits, two-piece and all popular styles and weights for the whole family — ski wear in Sun Valley Red. At better stores everywhere.

DUOFOLD INC., MOHAWK, N.Y.

Let Nothing Come Between Us

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

me about getting too cocky, getting an overdeveloped ego. Like warning me about the evils of whisky and other juvenile pitfalls, including the wrong kind of girls. But for the last year or so our relationship had been a little different—better, too. Like friends, like good buddies. Until that night in the Tepee Tavern when I asked him outside. Now I didn't know how I stood with him, and I didn't feel very good about it.

When we turned the corner onto Main Street, he said, "Anything new around the old town, Woody?"

"Naw," I said. I could have said: Laura Gannon. I could have told him: There's a new girl over in Big Bend, and she's for me. Moved over there about six or seven weeks ago. Terrific. *She's* new around town, all right. She's the best thing that's happened here for a long time.

We were going past the drugstore when some guy yelled at Clint. "Let's be seen talking to these characters," he said.

"I'll pass," I said. "You coming down to dance after a while?"

"I may ease down and spectate. I may audit the course, Woody."

"Yeah, audit," I said, and kept going down Main Street, wishing I'd had the guts to get up that apology like I should have.

Laura wasn't in the back room of Walker's Confectionery yet when I got there. Ellen Marlow was. She was dancing with Cyrus Kinney, the bespectacled scholar, the earnest outdoorsman, the nonathlete who was my buddy. The music ended and they came over to where I was standing.

"Gatings, greet," Cy said, and Ellen said, "Geetings, grate." She is small and has yellow hair and dark eyes and a nice build, and she's a swell dancer and fun. But she wasn't Laura.

"You better dance with me now, before you get preoccupied, hot-shot," she said, and Cy said he had a nickel that wasn't drawing any interest and he didn't mind chumping off for the music. He played I've Got You under My Skin and said it was dedicated to Ellen, who was the acne of femininity. "Don't be rash, Cyrus," she said.

SEE, that was the light side of life. I could laugh at that stuff and then dance with Ellen and enjoy it, because she was smooth and graceful—but I could still wish it was Laura, and keep looking toward the door all the time.

I mean, I had a Gannon complex. Ever since that first night she came across the river with some girls.

The Confectionery was the center of our social life. They had a good floor, and the management wasn't afraid to put a little corn meal on it once in a while, and it was all free. We called it the poorman's Palladium because a guy could spend an evening there with his girl for the price of a couple Cokes. That's where I met Laura.

In the middle of the second dance, Ellen missed a step and said, "Well, it was nice knowing you, hot-shot." So I looked, and there was Laura, and when the dance ended Ellen left me. "Go bruise your id, kid," she said, and left me standing there. So I cut in on Laura, naturally.

"You're lookin' sharp, as usual, Gannon," I told her.

"Ain't it the God's truth?" she said. "*You're* looking brawny."

"Yeah, brawny," I said. She wasn't much of a hand for small talk, so after that we mostly just danced. One thing, she was popular and you got tagged often, so the trick was to cut in just before the music stopped and try to carry on a witty conversation between dances. Only she had a kind of fence around her when it came time for old Woody's pitch. She'd stand there looking at my ear, absent-mindedly, and I'd get a frustrated feeling, like I was talking to someone who didn't understand English. She was slim and long-legged and blue-eyed, with black hair and a nice full mouth and short nose—beautiful, I guess. And she had poise, too *much* poise.

We were standing there between dances when Clint came in. All the guys were stalling, waiting for some spendthrift to break under the strain and invest a nickel, and Clint stood in the door looking around. When he saw us he looked surprised. You know, startled. He kept standing there for a minute, then he came over to us.

"Hello, Laura," he said, very casually.

"Hello, Clint," she said, and gave me a surprised look. "*Two* Smiths? Are you men related?"

I was a little irritated that they knew each other, but not very surprised since they both were students at the university.

"He's my grandfather," I said. "The one who majors in geology."

"You mind if I steal her for the next dance, Woody?" Clint asked.

I shrugged. "If she isn't afraid of tripping on your long gray beard," I said. "Do I have to furnish the music, too?"

He grinned and flipped a quarter. "On me," he said. He put the whole quarter in the juke box, and they danced. He's a veteran, I said to myself; nothing is too good for a war veteran, even dancing with my favorite iceberg.

I waited until he got eliminated and tagged in on the eliminator, and Laura gave me a kind of funny look.

"You didn't tell me you had a brother," she said accusingly.

"You didn't ask me. Besides, we try to keep it hushed up."

"I might have thought you were the only Smith extant," she said, "the way you always employ the first person singular." Some needler.

"We Smiths are a vanishing race," I said. "Rapidly becoming extinct. There is only the one of me, just the one unquenchable Woody S."

"Let us count our blessings," she said. She looked puzzled. "Strange it never occurred to me."

I was going to ask her what never occurred to her, but then Clint cut in, and the music stopped, and they leaned against the wall, talking. Reminiscing, I figured, about halls of ivy and other academic stuff. I saw her shake her head in answer to a question, and then they pushed away from the wall and walked out through the door. I didn't like it, but I figured he was going to buy her a soda or something. I was leaning on the wall, feeling gloomy, when Ellen elbowed me in the ribs.

"Dry those tears," she said. "The night is young and I'm so beautiful." So I danced with her, and after a while she said, "How long does this mad infatuation figure to live? I'm getting weary of waiting around to pick up the pieces, Woody." I told her there wouldn't be any pieces and she should stop waiting around. She said, "There'll be fragments, but I think I *will* stop waiting around, at that."

After two more dances they hadn't come back from out front, so I wandered casually out there, and guess what? No Laura, no Clint. Cy Kinney was drinking free water at the fountain. I started to ask him if he'd seen them leave, but instead I said, "Let's go somewhere sanitary and drink a bottle of beer." He said I stole his best line, and we went out and got in his jalopy.

CY DROVE to the Tepee Tavern on the highway, the joint where Clint and I had gone scoffing the night before he went on the field trip to Colorado. We got out of the jalopy and went inside. And there was Clint, sitting in a booth—with Laura. The Big Bend needler, the girl with the poise. My dream girl, remember? They didn't see us at first, and the way she was looking at him made a hard knot in my stomach. Then Clint saw us, and grinned like he was pleased to see us.

"Won't you join us—briefly?" he said, grinning.

"No thanks, Swifty," I said, feeling numb and sick. "We wouldn't dream of intruding, Speedy," I said, maybe sneering a little.

Clint looked confused, and Laura sort of glared at me.

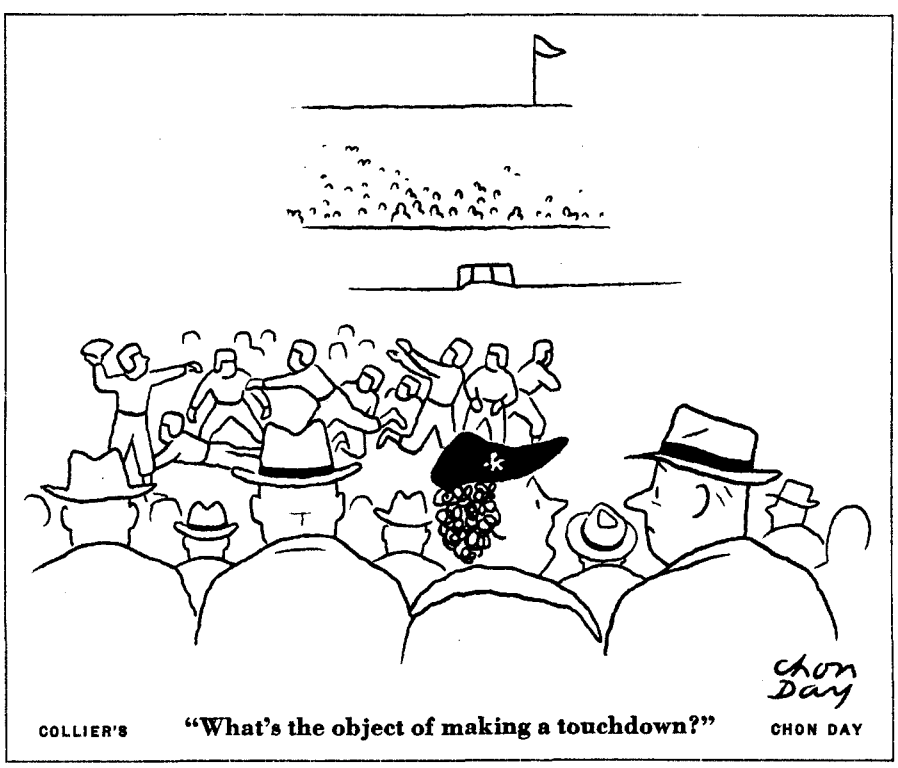
I turned around. "Let's blow this crum joint, Cy," I said, and Cy followed me out to his jalopy.

"Where to?" he asked.

"Home," I said. I felt like I'd just been kicked in the teeth. He sure didn't waste any time, I kept thinking bitterly. Cy drove me home, and I told him good night and went to bed, and the way I felt was kind of like getting cleats in the face or something.

When Clint came home and turned on the bed lamp, I pretended I was asleep. "Woody?" he said. After a while he turned out the light and got in his bed. After a while I didn't have to pretend I was asleep any more. . . .

The next morning I stayed in bed until I heard Clint go out with Mom. She works uptown at an abstract office. I got up and fixed myself some breakfast, but I wasn't very hungry. I read the paper, and it said they had some rain in the northern part of the state and expected more. You think I



COLLIER'S "What's the object of making a touchdown?" CHON DAY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What'll you have?..

Pabst Blue Ribbon

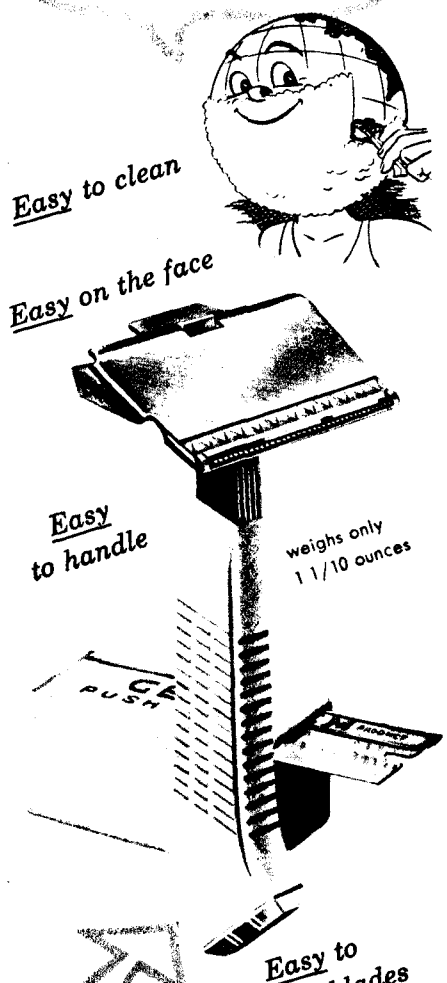
"FINEST BEER SERVED...ANYWHERE!" *says George Mikan*

GEORGE MIKAN—Top scorer of the Basketball Association of America, 1948-1949-1950.

TUNE IN ***"THE LIFE OF RILEY"*** STARRING **WILLIAM BENDIX,** EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, N B C NETWORK ©1950, PABST BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EASIEST SHAVE ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH



NEW Feather Weight
GEM RAZOR

Never a Better Way to Avoid '5 O'Clock Shadow'

Deluxe Razor with 10-blade Push-Pak of super-sharp Gem blades in crystal-clear lucite case.

Only 98¢

PRECISION ASR PRODUCTS

cared? You think the weather worried me any?

Ordinarily, that time of day, I would have gone up to the high-school tennis courts, because most of the gang would be there. But Laura was usually there, too, because the courts over in Big Bend weren't so hot, not nearly as good as the Hillcrest courts. I had a feeling I wouldn't be playing any tennis for a while. I didn't want to see Laura wearing her white shorts and her brown skin and her yellow hair ribbon.

Outside of getting rid of a morning, there wasn't much point in going fishing in the river, but I wanted to get rid of the morning so I dug some grubworms and went fishing. I walked down the bluff and turned north past the freight depot and went up to the main bridge that connects Hillcrest and Big Bend. I was thinking it had been a big mistake, connecting Hillcrest and Big Bend. Let them stay in their own one-horse town.

THERE was a fairly good hole of water under the west end of the main bridge, but it was pretty well fished out. There was a little water out in the middle of the river, but the sun was hot and there wasn't any shade out there. Three or four times a year that river is a solid sheet of water a quarter of a mile across, but most of the time it's like a strip of desert, sand dunes and grass flats and driftwood, with a narrow channel meandering along down the middle of it. I fished for a couple hours in the shade under the bridge, without any luck, and then I got bored with it and went back home. I can't say I felt any better.

Mom seldom came home for lunch, and that day Clint didn't either, and I was glad of it. I didn't want to talk to him. I knew I'd have to talk it out with him sooner or later, but I could wait. I was willing to wait a couple hundred years. I fixed me some sandwiches and drank a quart of milk, and after lunch I listened to a baseball broadcast, and then about four I went out and mowed the lawn. After that I connected the hose and started watering what was left of the garden—okra and sweet potatoes and some late beans and the tomatoes. I was standing there brooding and watching the water soaking into the ground, when I heard him coming through the dry cornstalks. It was Clint, all right.

He pulled himself a tomato and bit into it. "About last night, Woody," he said. "That was an unfortunate kind of a deal."

I didn't say anything. I could feel my skin sort of grow tight.

"I asked her if she was with anybody. She said she wasn't." He was squatting there, leaning forward to keep the tomato from dripping on him, looking at it. "Well, I guess I stepped on your toes," he said. "But you still acted pretty juvenile about it, in my opinion."

Then was the time to say: Listen, I know all that stuff, I know I was out of line. She wasn't my girl; she never would have been my girl. But the damn' way you breezed in and took over—that's what got me. I'm okay now. That's finished. Let's forget it.

But I couldn't say it. I felt humiliated or something, and sore about it.

"Woody, I'm sorry about it," he said, staring at the tomato. "It never occurred to me— Well, hell, I met her up at OU last year."

I talked then. I sneered and said, "Yeah? Behind whose back?"

He stood up, and for a second I thought he was going to hit me with the tomato, and I didn't care. I felt like fighting somebody, especially somebody who was attractive to girls, like Speedy. He was only my brother, the guy I always looked up to, the guy I would have done anything for—anything except apologize last night, or act like an adult today. Over Laura I'd fight him. Over a girl I couldn't get to first base with, I'd go to fist city with my brother. He stared at me, tight-faced, and then he turned and threw the tomato toward the alley, and it hit the back of Miller's garage with a wet thud. Then he wiped his hands and looked at me, his eyes kind of flashing with anger. We stood there like a couple of dogs bristling at each other, me three inches taller and twenty pounds heavier and seven years younger and hoping he'd make the first move so I could flatten him in the dirt.

"Woody, I didn't think a girl would ever come between us," he said.

"Aw, go make somebody else sick to the stomach, Swifty," I said. I couldn't help it. A guy gets mixed up and sore and he'll say a thing like that. Clint just stood there looking at me for a while.

Then he shook his head. "I still can't make the weight, killer," he said. "Not over a sad setup like this, I can't." And he turned and walked away from me through the tomatoes.

After the screen door closed behind him, I knew what I'd done. It was fixed good, now. I disconnected the hose and rolled it up and put it in the garage. I walked around the house and up the street. When I got to the pool hall I went in. I played snooker with the houseman, three games. He beat me three games. Clint should have left me alone, I kept thinking; I'd have got over it all right in a couple days.

Who can shoot decent snooker when he knows there will always be bad feeling between himself and his only brother? Not me, not Hair-trigger Smith. Not old quick-on-the-draw Woody, the flap-jaw. I racked my cue and sat down and watched another guy play the houseman and beat him.

I made excuses for myself, and refused to accept them, and kept thinking that in a few days I'd be going up to start football practice, and maybe the rest of our lives when we met, Clint and I would be stiff and kind of unfriendly toward each other. And I knew it was my move, and I wouldn't make it, and I didn't hate Clint, I hated me.

When I got home, Clint and Mom had gone to a drive-in movie. She left a note and a cold supper on the table. When I went to bed I saw that Clint had laid out his combat boots and game bag and .22 rifle, and I figured he was going squirrel hunting in the morning. Always before, we hunted together. Not any more, we didn't.

I WAS eating breakfast when the phone rang. It was Ellen. She wanted to play tennis. I started to say no, but then I thought what the hell—I wasn't fixing to become a hermit, not yet. "Okay, pick me up in ten minutes," I told Ellen.

"Goody," she said. "I always prefer to play with someone I can beat."

I got my racket and sneakers, and when the horn blew I went out. I got in the car and grinned at her. She was wearing shorts, and she looked pretty terrific, but I still had a Laura hang-over. A headache.

"Hot-shot, I've been thinking about things," Ellen said slowly.

"Congratulations," I told her.

"Psychoanalyzing you, I mean," she said. "I reached the depressing conclusion that you just want what you can't have. Am I correct?"

"Turn pale purple," I said. But she wasn't far wrong, maybe.

"So you can't have me," she said. "Start wanting, brother."

"You kill me," I said.

She looked grave and shook her head. "I toyed with the thought," she said. "It wasn't feasible."

Then we were at the courts, and Laura was there in her white shorts and brown skin and yellow hair ribbon. She said, "Hi, you all," and went on playing tennis, and we sat on the grass to wait for a court, and Cy Kinney came charging up in his jalopy, acting excited.

"Gratings, geets," he said. "Did you know the river is way up?" Ellen yawned in his face. "No hay," Cy said. "They been having a lot of rain upstream, and it's really loaded. Let's go down and look at it."

"Would it spoil your day if we don't?" I said.

"Why, now, that's a real peachy idea, Cyrus," Ellen said, and she yelled at the people on the courts. "Hey, you all—the river's up, and we're forming a safari to go sandbag the levees. Any volunteers?"

"We saw it coming over," Laura said.

"Don't be a party pooper," Ellen said. "It might be fun."

WELL, when Ellen decides to organize something, she organizes it. In no time the whole bunch of us were crowded in Cy's jalopy, Ellen and Laura in front with Cy, and the rest of us in the back, including a girl from Big Bend I didn't know very well and a couple guys who had come over with Laura to play tennis.

"Where we going, Cyrus?" Ellen asked.

"How about the old bridge?" Cy said. "Any objections?"

There weren't any objections, so he drove north out of town to the old dirt road, and down it to the tracks under the bluff, and there was Mom's sedan parked beside the road. If I'd thought about it, I'd have known Clint would come up there to hunt squirrels. It was the logical place, above the old bridge in the pecan bottoms. But I wasn't thinking about it, and seeing the car gave me a little jolt. Cy parked behind it and we all piled out and crossed the tracks to the old bridge.

I have to tell you about the old bridge. Years ago it was the main bridge across the river, and then the big steel bridge was built a half-mile downstream, and this one wasn't important any more. So they neglected it, and about ten years ago most of it washed away in a big flood we had. On the west side there was still about fifty feet of the old span, the wood bleached and rotten in spots. Now the river was up under and around it, and we walked out on it.

The river was something to see. Yesterday sand dunes and grass flats, and today it

COLLIER'S "I wound up all my affairs but this one!" BO BROWN

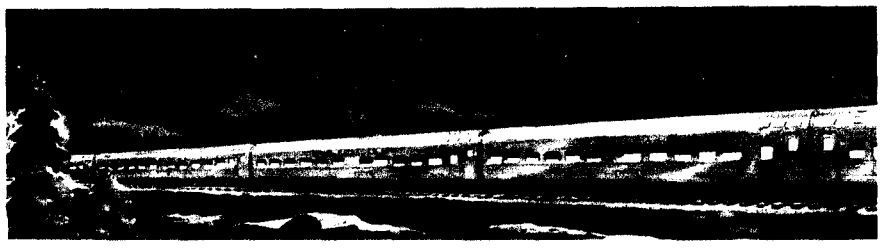
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3 questions to ask when you plan your Christmas trip

1 **"How Safe?"** The weather is something you talk about—not worry about—when you go Pullman over the Christmas holidays. Throughout your trip your peace of mind is as weather-proof as your Pullman accommodations. You know you're *even* safer in a Pullman crossing the country than you are in your own home.

2 **"How Comfortable?"** Your mind is as carefree as a child's as you sleep deep and undisturbed on your Pullman bed. And in the morning you freshen up and dress at your leisure. You have complete toilet facilities, hot and cold running water, *everything* you need to prepare for a welcome Santa himself would envy.

3 **"How Dependable?"** You get *where* you want to be *when* you want to be there . . . when you go Pullman. And you're the very spirit of Christmas as you arrive in the center of town—rested, relaxed, ready for fun. (Christmas season or any season, go Pullman—the safe, comfortable, dependable answer to *all* your travel questions.)



You know it won't be Christmas without you. So plan now to go home for the holidays. And for railroad travel at its best, plan to go Pullman. But remember—to be sure of getting the reservations you want, see your ticket agent early.

Go Pullman

COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE, AND—ABOVE ALL—SAFE!

COPYRIGHT 1950, THE PULLMAN COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a quarter mile of muddy yellow water with the sun glinting on it, and all kinds of stuff floating along—whole trees and big logs and smaller stuff mostly, but sometimes dead livestock, too. A bloated pig went right under where I was standing, and the way it looked gave you the creeps. When I looked away from it, Clint was coming across the tracks from the car without his game bag and rifle.

"Hey, Cy," he said, talking over the sound of the river, "you got me snookered. I can't come forward, I got to back out. How about it?"

"Okay, Clint, in a minute," Cy said. "Come look at the flood."

"I've seen the flood," Clint said, but he came on out on the bridge. "That doesn't look too safe out there," he said. "It isn't!"

Cy said, "Hey, come back, you dopes!"

I looked around then, and Ellen and Laura and a couple of the Big Bend guys were clear out near the end, and I remembered how it looked under where they were standing and my scalp tingled. When Cy and I were fishing up there we noticed how rotten and shaky the pilings were out toward the end. One of the guys out there looked back at Cy and grinned.

"Whatsa matter?" he said. "You the timid type?"

"I'm the sane type," Cy said. "No kidding, those pilings—"

I don't know what hit it—a log, probably. Whatever it was, it hit hard enough to shake the whole fifty feet of the bridge. And then it was kind of like a slow-motion nightmare. There was a ripping, tearing, splintering sound, and the end section—about ten feet of it—buckled and tilted, and swung crazily. The two Big Bend guys got off of it all right, but Laura and Ellen didn't. They froze, I guess. They were too scared to do anything. The boys just barely got off, scrambling.

I was scared, too. I was paralyzed, watching the end section go. It must have happened fast, but it seemed slow. It kept swinging and tilting down, with Ellen and Laura hanging onto the railing, white-faced and too scared to try to get off, and then it tore loose, rail and all, and dropped into the water. It struck at an angle, throwing up a curtain of yellow water, and went plunging clear under.

EVERYBODY just stood there, shocked, stunned, not yelling or anything, and then the end section came rocking to the surface again with Ellen and Laura still on it, down on the boards now but hanging onto the railing for dear life, soaked and gasping and coughing. It was then, as the flooring hung together and started sluggishly down the muddy river like a raft, that Clint went past me. He crouched at the end, where the flooring had torn loose, and then he jumped. The water was maybe six feet down, but he jumped for distance, like a broad jumper. And just before he hit the water, feet first, a big jagged plank came bobbing out of the flood in front of him, and he hit it and flopped with a big splash.

He didn't come up for a hundred years, but when he did he was swimming. I don't see how he made it with combat boots and clothes on, but he caught the raft and pulled himself onto it and sat there, leaning against the railing, looking back at us.

"Get down to the main bridge, Woody!" he yelled.

I came unfroze then, and turned and bolted off the bridge like a runaway horse. And I was a hundred yards down the tracks before I even thought about Cy's jalopy. Anyhow, it was a mile around by the road. I couldn't see the raft for the willows along the bank, and I didn't know if I'd get down there in time, and I mean I ran. I wish someone had been holding a stop watch on me.

When I got down to the main bridge, I'd had it. My lungs felt on fire and my legs were rubbery when I climbed the bank to get onto the bridge. But when I started loping out onto the bridge I saw the raft still a couple hundred yards upriver, and I knew I was in time. Only I didn't know what I was going to do about it. The water here was ten or eleven feet below the bridge floor, and I didn't have any rope. Or any ideas, either. *They'll have to jump for it,* I thought. I couldn't tell whether the raft would pass close to one of the concrete piers or out under a span. I needed help—about ten strong guys and a guy with brains to tell them what to do. The raft kept coming, Clint still there with his back to the railing and Laura beside him, and Ellen standing up looking at me.

"You'll have to jump for it!" I yelled. Clint waved, and now it looked like the thing would pass close to a pier, so I climbed down onto the concrete under the bridge. It looked better under there, because there were girders and braces low enough so they could maybe jump for it. "Get on your feet!" I yelled at them.

The raft hit some kind of whirlpool deal and swung around, and then it whammed into the concrete and hung there for a couple seconds. Ellen and Laura were standing up, holding onto the railing, and I reached down and got Ellen and pulled her up onto the concrete. The raft started grinding and crunching along the pier, going under the bridge, and I had to be quick to get Laura off in time, but I got her. And then, as the thing went sliding under the bridge, I saw that Clint was still sitting where he'd been sitting.

"Jump for it!" I shouted at him.

"I can't get off here," he said. "Too many people."

I thought he was out of his mind or something. There were a lot of people on the bridge now, all right, but what did that have to do with it? Cy and the other guys were up there, and people from cars that were stopping to see what was going on. They helped the girls up over the railing, and I climbed up there and went across to the downstream rail, and there went the raft and Clint, and he had a silly kind of grin on his face. I knew he was nuts, then, and I felt sick and scared. There weren't any more bridges downstream for ten miles or more, and I figured he had a broken leg or something, so I started to go in after him. I peeled off my sneakers and shirt and was climbing over the railing when Ellen and Cy grabbed me.

"You can't!" she said. "After running like that, you can't swim."

Clint shouted at me. "Relax," he said. "I'll make it okay, kid."

I would have gone in after him anyhow if Ellen hadn't thought of the Duncans and their boat. "Somebody get on a phone," she kept saying, like the phone was something to ride. "Call down to Duncan's place—they have a boat." So then, instead of jumping in the river I jumped in Cy's jalopy, and he got in and started it. While I was putting on my sneakers, Ellen climbed over the side.

"I'm going with you," she said, sticking out her chin. She looked all right, you know it? Her blouse stuck to her, and her hair was wet and tangled, but she looked pretty good.

I didn't argue with her. There was an old Army blanket over the back seat, and I made her wrap it around her, but I didn't say she couldn't go along.

WE WERE sitting in the boat, Mr. Duncan and his oldest boy and me, waiting for the raft to show up out in the river. Cy had a fire going, and Ellen was drying out by it. And then Mr. Duncan's oldest boy pointed up the river and said, "Reckon that's it yonder, Paw?"

It was the raft, all right, but it was empty. And when we rowed out to it, there was a big smear of blood where he'd been sitting. Listen, how do you think I felt?

"Mebbe somebody upstream taken him off," Mr. Duncan said, but he wouldn't look at me when he said it.

We rowed back to shore, and I got in the jalopy with Cy and Ellen, and she held my hand all the way back to town. I was scared to death. I kept thinking: It's my fault; I should have known that old bridge wasn't safe; if I'd been on the ball it wouldn't have happened.

I figured if somebody had got him off the raft they'd have taken him to the clinic, with all that blood. So we drove to the clinic, and they didn't know anything about anything. We went back to the bridge, and a crowd was hanging around down there, but they didn't know anything either. So we took Ellen home, and then went by the abstract office because somebody had to break the news to Mom. Only they said Mom had gone to lunch. I didn't even know it was time for lunch.

We checked the café where she usually ate, and she hadn't been in, so I decided she must have gone home to eat. Cy drove me home, and a car was parked out front, but I was having a hard time seeing things by then—I was about to come apart—and I didn't pay any attention to the car. Cy tried to say something, but I just got out and tore into the house. And there was Mom fixing lunch.

"Mom," I said. "Oh, Mom—" I was getting all fixed to bawl like a baby. Then I heard Clint's voice, in our bedroom.

"Take it *easy,* Doc!" he yelped. "That damn' stuff burns."

"Clint had a little accident," Mom told me. A *little* accident! I went in there, and Clint was face down on the bed, and Doc Haley was swabbing a long cut that was going to make Clint appreciate standing up for a while.

" 'Tain't deep," Doc said gruffly. "Won't need stitches."

Seeing Clint there made me feel sore, all of a sudden. "Listen," I said. "Just tell me how you got here, that's all."

Clint looked up at me, wrinkling his forehead. "Swam ashore down at the roundhouse," he said. "Got a guy to drive me home."

"What was wrong with getting off at the bridge, you jerk?" I said.

"I'll file that," he said. "There were ladies present, it was broad daylight and the whole back end of my britches was ripped out. And I told you at the bridge that I'd make it okay."

"He would have been considerably sansculotte," Doc Haley chuckled.

Okay. All right. I was just scared to death, that's all. I sat on my bed and watched Doc bandage Clint up, and I thought: I'm a better jumper, swimmer, and general all-around athlete than him, and I'm seven years younger and don't smoke or have a trick knee yet. So where was I when it came time to do some jumping and swimming? Paralyzed, that's where. Scared stiff, that's where I was. And scared twice as stiff when I saw that empty raft with Clint's blood on it.

When Doc left, I scowled at Clint, feeling sore about the whole thing.

CLINT lighted up a cigarette and blew a smoke ring. "Woody," he said, "as the substitute man of the house here, I've been giving some thought to your case. What you need is a good belt in the puss."

"Yeah?" I said, tough. "So who's gonna give it to me?"

"Me," he said. "I think I can make the weight, killer. Any time now." He inhaled and blew out a cloud of smoke and squinted at me through it. "You're too big for your hat, kid. You're cocky, you think the world is your special apple. The last two evenings I've been in your company you've been looking for a brawl with me. Maybe that's what we need to fix things. So here's another item—I've decided that I have a big crush on Laura, and I'm thinking seriously of marrying the girl. Got any comment?"

I sat there looking at him, and all of a sudden I knew he could do it—he could take me. He didn't pass up those two opportunities because he was scared to fight me. He passed them up because he didn't want to hurt me, because I was his kid brother. And knowing that, I thought about other things. Like a guy eighteen, with the draft breathing down his neck, with college to get through, should keep his romances on the light side for a while. I thought about Ellen. She was fine. Splendid. She had a nice sense of humor; she could dance and swim and play tennis and wear clothes. She was pretty terrific. And I'd get over the way I felt about Laura. You always do, don't you? Clint was watching me, waiting for me to name it. It was my move.

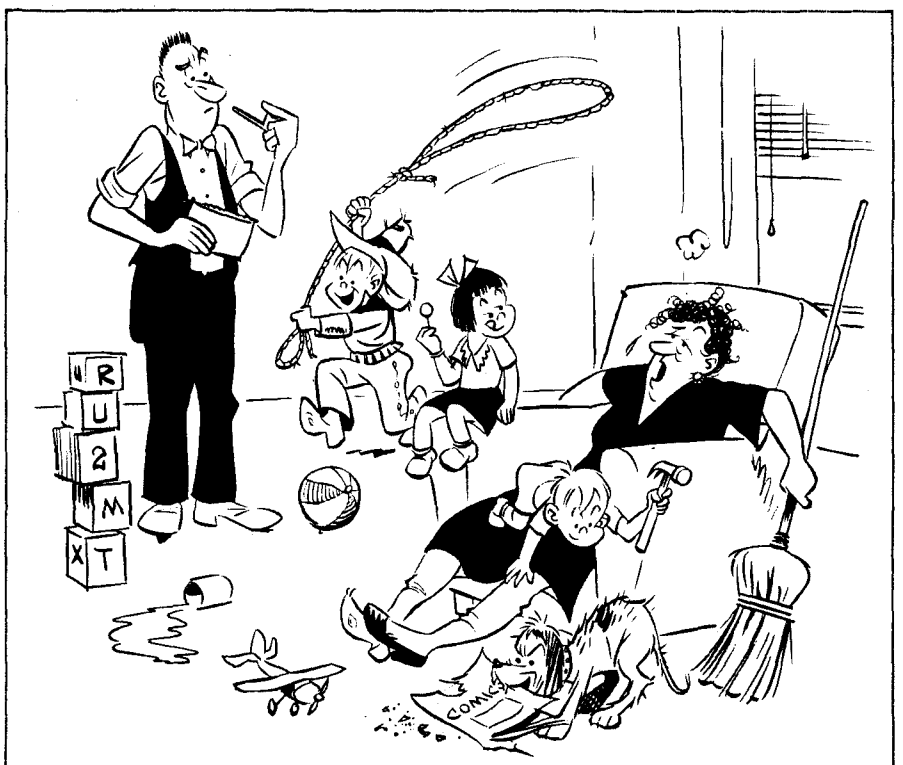
"Lunch, anybody?" Mom said from the dining room.

"Clint," I said. "That night before you went away. I got way out of line, and I'm sorry about that." I got off the bed. "I'll help you get some britches on so you can eat lunch."

He nodded. "I'll take my nourishment buffet style," he said. He got up stiffly, wincing a little, and stood there looking at me. "But let's clear it all up while we're at it, Woody. I told you I'm going to try to marry Laura."

All of a sudden I grinned at him. I felt pretty good. "Hell, it's about time you were settling down," I told him. "You ain't getting no younger, Pappy."

Then he grinned, too, and I knew it was all right between us, and would stay all right between us the rest of the way. THE END



COLLIER'S

"Last time, *you* went into the Army! This time, *I* want to go!"

BANDEL LINN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRIPLE-PLAY PHONOGRAPH

FM-AM DYNAMAGIC RADIO

MAGIC MIRROR TELEVISION

MODEL 39X26—19" TV COMBINATION, 18TH CENTURY MAHOGANY CABINET

MODEL 29X26—19" TV CONSOLE,
MAHOGANY CABINET WITH DOUBLE DOORS

Yes . . . clear, even close up! Contrary to popular belief you don't need a big room . . . you don't have to sit 'way back to enjoy big picture television.

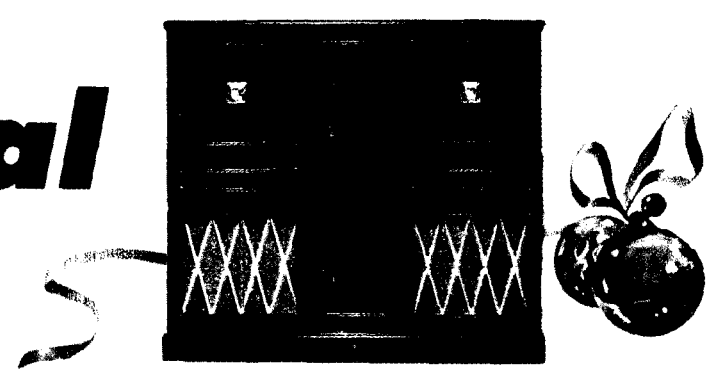
Now . . . with Admiral's revolutionary new "Filteray" tube, you can sit as close as you please and enjoy clear, sharp, glare-free pictures on a big 19" screen.

Eventually you'll want the biggest . . . why not get it now in time for Christmas?

See these two great Admiral shows on TV: "Stop the Music," ABC, Thurs., 8 PM, EST and "Lights Out," NBC, Mon., 9 PM, EST.

Admiral

AMERICA'S SMART SET



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's Sectional All-Star Teams

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

records on every outstanding player for every play in every game of the 1950 season.

In ranking players for the five All-Star teams, the All-America board followed geographical rather than conference boundaries. Here is the sectional breakdown on the 55 players who are officially in the running for the 61st All-America.

East

If Army had been able to play Navy's heavy-duty schedule, or if Navy had been permitted to borrow Army's three-deep personnel, the East might have experienced its most memorable football season. As things turned out, however, the Middies collected their customary quota of defeats and bruises, while Coach Earl Blaik's Cadets were not given an opportunity to defeat two or three first-class opponents in succession —the real test of a great team.

But Army had great individual stars. Dan Foldberg blocked savagely and grabbed passes in spectacular fashion at end. Elmer Stout, defensive center and linebacker, turned in a masterful job of diagnosing and smashing Michigan's tantalizing traps and skillfully executed buck laterals. Quarterback Bob Blaik hurdled the psychological barrier of being the coach's son and ran the team smartly. Vic Pollock was an explosive halfback, and fullback Al Pollard, Army's scoring specialist, stole the spotlight from veteran Gil Stephenson, a standout himself though plagued by injuries.

But Pollard was the East's best fullback, although Cornell followers refuse to concede there is a better man anywhere in that position than Jeff Fleischmann.

There were five neck-and-neck contenders for halfback honors: Alan Egler of Colgate; Dick Gabriel of Lehigh; Dick Kazmaier of Princeton; Pollock of Army; and Bagnell. Kazmaier and Bagnell won the nominations—Bagnell for his versatility, Kazmaier for sheer speed and elusiveness.

Quarterback was a tossup between Army's Blaik and Johnny Clayton whose individual brilliance was one of the few bright spots in an otherwise drab Dartmouth season. Clayton's greater experience gave him a slight edge.

John Pierik topped Eastern centers for the second straight year; he proved himself an exceptional offensive blocker and handled defensive chores adequately.

Last year, Penn's Bernie Lemonick and Johnny Schroeder made up the most devastating set of guards in the East. Schroeder was graduated, but Lemonick returned, more powerful than ever. He shares All-East guard honors this year with Army's Bruce Elmblad.

Holland Donan, the bulwark of Princeton's unexpectedly sturdy forward wall, was the fourth holdover from the '49 All-East eleven. Donan and Nick Bolkovac of Pitt were rated outstanding among the tackles, while Army's Foldberg and Fordham's Alan Pfeifer topped all contenders for the end nominations.

South

Where else but in Lexington, Kentucky, home of those fabulously successful horse trainers, Old Ben and Jimmy Jones, would twin football players named Harry and Larry Jones be assigned 1A and 1B as jersey numerals, with the explanatory note that they were being coupled as an entry?

Larry and Harry (no relation to Old Ben and Jimmy) returned punts and kickoffs with consistent and sometimes spectacular success as Kentucky's Wildcats moved into contention for national championship honors. But Larry and Harry were merely fast-gaited specialists in Coach Paul Bryant's power-packed backfield.

Vito (Babe) Parilli, sharply improved over his fine sophomore performance in '49, kept the Kentucky attack rolling with his accurate passes, artful ball handling, and shrewd play calling. Fullback Bill Leskovar picked up the short yardage needed for vital first downs, and big Bob Gain was the keyman of Bryant's exceptionally fast forward wall, which listed two converted backs among the hard-charging guards.

Smartest play of the Southern season was turned in by Andy Gustafson, Miami coach. Gustafson persuaded a halfback named Frank Smith to resume his studies at the university after a year's leave of absence. Smith's elusive ball carrying upset Purdue, 20 to 14, the Saturday after Purdue upset Notre Dame, and touched off an unprecedented civic celebration which later subsided into a hurricane.

After Wofford whipped Auburn in the opening game, the upset season was in full swing. Georgia walloped Maryland; South Carolina topped Georgia Tech; Vanderbilt surprised Alabama; and after that it became even more interesting.

When upsets are frequent, material generally is plentiful and well distributed. Such was the case in the Southland. Vanderbilt owned Bucky Curtis, the finest pass snatcher since lanky Ken Kavanaugh was working at Louisiana State in 1939; and Tennessee had another talented terminal, Bud Sherrod. Curtis and Sherrod were top men in an exceptionally fine group of ends which included Blaine Earon of Duke, Bob Walston of Georgia; Elmer Wingate of Maryland and Gene Schroeder of Virginia.

There were half a dozen rough, tough tackles: Bob Gain, Kentucky; Ray Krouse, Maryland; Elmer Costa, North Carolina State; Bob Werckle, Vanderbilt; Bill Pearman, Tennessee, and Jim Staton of Wake Forest. The coaches nominated Gain and Krouse for their over-all experience and versatility. Neither requires much help—offensively or defensively. They can go 60 minutes when the need arises.

Eddie Erdelatz, the new Navy coach, who has no trouble remembering the pro San Francisco '49er line he tutored last year, was thoroughly surprised when the Middies encountered Maryland. Erdelatz marveled at Bob Ward, the Maryland guard. "We put three men on Ward, and he still was in there on half our plays," Eddie recalls. "What a young man!"

Ward and Ted Daffer of Tennessee—a steadily improving junior—rated at the top on the coaches' score card, which also awarded high marks to Tom Banks, Auburn; Allen Hover, Louisiana State, and Pat James of Kentucky.

The race for All-South center was between Larry Smith of South Carolina and Irv Holdash of North Carolina, with Holdash getting the starting assignment on his exceptional line-backing ability.

Kentucky's Parilli topped all quarterbacks despite stern passing competition from Bill Wade of Vanderbilt and Clarence (Butch) Avinger of Alabama. The three ball-carrying jobs went to Steve Wadiak of South Carolina, John Dottley of Mississippi and Fred Cone of Clemson.

Midwest

Notre Dame, preseason pick as the nation's No. 1 team, finished as the No. 3 team in Indiana. The Irish barely edged past North Carolina in the opener, 14 to 7. Then along came Purdue, and the Boilermakers decisively concluded Notre Dame's string of 39 consecutive games without defeat. Score: Purdue, 28; Notre Dame, 14 —and an early indication that this was to be the first Irish season devoted to "character building" since the early thirties.

Ohio State and Michigan, defending Big Ten cochampions, also were treated with the utmost disrespect at the start of the season. Ohio State overloaded its defense to stop Southern Methodist's ace runner, Kyle Rote. The Buckeyes stopped Rote, but left their secondary vulnerable to Fred Benners' passes. Southern Methodist rallied for three last-quarter touchdowns and a 32 to 27 victory. That same afternoon, Michigan State knocked off Michigan, 14 to 7, as Everett (Sonny) Grandelius capably assumed the ball-carrying duties vacated by Lynn Chandnois, the Spartans' 1949 All-America halfback.

It was distinctly an off year for Midwestern teams, but the supply of outstanding stars remained plentiful. No other section could equal the midland's array of freewheeling halfbacks: Johnny Karras, Illinois; Vic Janowicz, Ohio State; Bobby Reynolds, Nebraska's sophomore sensation; Johnny Bright, Drake; Grandelius of Michigan State and Chuck Ortmann of Michigan; Bobby Robertson of Indiana; and Charlie Hoag of Kansas.

No halfback could be more versatile than Janowicz, who handled the bulk of the Buckeyes' passing and running assignments, took care of punt and kickoff returns, performed all punting, kickoff and field-goal chores, called offensive signals part of the time, and was the team's No. 1 pass-defense expert. Janowicz shares the Midwest halfback assignments with Karras, who was less versatile but even more effective as a runner.

The tip-off on Karras as a running threat was the emergence of Dick Raklovits as a topflight fullback for the Illini. Raklovits was especially effective on plays which featured Karras in the role of decoy. After Illinois whipped Washington, Howie Odell, the Huskies' coach, reported: "Half the time we tackled Karras, Raklovits had the ball and was going places in a hurry."

Raklovits almost moved into the All-Midwest fullback slot, but Purdue's Johnny Kerestes edged him out. Kerestes ran with speed and power, and he could back up any line in the country. Bill Reichardt of Iowa was another hard-to-stop operator at that position.

Notre Dame's Bob Williams could have played quarterback on any Irish varsity of the last decade. His percentage of pass completions was not up to his '49 pace, but it should be remembered he was no longer throwing at Leon Hart or Emil Sitko. In all other respects, Williams was the master quarterback. He was a great pressure kicker and his willingness to gamble on fourth-down running plays frequently disconcerted the enemy and extricated the Irish from offensive peril.

Bob McCullough, Ohio State center, was an incisive blocker and, according to Coach Wes Fesler, the man who made the Buckeyes go. His closest competitors were Jerry Groom of Notre Dame and Tony Momsen of Michigan.

Outstanding tackles were more plentiful than good guards. Al Wahl of Michigan and Bill Trautwein of Ohio State were the Midwest's top tackles; Lynn Lynch of Illinois and Dan Thomas of Indiana were the most consistent performers among the guards.

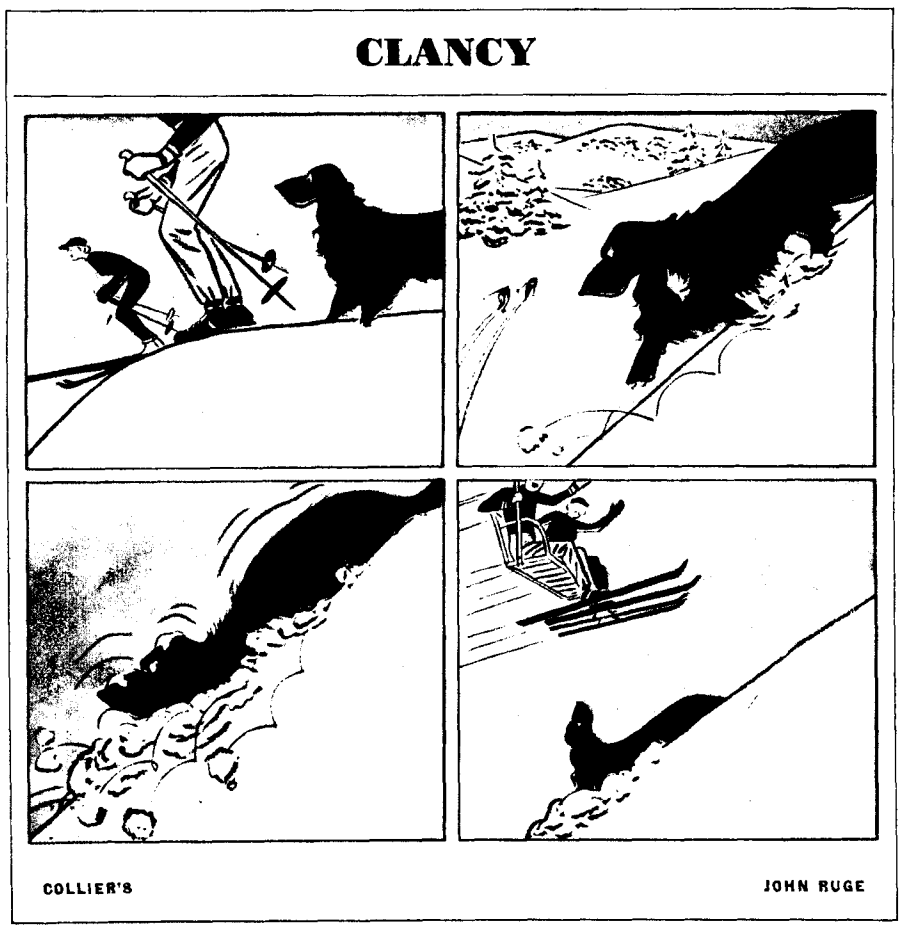
End Bob Carey's rocking tackles and deft pass catching shared top billing with Grandelius' ball carrying in Michigan State's long-sought and cherished triumph over Michigan. Carey was the coaches' unanimous choice for the Midwest's No. 1 end. Tom Bieneman of Drake was No. 2, closely pursued by Lowell Perry of Michigan and Don Stonesifer of Northwestern.

Southwest

Hard-luck honors went to Texas. With five minutes left to play, the Longhorns were leading Oklahoma, 13 to 7, thanks to Bobby Dillon, one-eyed safety man who had intercepted a pass and darted 50 yards for a touchdown. But Texas fumbled on its 11-yard line and Oklahoma recovered. Billy Vessels zipped around right end for the tying touchdown and Jim Weatherall kicked the extra point which raised Oklahoma's streak to 24 consecutive victories.

Kicking extra points was an avocation with Weatherall. His main job was playing tackle and he was the No. 1 man at that position in the Southwest. Bobby Collier of Southern Methodist was rated No. 2 by the coaches, with Gene Vykukal of Texas, Paul Giroski of Rice and Dean Smith, also of Oklahoma, rating high on the Honorable Mention list.

The big individual surprise of the Southwest campaign was Andy Hillhouse, Texas



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Jim

for holding my hand tight the day we were married.

for seldom remarking, "That's what I had for lunch."

for sparing me those chilly trips to heat the 6 a.m. bottle.

for never opening my mail (though I sometimes do yours!).

for the things you didn't say the time I ripped off the fender.

for balancing my checkbook without grumbling or pitying.

for not having to be defrosted when I forgot to send your suit to be pressed.

for treating my women friends as though you liked them.

for the way your eyes light up when our glances happen to meet at a party.

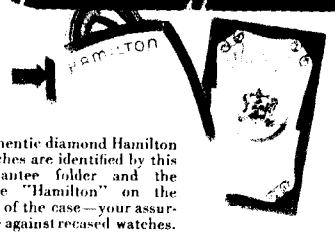
for being so eternally there for me to lean on!

for wanting a good watch for years and years, but being too unselfish to go and spend the money on yourself.

Dearest, here's your Hamilton with all my love!

Peggy

AMERICA'S FINE WATCH



Authentic diamond Hamilton watches are identified by this guarantee folder and the name "Hamilton" on the *back* of the case—your assurance against recased watches.

Shown above: **1.** LADY HAMILTON K-6—6 diamonds set in 14K white gold: $150; **2.** GAIL—10K gold-filled: $57.75; **3.** VICKI—14K gold: $110; **4.** FORBES—14K gold-filled bracelet: $71.50; **5.** PERRY—14K gold-filled: $71.50; **6.** CLINTON—stainless steel: $52.25; **7.** PIPING ROCK—14K gold: $200. Prices incl. Fed. Tax—subject to change without notice. Better jewelers everywhere. Priced from $49.50 to $12,000. Each Hamilton watch is adjusted to temperature, isochronism and position. Send for FREE booklet "What Makes a Fine Watch Fine?" Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. D-9, Lancaster, Penna.

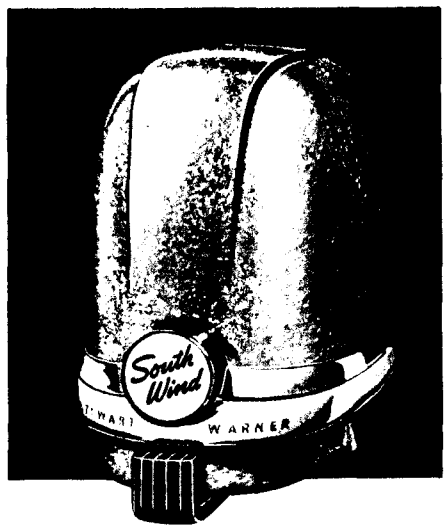
Copr. 1950 Hamilton Watch Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEAT

HOT HEAT in 90 seconds

Don't wait for a warmed-up engine



South Wind
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DASH CONTROLLED
CAR HEATER

HOT. Pull the control and the heater's on. In only 90 seconds, hot heat pours out to chase chills, tame winter's blast. South Wind doesn't wait for a warmed-up engine. Operates independently. Ideal for stop-shop-go driving, dependable and safe for continuous driving.

HANDY. Simple to install. Separate float bowl included, which eliminates need to drill carburetor. Simple for you to use too. Fingertip control turns heater and power defroster on and off. Illuminated signal tells you when the heater's operating. Defrosters available for nearly all makes and models of cars.

HANDSOME. De luxe styling with gleaming stainless steel trim. Compact.

If you want it, Air-Flo air conditions car

Included at no extra cost except installation charges. Brings *fresh* air into your heater, brings *warmed fresh* air into your car. Fingertip control on dash.

Standard Model South Wind Car Heater

Lower priced—with control knob on heater. Dependable performance, endorsed by over 3,000,000 users.

See classified phone book for nearest South Wind dealer.

South Wind
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
CAR HEATER
Another product of Stewart-Warner

A&M end. Hillhouse, drafted in '49 by the New York Giants of the National Football League, had the option of returning to school or turning pro. His decision to return to classes was such a complete and pleasant surprise that the Aggies' publicity office failed to list his name in preseason releases. But Hillhouse (230 pounds and 6 feet 4 inches) soon made his presence known.

His blocking and pass catching—coupled with the hard running of fullback Bob Smith and halfback Billy Tidwell—gave the Aggies' ground attack much more punch than had been anticipated. It is significant that the Aggies, although beaten, 34 to 28, were the first team in four years to *outgain* Oklahoma on the ground.

Hillhouse and Ben Procter of Texas, who ranked third nationally among pass-catching ends in 1949, topped the list of Southwest terminals, although Stan Williams of Baylor showed tremendous potentialities and might have crowded onto the first team but for a series of slowing injuries.

Bud McFadin of Texas, a tremendous offensive blocker, and Clair Mayes of Oklahoma were outstanding among the guards, and Bob Bates of Texas A&M was the No. 1 center, ranking slightly ahead of Dick Hightower of Southern Methodist and Dick Rowan of Texas.

Rusty Russell, Jr., of Southern Methodist, like Bob Blaik of Army, overcame the obstacles of calling signals for a team coached by his father. But Russell was not the top quarterback. That honor went to sharpshooting Vernon Glass of Rice.

The three most explosive running backs were Kyle Rote of Southern Methodist, Byron Townsend of Texas and Leon Heath of Oklahoma. Townsend ran from fullback in Texas' orthodox T, and Heath also ran from fullback in Oklahoma's split-T. On the theory that both boys could run from anywhere, any time, the coaches shifted Byron Townsend to halfback in the Southwest All-Star line-up, and kept Leon Heath at fullback.

Far West

In Bill McColl, an offensive end who backs up the line on defense, Stanford presented its best football player since Ernie Nevers. But the Indians were not the powerhouse critics anticipated they would be in the preseason polls. The team lacked depth in the line—a discrepancy which showed up with disastrous clarity against UCLA.

Washington's dangerous attack revolved around an adequate line and three excellent backs—Don Heinrich, Roland Kirkby and Hugh McElhenny. Heinrich's impressive long passes and deft ball handling filled Illinois rooters with frustration, even though the Illini edged out the Huskies, 20 to 13. Lack of a topflight T-formation quarterback has blunted Illinois' strong running game for the last two seasons.

After viewing Heinrich, an Illinois coach said: "If we had Heinrich to go along with Karras, this football could be a very simple game."

For Southern California, the football took a number of unfunny bounces. Against California, for instance, in 100-degree weather, the Trojans reached the Bears' 2-yard line with 37 seconds remaining. But they didn't get over, and California won, 13 to 7.

Bob Wilkinson of UCLA shared All-Far West end honors with Stanford's McColl. Volney Peters of Southern California and Russ Pomeroy of Stanford were the best of the tackles. The other three line positions went to Les Richter, California guard; Bob Moser, College of the Pacific center; and Bruce Maclachlan, UCLA guard.

The coaches selected Ollie Matson of San Francisco and Jim Monachino of California for halfback duty in the Far West backfield along with Washington's Heinrich and McElhenny. Matson was switched over to a half from fullback—an easy conversion for an ex-sprinter who came within a split second of making the U.S. Olympic squad two years ago.

Richter, a worthy successor to California's Rod Franz who won All-America guard honors last year, and McColl are judged the top linemen on the West Coast. Their ranking nationally will depend upon the comparison of their work with outstanding guards and ends on the other sectional All-Star teams.

Final results will be known when Collier's board announces the 61st All-America in next week's issue. THE END

Unsung Song Writer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Alley. 'How do you like that great number Billy Rose just knocked off?' he asked me.

"In 1935 I got the Academy Award for Lullaby of Broadway. Know what happened at the Academy dinner? The photographers took every winner's picture except mine. They thought I was a waiter."

Warren's narration of these memories is compounded equally of hurt and humor. Basically he is a sensitive man. Under contract to M-G-M for two pictures a year at roughly $100,000 per picture, permitted to do one outside film a year and with all the studios badgering him to do it for them, secure in his knowledge that if he never writes another note, his foreign royalties and ASCAP rating will net him a solid income so long as his songs are sung—Warren insists he would gladly trade all this for a modicum of recognition.

"I'm the kind of a guy," he says ruefully, "who goes to a hot-dog stand at a baseball game and waves his dollar bill. Everyone gets waited on before I do. I stand around for 10 minutes. When I finally say, 'Hey, how about a hot dog?'—the fellow behind the counter turns to me and says, 'Whatsamatter, you a wise guy? Wait your turn.' That's the kind of guy I am."

Why He Shaved His Mustache

Warren, a stocky five feet six, is a ruddy man with brown eyes, Greek nose and iron-gray crew cut. He dresses conservatively and harmoniously in tweed sport coats and matching gray flannels. A cigar smoker, he is frequently mistaken for his boss at Metro, L. B. Mayer. "Matter of fact," says Warren proudly, "at the studio so many girls used to flirt with me that I had to raise a mustache." His wife made him shave it off.

Although he craves recognition, the little composer is paradoxically embarrassed when someone praises his work to his face. Recently he collaborated with Dorothy Fields on the score of The Carnival Story, another M-G-M musical opus. When Dorothy insisted that one of his tunes was "simply swell," Warren stopped playing his piano. "Dorothy," he declared flatly, "if we're going to work together you've got to stop telling fibs."

Harry Warren's life story began in Brooklyn on December 24, 1893. His father, Anthony Guarana, a factory worker, had come to New York from Cosenza, Italy. Baptized Harry Salvatore Guarana, the boy was registered in the Brooklyn public schools under the Anglicized name of Harry Warren. A few years ago, when he wanted to go to Europe, the State Department refused to acknowledge his citizenship on the grounds that he had no birth certificate and that his baptismal papers belonged to Harry Guarana. "Who knows," queried the balking passport official, "maybe you were born in Siberia and brought to Brooklyn as an infant?" "Maybe so," Warren replied, "only how come such questions never came up when I enlisted in the Navy in World War I?" He finally got the passport after promising to have his name legally changed.

Harry's musical talent is not hereditary. "As a kid," he says, "I wanted to go on the stage because my older brother, Charley, was a vaudevillian. My father thought I was nuts. 'Why don't you learn a profession?' he used to say. 'Become a barber, a shoemaker, a plumber.' "

Harry left Commercial High School after his freshman year and learned to play the snare drums and the piano under the tutelage of one Frank De Rosa, who owned a store in Brooklyn which was half barbershop and half music store. De Rosa used to supply music for weddings, banquets and birthday parties. His objective in teaching young Warren was to employ him as a member of his band at 25 cents per night.

When Harry was sixteen he joined Keene & Shippey's Carnival as a drummer. Whenever he found a spare moment, he would pick out tunes on the piano. World War I provided him with infinitely more practice time. Assigned to the Naval Air Station at Montauk Point, Long Island, he was detailed to play the piano for the enlisted men. The closest he ever came to active duty was the night he was assigned to patrol the beach nearby. He says he challenged a horse and was promptly sent back to the ivories.

While in the Navy, Warren married Josephine Wensler. In due course he became a father. "My early married life," he says, "was spent with my mother-in-law. She inspired me to get a job."

After the war Harry eked out a living plunking the piano in Healy's, a Sheepshead Bay saloon. One night he was playing the first song he had ever composed, an atrocity titled I Learned to Love You When I Learned My ABCs. Two vaudevillians, Billy Joyce and Jack Egan, happened to be there, and when they heard Harry play the first eight bars of his song they were overcome. "You belong in Tin Pan Alley," Billy Joyce said blithely.

But oddly enough, the next morning, he shepherded the little pianist over to Stark & Cowan and got him a job as a rehearsal piano player and song plugger.

A Tyro in Tin Pan Alley

That's how Harry Warren began on the Great White Way. For five years he moved from one publishing house to another, Stark & Cowan, Clark & Leslie, Shapiro & Bernstein, plugging other men's songs and writing as many as possible of his own against a drawing account of $75 a week. None of his tunes was a smash, but he was learning. When finally he felt he had mastered the craft he resigned from Shapiro & Bernstein and began to collaborate with a short, dynamic little lyric writer named Billy Rose. Years before, he had met Rose formally in the Strand Poolroom and had quickly spotted in him all the push, promotion and drive he himself lacked.

At that time Rose was renting an apartment on Seventh Avenue. He and Harry would work there late at night. Whenever Warren grew tired and took a break, the supercharged Billy would encourage him with such stimuli as: "Get on the ball. Keep playing. You're not Dick Rodgers, you know." Warren's favorite retort was: "You're not Larry Hart, either."

Both managed to get along, however, and when another lyric writer, Mort Dixon, was brought in to help out, the team really began to roll. They turned out Goodbye Broadway, Hello Montreal and I Found a Million Dollar Baby, both of which sold a million copies.

A few years later, when the irrepressible Rose bloomed into a musical-comedy producer, he hired Warren to write the music for Sweet and Low and Crazy Quilt. War-

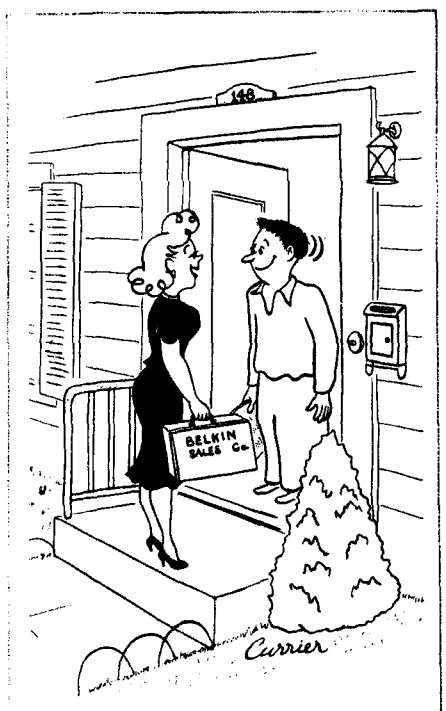
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ren returned his confidence by turning out such solid smashes as Cheerful Little Earful and Would You Like to Take a Walk? (lyrics by Ross & Ira Gershwin). He next created the score for Ed Wynn's Laugh Parade, including You're My Everything and Ooh, That Kiss!

In 1932, after writing some 65 popular songs and the scores of three successful Broadway musicals, Harry Warren migrated to Hollywood. He went for the money, and he's remained there for the same reason ever since.

In nearly two decades he has written the music for many of the screen colony's major musicals, composing songs for practically every singing cinema star extant. Warren has earned millions in royalties and salaries. He lives in a 14-room Beverly Hills mansion. His only daughter, Joan, is married. He has two grandchildren and every physical comfort known to man. Yet his life seems to him strangely unfulfilled.

"Maybe," he says in his frequent philo-



"Good morning, is the lady of the house out?"

COLLIER'S HAROLD CURRIER

sophical moments, "it's because I always planned to go back East. Every few years I kept telling myself that I'd had enough of Hollywood, but I never did anything about it. Now, 18 years have gone by, I'm a settled character, and no one has ever heard of me."

Warren does most of his composing at the studio. Until his latest song is completely finished, he will play none of it at home. All his numbers are written to order, and he works on them in a conscientious, businesslike manner. Unlike the movie concept of the musician, he never stalks around with a pencil in his ear or finds himself suddenly seized by a fit of inspiration.

A prelude to any actual composing on his part consists of a casual perusal of the entire movie script. This is followed by a minute and penciled reading of the individual scenes for which he must write his music. The scene may arouse in Warren a jump, love, Latin, sad, or humorous mood. He then slides onto the piano bench and his fingers run over the keys, as he tries to pick out a sequence of sounds that will form a melody reflective of his mood. If the sounds are pleasing to his ear, he pencils them in on music sheets. If not, he tries again.

It has taken him anywhere from one hour to one month to compose what he feels is the "right" song for a particular story situation. The tune Forty Second Street took 70 minutes. Boulevard of Broken Dreams took seven days.

Warren, whose opinion of certain movie producers as musical authorities is not printable, has never had very much rewrite trouble with these gentlemen, because they almost always defer to his judgment. He has written so many hits and pioneered so many movie musicals that when he says of a particular song, "This one is ready," they almost always abide by his decision. Regarded in the trade as a musical genius of sorts, because of his versatility, he can compose any type of popular song, as proved by the record, and do it quickly. His talents have at various times been attributed to his power of concentration, his clean living, his wife Josephine, and his Latin blood.

Actually Warren's musical gifts are inexplicable. They cannot be traced to either his background or environment. Somewhere along the way he acquired an exceptional and seemingly natural capacity for creative and original artistic conception. But he works hard as well. Ideas for songs do not come to him while he is lying flat on his back getting a rubdown. And he is rarely motivated by some inner impulse just to sit down at the piano and compose. He has worked with a dozen top-ranking lyric writers: Johnny Mercer, Billy Rose, Al Dubin, Ira Gershwin, Dorothy Fields, Leo Robin, Mack Gordon, Ted Koehler, Arthur Freed, Bud Green, in fact, all the topnotchers except Oscar Hammerstein II, who since 1943 has collaborated only with Richard Rodgers.

Lyrics Written to Fit Music

Most of the lyric writers fit their words to Harry's tunes since this is the easier of the two alternatives. But on many occasions the lyricist simply hands a title to Harry, and he builds a melody around it. A case in point is On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe. For years Johnny Mercer had been watching that sign flit by on passing freights. He thought the name a natural for the score of The Harvey Girls and jotted it down. Warren took it from there.

Aware that relatively few songs have won popularity without good lyrics, Warren makes it a point to get along with his lyricist. Essentially an affable man without temperament, he finds this simple to do. But he has the right to okay any lyric writer hired by the studio to work with him. No lyric writer in the business today has a harsh word to say about Harry Warren. Many musicians, among them Bob Crosby and Matt Malneck, have appointed him a standard godparent to their children.

Warren, who has no mechanical aptitude, loves to tinker with radios, watches, motors and recording equipment. He can never reassemble any of the parts. Beverly Hills mechanics know this, and when he phones with the news that his record player is broken, they always advise him to fix it himself. "That way," one of them pointed out, "he louses everything up good and proper and we have a much bigger job."

Another Warren avocation is the reading of mystery books which frighten him. He keeps a golf club beside his bed just in case he should be set upon by thieves or murderers. He is a strict parent. One evening when his daughter was followed home late by two enterprising Romeos intent upon picking her up, he shouted from his bedroom window, "I've got a shotgun trained on you two rats. If you don't get out of here, I'll blow you to hell."

In a community rampant with affectation, Warren is honest, down-to-earth and productive. By the end of 1950, he will have written, over the year's period, at least 30 songs for four M-G-M musicals: Summer Stock, Pagan Love Song, The Carnival Story and The Belle of New York.

This year, in honor of his astounding fertility, Metro, for the first time, has printed his name on the covers of the record albums containing his songs. Recently, a publicity man actually paid a visit to his office. "Mr. Warren," he asked, "what can you tell me about yourself?"

Harry smiled. It was more than a smile. It was a sad little sonata. "All I can say," he stated wryly, "is that I've had so much publicity in my life that not even my best friends have ever heard of me." THE END

hills! thrills! spills!

take 'em in your stride with an argus C-3

Those lovely snow-carpeted landscapes...those wonderful sportive scenes...those amusing off-guard moments...take them home for good with an Argus C-3.

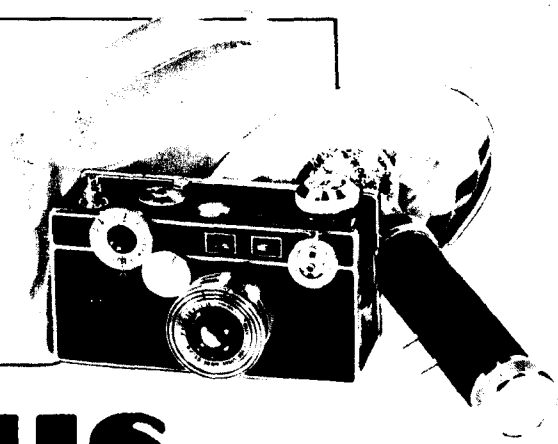
Relive all your favorite experiences in beautiful *full, natural* color prints ...brilliant slide projections...or in sparkling, clear black-and-white pictures that hold every detail. Get all this with a camera that's the "take-along" type—simple to operate, compact, and easy to carry—conveniently loads a day's worth of shots (20 or 36 to one roll of film).

See the "C-3" at your Argus Dealer's today! Find out for yourself why there's no equal camera value on the market.

why argus C-3 is the world's most-wanted fine 35mm camera

1. Coupled range finder helps prevent out-of-focus pictures.
2. Hard-coated, color-corrected f:3.5 lens for crisp, sparkling pictures indoors and out, regardless of weather.
3. Wide range of speeds up to 1/300 sec. for thrilling, split-second action shots.
4. Built-in, factory-adjusted flash synchronization...with instantly-attachable plug-in flash.
5. *The* camera for brilliant color slides—shown at their best with a fine Argus Projector.

ALL THREE
CAMERA + FLASH
+ CASE...FOR ONLY
$66.50
(including Federal Excise Tax)
Prices Subject to Change Without Notice

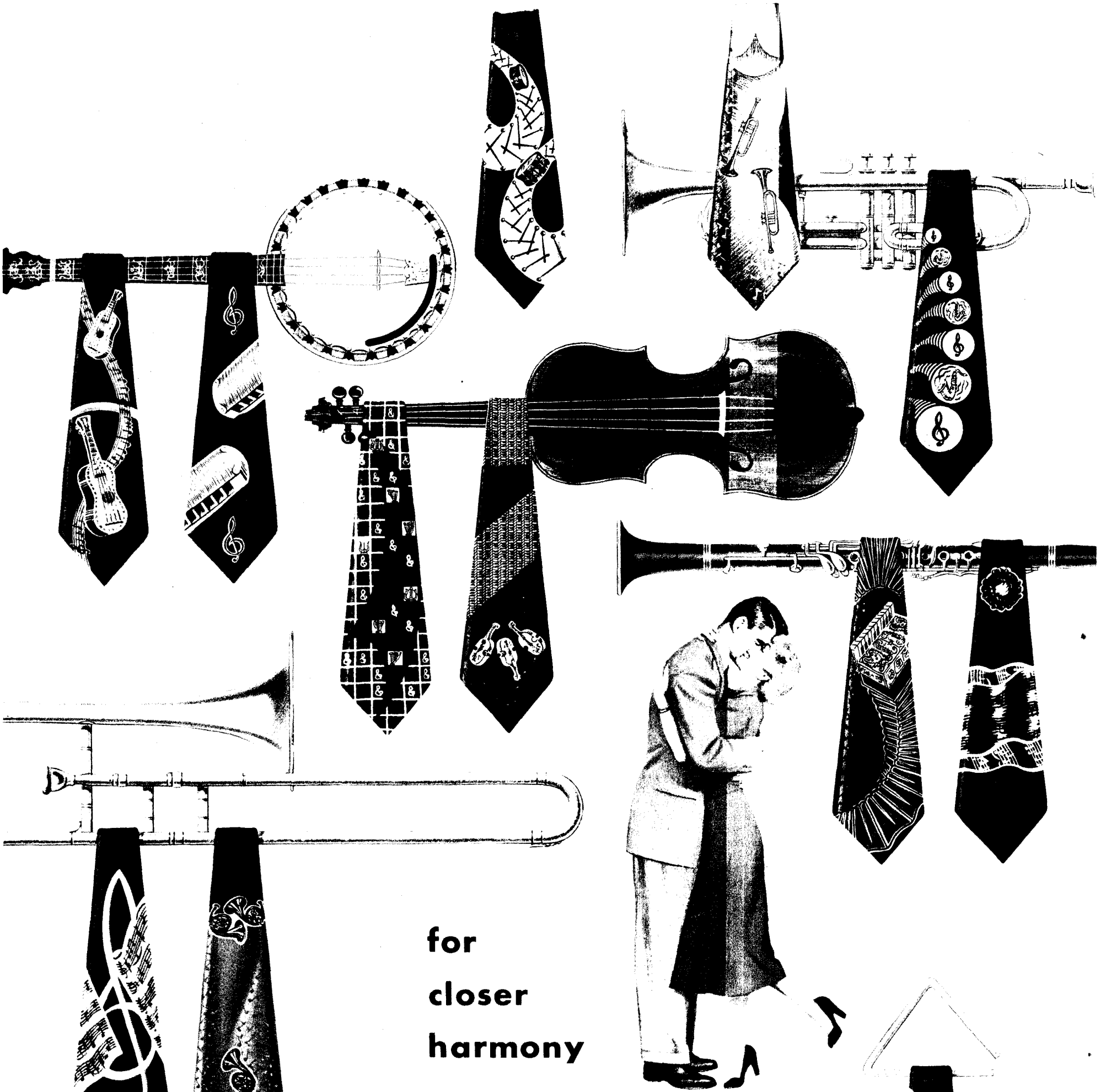


argus
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Give a "C-3" this Christmas.
See your Argus Dealer Today!

argus C-3—first choice among all fine 35 mm cameras

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



for
closer
harmony

Hit a new high note with lustrous "Symphony-in-Satin" ties—music-making patterns in concert with your wardrobe . . . with your mood. If it's brass you need . . . on with the trumpets. Or for heartstring stuff . . . bring up the violins. Composed with Van Heusen skill . . . in fine fabrics that stay knotable . . . stay in shape. Makes sweet Christmas music, too, **$1.50**

Other Van Heusen ties, $1 to $2.50

Van Heusen® REG. T. M. ties

symphony-in-satin

Center-stitched with Nylon thread for utmost resiliency

Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y., Makers of
Van Heusen Shirts • Sport Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Democracy Bets on the Soo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

upstream or downstream every 15 minutes or so, this split personality governing the Soo could create chaos. But it actually functions so smoothly that an observer cannot tell where the canal ends and the river begins.

An upbound boat (they're always just boats on the Great Lakes, not ships or vessels) first "reports in" at Sailors Encampment, the entrance to a narrow channel where boats stopped overnight in the days before navigation lights were installed.

The Man in the White Tower

Lookout One, a coastguardman on watch there in a little white tower beside the tandem lights that mark the proper sailing course, notes the name of every boat that passes and telephones it to the Soo Coast Guard, which relays it on to Ernie.

The boat is roughly two and a half hours away from the locks at that time, and it does not make contact again until it is 25 minutes below the canal. Then the captain or one of the mates calls the boat's name and draft across the water by megaphone to Lookout Three, who phones the Coast Guard, which calls Ernie. A few minutes after that, the boat rounds a bend in the river, comes in sight of the canal, and blows for a lock—two long and two short whistle blasts.

Ernie by then has figured out exactly what to do. If traffic is too heavy, he will order the boat to pull up at one of the piers and wait her turn. If a lock that is deep enough to float her (the MacArthur is 31 feet deep, the Poe 16.6 feet, the Davis and Sabin each 23.1 feet) is not busy at the moment, he will put her in it. Whatever his decision, he gives it, snap, on the phone, to the pier recorder, who works in a shack at the eastern end of the middle concrete island.

The recorder signals the boat by means of a horizontal row of four amber lights 40 feet above him. The lights read from left to right. One of them blinks. It indicates the lock that the boat should take.

While the light is still blinking, Ernie calls the master of the lock he has chosen (each lock is run autonomously by its own crew) and the rest is merely a matter of leading the boat up the pier on steel ropes thrown down from her deck, snubbing each rope in turn on one after another of a long row of concrete buttons, until the lock is reached. At that point, the lock crewmen turn some levers on a black-topped desk and the lower gates close automatically, swinging in from the sides and meeting in the middle, like swinging doors. This places the boat in a watertight box, for the upper gates have been closed all the while to hold out the river 21 feet above.

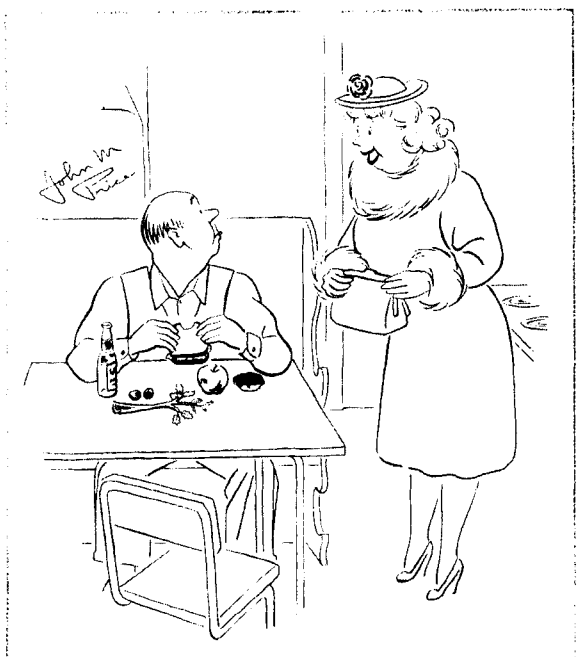
The operators turn more levers, huge valves in the floor and side walls of the lock open, and the water slowly rises, the boat upon its surface.

"Downbound boats report first to the Coast Guard at Parisienne Island, three hours upstream," Ernie explained after demonstrating the upbound procedure. "Later, they call their names and drafts to Lookout Six, who is 25 minutes above the canal. They get their lock instructions from four amber lights on the northwest pier. Not much to it, is there?"

I sat with Ernie through the sunset. The stars came out. The clumsy hulks of the boats dissolved into floating clusters of luminescent pearls. The men on the piers and the locks faded into shadows. The panels of lights in the lockmasters' shacks gleamed in the dark like Christmas trees. Time passed, and the sky clouded. Patches of fog came and went. It rained. But Ernie kept right on ordering boats into locks whether he could see them or not. He seemed to work automatically, like a figure on an intricate clock with a mechanical procession that moved as long as the main spring was wound.

"That," Ernie remarked wryly, "may be how it seems."

The complications of "how it is" are dizzying. Ernie and the three younger men (Raymond Kuederle, Waino Kauppi and Carmel Quigley) who share the tower's responsibility with him in eight-hour watches have technical authority to instruct boat captains how to transit the locks. The prerogative is rarely exercised. For a boat is worth between $2,500,000 and $5,000,000 without her cargo, every day's delay costs $1,500, even minor accidents can lay a boat up for many days, and all responsibility falls on the towermaster's head for whatever happens if he infringes the captain's normal authority.



"You just leave your dishes and I'll do them when I come home, dear"

COLLIER'S JOHN M. PRICE

Besides, it is practically impossible to tell from the tower how much of a boat's behavior is the captain's will and what is due to powers beyond his command.

Currents shift with the emptying and filling of the locks, dragging or driving unpredictably with the different locks and combinations of movement.

"About the best we can do," Ernie commented, "is to tell a skipper when the wind is rising or shifting, and maybe give him the choice of a lock if there is a choice when the wind is bad. After that, it's up to the captain to do things in his own way."

Two Captains—a Contrast

Now there are dashing captains, like the late C. M. Conkey, who once rode the rapids in a lifeboat in the dark to get a package of cigarettes, and made a practice of racing into the locks and stopping dead at exactly the spot where he should be. But there are also cautious captains, like the late Jerry Nivel, who locked through the canal so slowly on one occasion that three other boats in a row went past in the lock beside him.

"Some captains stalk the deck like tigers in a cage," Ernie amplified, "and some are just as calm as though they were pushing a wheelbarrow in a garden."

The wheelbarrow was an apt comparison. Most of the men on the ore boat crews come from farms or small towns, and when they become captains they equip their boats with reminders of home. Porch swings hang from the outer walls of many a skipper's cabin, flower boxes surround the pilothouses and Texas decks, and here and there a lawn bench sprawls. Being farmers at heart, the skippers are independent thinkers, stanch in their opinions, and blessed with lungs which enable them to express themselves for considerable distances.

Having 285 of these rugged gentlemen pass through the locks of the Soo Canal with ore for United States mills on a regular schedule twice a week (once up to the unloading chutes on Lake Superior, once down to the docks on Lake Michigan and Lake Erie where huge disjointed mechanical lobsters and giant steel grasshoppers gobble the ore from the holds in 15- to 20-ton bites), and no two of them thinking or acting alike, is only part of what might be called Ernie's ordeal if Ernie himself were not quite so rampant an individualist. The rest is compounded of the fact that the boats the captains boss run anywhere from 347 to 678 feet in length, carry from 5,000 to 18,885 tons of ore, and vary in speed from nine to 17½ miles an hour.

The term "ore fleet" is really a misnomer. There is not one but an aggregation of 29 United States and Canadian fleets, nine of them directly affiliated with steelmaking companies (Bethlehem, Inland, Jones & Laughlin, National, Republic, Shenango, U.S. Steel, Ford and International Harvester), and the others managed by independent firms which serve various steel mills. The boats lumber along at an average speed of 11½ to 12 miles an hour (land miles, that is; no fancy sea talk on the Lakes) for three to three and a half days between Duluth and Buffalo, Erie and Superior, Two Harbors and Conneaut or Chicago; but they dock within minutes of the time they set in advance, and turn around in three to seven hours. They race one another for port on every trip.

In the Soo locks, they must come to a stop and tie up while the water beneath them rises or falls, depending on their direction. Along the piers approaching the locks, the speed limit is two and one-half miles an hour; the limit on leaving is six miles. Nevertheless, the race never ceases in the captains' minds, and the choice of a lock is often the equivalent of winning the rail on a close turn at the track. The MacArthur lock (named after General Douglas MacArthur), which fills or empties in 10 minutes and takes one boat at a time, allows a faster getaway, on the average, than either the Davis or the Sabin, which fill or empty in 12 minutes and can handle two boats together, requiring one to wait for the other.

"When do I get a chance at the Mac?" a skipper will screech if he happens to land in the Davis or the Sabin more often than he thinks just. Or, "Why do you let this other fellow slow me up?"

Each eight-hour watch on the canal reports for work at least 30 minutes before the appointed time. And a number of canallers keep close hold on the Soo's enchantment after hours by memorizing the names of the boats the Coast Guard has reported due. Thus prepared, they can glance at their watches surreptitiously long afterward and startle guests by identifying the captains they hear blowing for a lock.

Ernie Winter never really leaves the river, shuttling back and forth from the canal to his home along the shallows above the Soo. As downbound boats pass Lookout Six, he is near enough to hear the names and drafts being called across the water. But even his devotion seems pallid in the presence of Sid Delancy, who answers his telephone with the salutation, "Lockmaster of the longest lock in the world speaking."

"Sid can tell the name of a boat when all he can see is a spar above the trees over there beside the steeple of the St. Mary's Church," an *aficionado* of his boasted before we met. Sid himself demurred. "I didn't tell 'em by the spars," he said modestly. "I told 'em by the color of their smoke. Can't do it any more, though, since they use that chemical to kill the soot."

Sid is a dark man with heavy swooping eyebrows which lend corroboration to an indefinable but positive impression that he is moving when he is actually standing still. This may be a psychological emanation from the rising and falling water in the Davis lock, which, like its mate, the Sabin, is 1,350 feet long. Besides deserving the claim Sid makes for it on the telephone, the Davis has locked the first boat up in spring and the last boat down in winter for more years than anyone remembers, and Sid always has been on hand. Although he was off duty when the first boat came in 1950, Sid managed to be present anyhow by making a family ceremony of it and bringing his wife along.

His Wife's Attractive Rival

It was Mrs. Delaney's first look at a rival whose lure she had fought all her married life, through the birth of each of her seven children. Hers has been a strangely bigamous existence. For Sid not only admits he's in love with the Davis lock; he keeps a hope chest: a large cardboard carton, filled with loose-leaf notebooks recording the vital statistics of every boat that ever passed through. Furthermore, his appetite wanes unpredictably like that of a moonstruck boy.

Mrs. Elmer Mansfield, wife of the canal post-office superintendent, who puts 4,000 to 5,000 pieces of mail on the passing boats each day, has trouble with her man, too. He comes home at night in the busiest weeks of the navigation season with no interest whatever in her cooking. She suspects there is some connection between this disconcerting habit and the sumptuous meals he tells her are served on the boats. And it is surprising, to a stranger, how freshly made chicken, ham and beef sandwiches, jelly rolls, coconut cakes and doughnuts keep showing up along with cans of the finest coffees in desk drawers and closet shelves of the reporting room where the boat captains call each trip to file their formal declarations of cargo and destination.

"Maybe you oughtn't mention this," one canaller ventured, *sotto voce*, during a hearty midnight snack. "It isn't known to the powers that be."

Perhaps it will shock him to learn that canal superintendent Aune and his locks operations chief, dapper Carl Miller, are fully aware of it. But no harm done. They would no more think of curtailing it than they would of telling the Merchant Marine librarian, Mrs. Edna Taylor, to stop putting whodunits in the boxes of books she lends to the sailors, or of ordering the laundry delivery boys who carry the week's wash off the boats to starch the captain's underwear.

The only thing about the Soo that approaches secret status is the fate of the oldest of the four locks, the Poe. Too shallow to handle loaded boats, it is theoretically available for upbound passages, but is so seldom used in practice that it is not now regularly manned. Congress authorized its modernization in 1946, but never appropriated funds to do the job.

Unless this neglect is soon repaired, the Soo will suffer the embarrassment of being too small for the boats it is expected to carry. The Inland Steel fleet's sleek new Wilfred Sykes (678 feet long, 70 feet wide, 16-17½-mile speed, cargo double the Lake average) already is too long to fit within

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A MAN MAY BE KNOWN BY THE TREE HE TRIMS...

INTROVERT
"Let's not overdo it!"

EXTROVERT
"Let's do it up big!"

NON-CONFORMIST
"So you dare me, eh?"

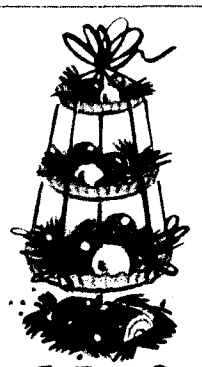
MODERNIST
"There seems to be a trend . . ."

PERFECTIONIST
"If it's worth doing at all . . ."

LAST MINUTE SHOPPER
". . . only one the man had!"

OLD FASHIONED
"Now when I was a boy . . ."

NONCHALANT
"That didn't take long!"



FADDIST
"Anything to be different!"

MAD-CAP
"And why not?"

A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE WHISKEY HE GIVES!

A gift of Hunter at Christmas marks you as a man of good taste. For here is a luxury whiskey so fine, so *distinguished*, so superbly different, that no one has been able to copy its flavor in over 90 years!

HUNTER-WILSON DISTILLING CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the safety booms of the 800-foot MacArthur lock, which is the only lock deep enough to float her fully loaded. And the Sykes's performance this year (she spends only five days on a round trip that takes other boats six days and a half, can consequently make 44 trips a season instead of the customary 32) has been so persuasive that other fleets have ordered seven copies at or near her specifications.

As an example of national preparedness, the apathy surrounding the Poe lock is of a piece with persistent hesitation about bridging the Straits of Mackinac. Without a span across the Straits, the Soo is isolated by land over the only effective supply route it has in time of serious danger. A military road now runs south to the Straits, then waits for a ferryboat. On busy days, the wait lasts as long as three hours.

George A. Osborn, public-spirited publisher of the Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan, Evening News, is plugging for a bridge. But aside from him and a few old-timers like Chamber of Commerce Secretary John R. Merrifield and historian Stan Newton, the town which lies beside the locks seems to have lost concern for, or even awareness of, the natural strategic position which Louis XIV of France recognized as long ago as 1671. There is a certain sensitivity about the fact that Sault Sainte Marie, Ontario, across the river, has attracted twice as many inhabitants because of its growing steel mill, and the Michigan Sault's failure to keep pace is blamed on the closing of old Fort Brady. But the simple truth is that times have changed.

The old tradition that impelled the average Sault schoolboy to work on the boats has lost its power, because factory jobs offer greater opportunity for freedom and social life. He may work afloat for a summer or two now for the money—by getting room and the best workingman's food in the country free, along with good pay ($64 a week is the greenest deck hand's minimum) he can save $500 or more in a summer—but he won't make a career of it because it's too lonely and his time at home during nine months of the year makes his chances of successful marriage while he's still young seem woefully slim.

He has heard about the unhappy personal lives of Lakes sailors from too many sources, and he can't be sure that the girl he picks will be willing to do as women and girls now do from one end of the Lakes to the other—watch the daily papers for boat passage times through the canal, as recorded and distributed by telegraph for the Lake Carriers' Association by the Soo Marine Bureau's R. E. Wyllie, and time their weekly wash and hair set so as to meet their men on the dock or in nearby taverns for an hour or two of companionship.

Yes. Times have changed. When fog came down like a deep gray blanket in the old days, boats invariably tied up above or below the canal. They reported to the Coast Guard when they dropped anchor, and got a number. When the fog lifted, they waited until their number came up before moving on. Today the demand for ore leaves little time for such leisure, even in the fog. Every boat has her direction finder, her radar, and her radiotelephone on a party line which has no equal in the world. And with the magic of these three, more and more captains are negotiating the treacherous Saint Marys channels in all kinds of weather.

Last September 20th, for instance, the Wilfred Sykes was heading for the Soo through fog that covered the entire length of Lake Superior. When she reached Whitefish Bay, her captain, George Fisher, picked up his telephone and said to no one in particular:

"Safety call. Safety call. Wilfred Sykes abreast Parisienne Island downbound steering course 141."

Every boat on the water for miles around heard the message because it went out over Channel 51, which is always open and always tuned to the loud-speaker in the pilothouse, which is always turned on.

The Elton Hoyt II, at anchor one mile above Gros Cap Lightship, replied at once, giving her position. The J Clare Miller spoke up next. She was half a mile above Gros Cap. From there to the canal, no one answered either the safety call or the intermittent hoots of Captain Fisher's fog whistle. Unable to make out the amber lights to read his lock instructions, he telephoned the tower and cleared the canal in fog so thick he couldn't see the canallers he talked to on the piers.

While the Sykes was in the lock that midnight, Captain Fisher did what most skippers do when they debark to file their official reports: inquire for dispatching orders at the Soo Marine Bureau, and pick up his mail at the Soo Post Office. He made a point of finding out what boats were ahead of him so he could call them and ask for information if things looked bad. Only on the clearest nights is Channel 40—the boat-to-boat channel on the telephone hookup—free of some such conversation as this:

"Is it messy up there, Harry? I can see boats make the turn, but I can't see the light."

"It's okay here, Bill. You can see a mile or two."

One of the boats the Sykes passed on her way down the Saint Marys after leaving the locks was a dumpy, 65-foot water bug called the Ojibway. The Ojibway is on the same party line as all the bigger boats, and consequently can hear, on her loud-speaker, their telephone calls to each other, to shore, and to her, which is most important, because she undoubtedly gets more calls than any other boat on the Lakes. But she has no radar, and has occasionally passed so close to the ore freighters in the fog that sparks flew from the steel hulls. This has happened not because her crew of three enjoys fireworks but because it is her job to serve as a delivery truck for the marine store of the Pittsburgh Steamship Company three quarters of a mile below the canal.

The Ojibway's delivery route begins and ends at the warehouse wharf. From there she races into midstream, hooks onto the long flat decks of the ore boats midway between the pilothouse and the smokestack, and coasts alongside for a quarter of a mile while her motor-driven crane delivers groceries, laundry, housekeeping items and perhaps a box of posies from Mrs. Angela Adams' garden in the Sault.

The Ojibway is as much a part of the Soo's operation as the locks themselves. It is a rule of the canal that no upbound boat she serves may blow for a lock before the little floating delivery cart casts off her line. That makes the Ojibway's route a frenzied one, with as many as seven ore boats approaching and leaving the locks at once, all clamoring for attention on Channel 51 at the same time like many housewives in an open-air market with only one clerk.

The Ojibway and the Pittsburgh Steamship store are unique on the Lakes. All the other ore fleets buy what they need in ports where they dock. A careful check on quality, or even on quantity, is difficult if not impossible. So, instead of shopping around the ports, Pittsburgh Steamship buys in bulk and delivers at the Soo to the 96 boats which make up its own, the largest ore fleet, and the second largest fleet, Interlake. The operation is directed by one of the most kind, generous and shy steamboaters in existence, Fred Elliott.

Fred learned about ore boats by working on them. At fifteen, he began by washing dishes in the galley and ended as a fireman, with hands so blistered he had to climb the fire hold ladders on his elbows. From the moment he became responsible—in 1939—for the care and feeding of the 96 boats that carry almost half the iron ore that travels through the Soo, he has maintained a feeling of personal acquaintance with them as living, breathing individuals. His assistant, Jim Bennett, has caught this feeling and made it so real that his wife has remarked:

"I don't mind Jim's working long hours for Pittsburgh. But it's not fair for him to bring the boats to bed."

Jim looks at people under his beetle brows and makes them think they ought to be equipped with a pilothouse, a rudder and a propeller. He spends his days running all sorts of errands for the boats—calling doctors, delivering mail, collecting laundry, hiring crew hands, ordering ice cream and blueberries along with nonskid deck paint and furnace grates—only to go home at night and be roused at all hours by further appeals on the radiotelephone.

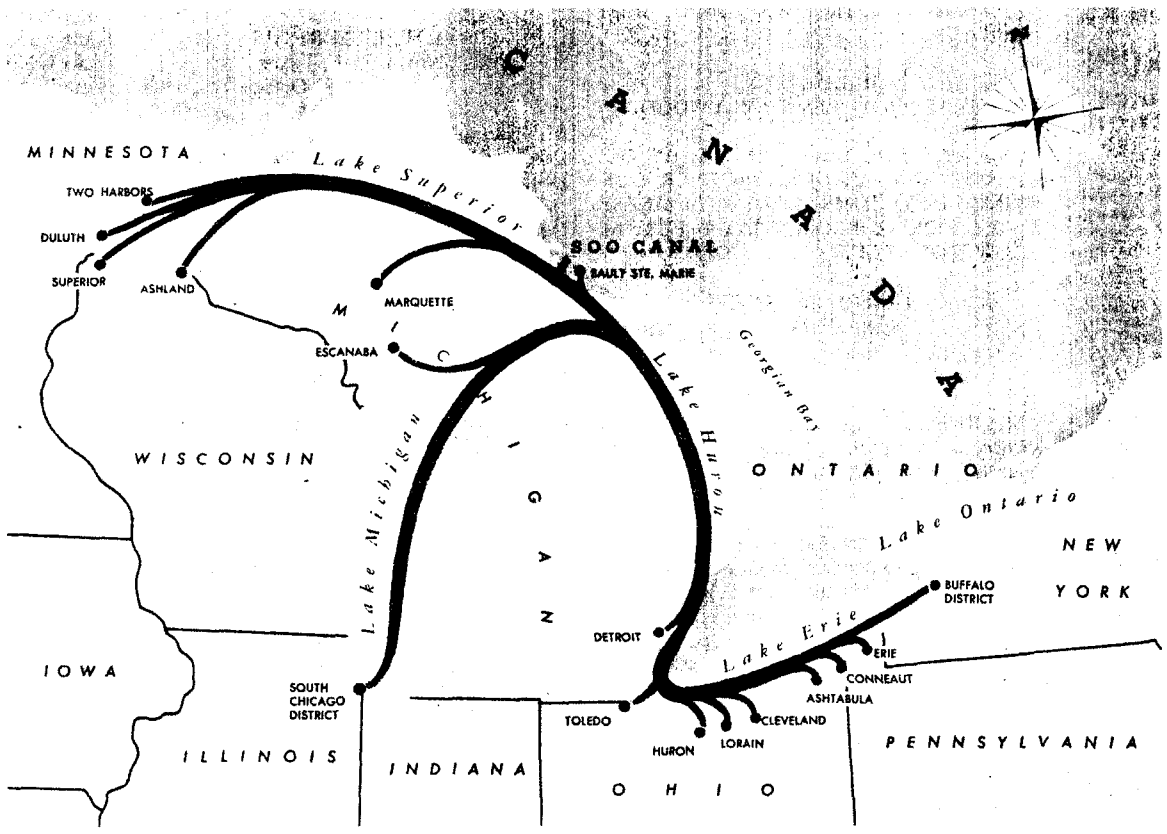
If a captain wants to know the football score of his home-town high school, Jim has it. If a lifeboat is required, a spare anchor, or a propeller blade, Jim has it. Does the compass need adjusting? Jim's the man for it. At breakfast, his three children are reduced to such questions as: "Daddy, did the Buffington get her anchor up all right?"

There is a quaint, musty, cracker-barrel flavor about this operation which contradicts the cold reputation of its owner, the rich and powerful U.S. Steel Corporation. It can almost be tasted in the way Fred and Jim mix purchases of a freight carload of meat from St. Paul with a handcart of cabbage and lettuce from Tom Campbell, a dozen fresh chickens from Jerry Bonney, and a few crates of blueberries from Jack Scott and Ed Pavilot. These people are neighbors at the Sault, along with the Robertsons, who do the laundry, Gown's tinshop, which renews the galley smokestacks, and Archie Earl, who brings in wild strawberries.

There is an almost bare footed cross-roads air, too—a reassuring air, let it be said—about the routine this strange emporium employs to make sure that the ore boats open a new season at the earliest practical moment in the spring. About the middle of February, when the Ojibway is frozen tight beside the wharf, Fred will raise his eyebrows in Jim's direction and Jim will pick up the telephone.

First he will get Tom Brown, at Whitefish Point, to see what the fishermen—who cast their nets all winter long—say about the ice. Then he will call Gustav Zier, the coastguardman who holes up in the lighthouse at Iroquois Point in late December to stay until March or April: is the ice making or breaking there? Above and below the canal are scores of shacks, where local sportsmen fish through holes in the ice; is their footing beginning to rot? Just below the canal, the international ferryboat runs on a daily year-round schedule; has its skipper asked the Coast Guard cutters to free a path for him lately? Eugene Marshall, locked in the ice and snow with his wife and three children on Neebish Island, how do things look to him? What did Jim Fulton, Northwest Hanna's manager at Lime Island, notice on his last weekly trip to the Sault for groceries? When Jesse Gates, manager of the Detour coal dock, at the river's mouth, made his usual early spring drive over the ice to Lime Island, how did the stuff respond to the jabs of his spud? And Mike Bishop, the famous car-ferry captain at the Straits of Mackinac—"What do you say, Mike?"

Jim bundles Mike's advice with all the other advice he has collected and sends it to Cleveland, where the main office of Pittsburgh Steamship turns it over to the Lake Carriers' Association. Week after week this goes on until Jim's facts correspond with the forecasts of the Weather Bureau and the observations of Coast Guard survey planes. Then the icebreaker Mackinaw steams out of Sheboygan Harbor and across the Straits to the Soo, where Carl Miller waits to record the exact second the first boat reaches the locks. People have placed bets all over town on the time of that first arrival. The democratic world has a bet down, too. THE END



AL TARTER

Lines indicating shipping routes for iron ore to steel-producing cities show vital importance of the Soo, through which most of them must pass

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR COUGHERS!

SCIENCE DEVELOPS AMAZING

NEW COUGH DROP

The One and Only cough drop that

BATHES *your* THROAT

WITH PLEASANT SOOTHING LIQUID MEDICINE

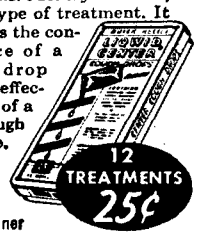
THE ONE AND ONLY COUGH DROPS WITH REAL LIQUID COUGH MEDICINE

SEALED INSIDE

LIQWID CENTER COUGH DROPS

DOUBLE QUICK DOUBLE ACTION COUGH RELIEF

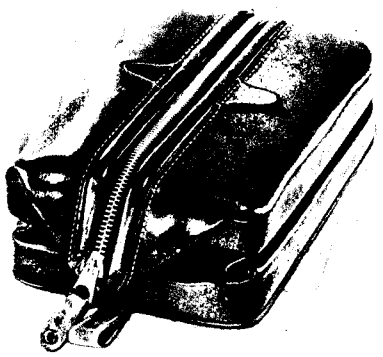
From coast to coast Liqwid Centers are bringing quick relief to those with racking, sleep-robbing and exhausting coughs. Just try this new, handy type of treatment. It combines the convenience of a cough drop with the effectiveness of a liquid cough medicine.



Packed in beautiful metal container

SO HANDY FOR POCKET, PURSE OR BEDSIDE

"World's most accommodating companion!"



the Original dopp-kit FITS THE TRIP Patented

Wherever you go . . . your easy-packing Dopp-Kit goes along to carry all those needed articles for personal comfort and good grooming. Ask for the original Dopp-Kit. Styled in finest leathers . . . with complete waterproof lining.

The Amazing Brief-Master

. . . and other fine Dopp-Bilt Cases

Write Dept. C for name of nearest dealer

CHAS. DOPPELT AND CO., INC., CHICAGO 16

North Fork Folly

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

DICK. HE HAS UNDOUBTEDLY GYPPED SEVEN ELDERLY WIDOWS OUT OF THAT PLACE. HOW CAN WE PUBLICIZE A THING LIKE THAT IN GOOD CONSCIENCE? GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL NETHERLAND PLAZA
CINCINNATI O

WELL, LISTEN TO THE MAN TALK. WHEN, MAY I ASK, DID YOU DEVELOP A CONSCIENCE? NEXT YOU'LL BE WANTING SUNDAY OFF. NOW HOP ON DOWN THERE TO THE PANHANDLE, REVEREND, AND GET THIS DESERVING BOY'S NAME IN THE PAPER. HANDLE YOUR LIKES AND DISLIKES ON YOUR OWN TIME. BEST REGARDS. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

OKAY, WHICH WAY DID THEY GO? IT'S MY OWN FAULT FOR EVER GETTING INTO THIS LOUSY BUSINESS. WILL REPORT FROM THAT INFERNAL COW COUNTRY. HOPALONG.

HOTEL ST. REGIS
North Fork, Texas

October 25, 1950
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, I didn't think that Anthony could do anything to surprise me, but he has. Do you know how big his great cow ranch has turned out to be? *Seventeen acres.* In Texas, that is not a ranch, but a pimple. It's like owning an ice cube in Alaska. It is like a child's sandbox in the middle of the Sahara. Down here they speak of ranches not in acres at all, but in sections, with maybe a hundred sections—64,000 acres—being considered a fair start toward a piece of land.

Dick, there's no way to publicize this smidgen of the Panhandle. There's nothing here. The buildings on the place consist of a small rickety barn, and a little frame house that's worth around four dollars. The stock consists of three cows, all thin enough to be hurdlers, and one goat. Besides Anthony.

Some old guy in Amarillo owned this little detour on Tobacco Road, and nobody would pay a nickel for it, so just for a joke somebody said why didn't he run an ad in the Hollywood paper, and sell it to one of those movie cowboys. He said by gosh he would. And Anthony bought it. The neighboring ranchers say maybe he's going to raise git-tars; they wouldn't take much room. It might be added that Anthony's immediate neighbors have, respectively, 51,200 and 76,800 acres, with healthy cows parked on the premises practically shoulder to shoulder, so there is good reason for their merriment. Anthony is providing the Texas Panhandle with a lot of real good fun.

Mercifully, word of the debacle has not yet reached Anthony's ears. He is strutting around the place with his guests as proudly as though he owned both Dallas and Fort Worth, and as long as they all keep their dark glasses on perhaps they will never know the truth.

I came in here to the hotel to stay because they no doubt even sleep in their dark glasses, and one of them might walk on me during the night. At any rate, I have my gear right here with me. So suppose I just phone Anthony and tell him I've had an urgent call to Spitsbergen. And then get out of here. Maybe he'll lose interest in the place and get back to North Hollywood where he belongs, where a hundred-foot lot and a cocker spaniel is considered quite a spread.

Okay? I'm ready to leave any time.

Regards,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL ST. REGIS NORTH FORK TEX

CREATE SOME NEWSWORTHY EVENT IF YOU HAVE TO BURN DOWN THE BARN. THAT IS MY FINAL WORD TO YOU. DICK.

HOTEL ST. REGIS
North Fork, Texas

October 28, 1950
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, okay; if you want me to just blast away in the hope of bringing something down by sheer accident, I will do so.

In fact, I have done so.

Anticipating your usual co-operative attitude, I first ran through the usual founts of publicity. I thought of assisting Anthony to undergo a slight accident; that ought to be good for a line or two, as well as being enjoyable. I also considered locating a local school without too many pupils, and having Anthony take them over a little free milk to go with their graham crackers. I even thought of having him marry his leading lady, Miss Sally Knight, for a week or two.

But none of these customary approaches to the problem quite seemed to cut the mustard. Anthony, Hollywood's reigning cowboy star, is at this moment the laughingstock of the entire Panhandle, and he is becoming the laughingstock of the whole cow country. So to solve the problem it was a case of creating something of sufficient importance to change this laughter to general cries of Anthony Blaine for Governor.

So I have evolved a plan. Everyone, I have found, seems interested in money. So today I have been rushing about the area in a motorized buckboard, spreading the word that Mr. Anthony Blaine, actor and humanitarian, is about to bring unheard-of prosperity to his new neighbors. He is going to rent thousands of their unemployed cows for his future pictures.

And don't get upset. I am fully aware that we hire the cows for our horse operas only after all sorts of haggling, usually paying only as little as possible per pound for whatever weight we run off them during the making of the picture. But for our present purposes there is no need for me to stifle my imagination with such details. What we want now is just a little temporary action.

So I have been spreading the word that Anthony is going to induce the studio to discontinue renting those rich California and Arizona cows, and instead hire the cows of his beloved neighbors in the Texas Panhandle. I have told them that I am not exactly sure what the rental is, but since we are not going to pay it anyway I saw no reason to be penurious about it, so I said that I thought it was undoubtedly several dollars a day per cow.

That done, I got down to cases. Within the hour I have informed several of the closer ranchers that the only thing that might upset the deal would be if Texas cows proved to be not sufficiently photogenic; that movie cameras often played strange tricks, and that we would therefore have to try out a few of these amateur Panhandle cows to see how they photographed. At several dollars a day per cow. Plus feed.

Well, the mere thought that Texas cows couldn't be movie stars naturally wounded everyone deeply, and every rancher I have talked to has gladly agreed to join in the Thursday audition. Which is of course the purpose of the whole scheme. With maybe a hundred healthy cows on the premises, I can then get some decent pictures of Anthony ". . . inspecting prize Herefords on his new Texas ranch." Which will be perfectly true. They will indeed be prize Herefords—every cow I have seen around here is positively beautiful—and they will certainly be on Anthony's ranch. If only for the day.

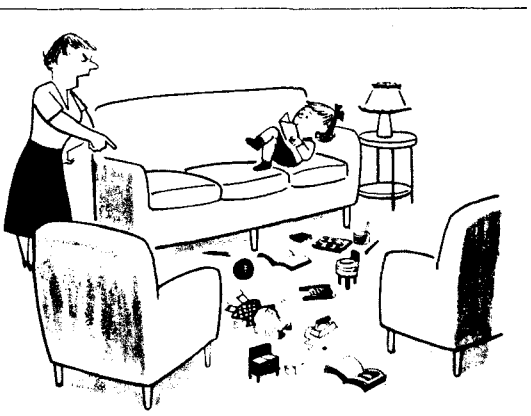
After we take the pictures, I will then thank the ranchers warmly, and tell them not to call us, I will call them. And after a few months I will call them, from a safe distance, and inform them that their cows are indeed photogenic, as they have no doubt seen in all the picture magazines, but that changing economic conditions have made it impossible for us to ship our actors that far, and that the cow deal is therefore unfortunately off.

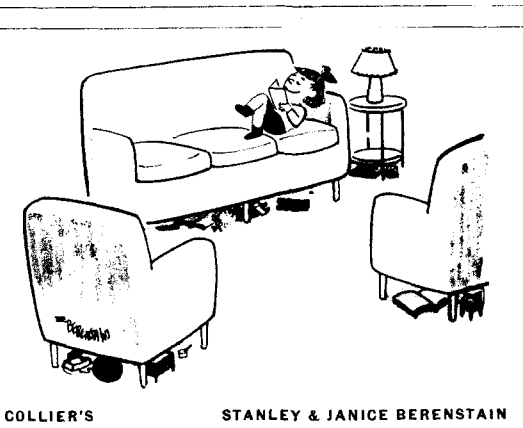
But by that time Anthony's contract will be renewed, and what his loving neighbors here may do to him won't matter; they might even lynch him—wouldn't that be wonderful? Actually, by that time Anthony will have found out that he can't rent his ratty little ranch to the studio either, and he will be so disgusted himself that his neighbors will no doubt take him to their bosoms as an injured friend and compatriot.

There is no way whatever to lose on the deal. You people out there may have hired cows fairly reasonably in the past, but I doubt if you have ever rented a hundred or more fine, upstanding cows for an entire day for nothing.

At any rate, you can wrap this

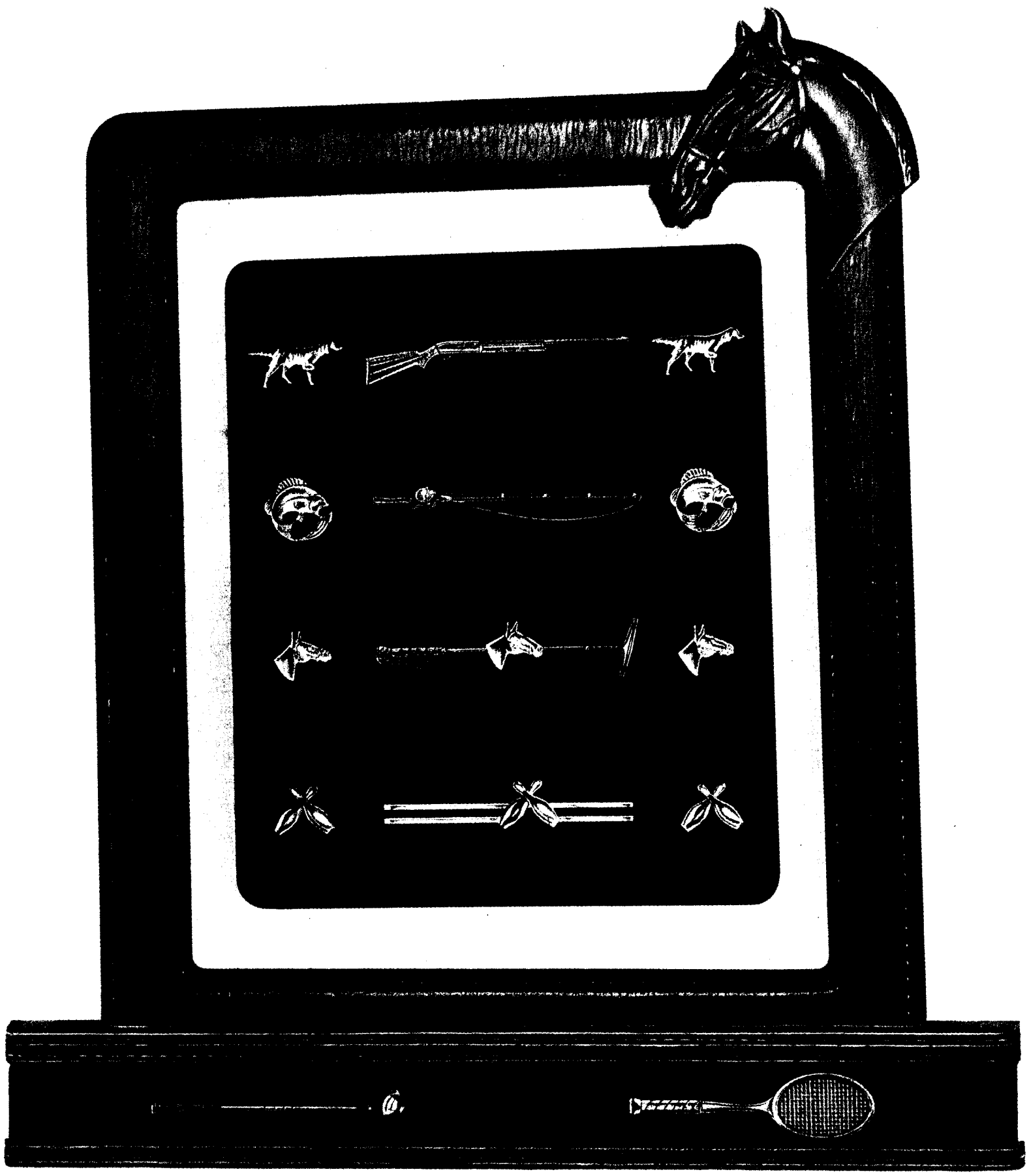
SISTER





COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Your Favorite Sport in Jewelry by HICKOK

Elegant, eloquent symbols of your athletic interests . . . in tie bars and cuff links that bear the unmistakable stamp of Hickok craftsmanship and respect for authentic detail. Tie Bars, $2.50. Cuff Links, $2.50. Sets, $5.00. All jewelry prices plus Fed. Tax.

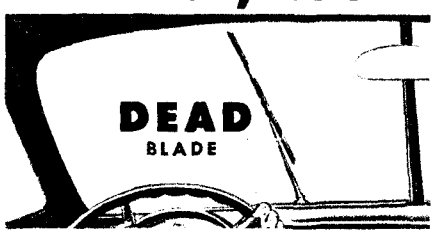
Sportsman's Belt with Horsehead, Leaping Bass, or Pointing Setter emblem, $2.50.

© Hickok Mfg. Co. 1950

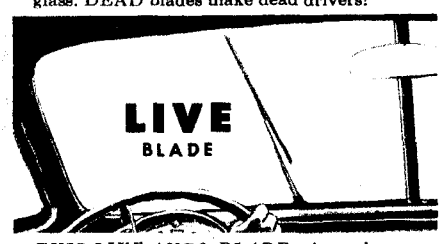
QUALITY AND STYLE LEADERSHIP IN BELTS · BUCKLES · JEWELRY · WALLETS · SUSPENDERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PREVENTIVE SERVICE, 100%



THIS DEAD WIPER BLADE still looks new but it blurs rain, smears muck, streaks glass. DEAD blades make dead drivers!



THIS LIVE ANCO BLADE wipes clean, clears rain, clears road muck . . . lets you SEE. Protects your loved ones.

● When your car gets Preventive Service, be sure to examine your windshield wiper blades. They may still look new but corrosive windshield film, wind burn and hot sun BAKE the life out of rubber, often in six months or less. No matter how good they look, dead blades cause dangerous windshield smear. Dead blades make dead drivers. Protect your car . . . your life . . . with 100% Preventive Service.

Change Your Wiper Blades

Next time you buy gas, change to live, new ANCO Blades... RAIN-MASTER for Flat windshields . . . CLEAR-FLEX for Flat or Curved windshields. They fit all cars—wipe quicker and cleaner than any other blades.

Mr. Dealer: Ask your ANCO Distributor about the sensational new ANCO Wiper Motor. A quick, easy replacement for lazy vacuum motors. Gives lots more power . . . lots less stall. Compensates for linkage wear to control wiping arc. Eliminates blade slap.

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Gary, Indiana

Don't Suffer **CONSTIPATION**

Try This MODERN Way

Jad Salts® *flush* food waste, actually wash out your lower bowel by bringing extra, needed fluids to soften the *dry, hardened area. Jad Salts work so gently,* the way nature intended, that you will enjoy the complete bowel movement they give. Jad Salts are alkaline. *reduce excess stomach* acidity as they make bowels move again. So for a smooth, thorough, comfortable aid to regular bowel movements, take Jad Salts, the *modern* way to relieve constipation.

SAVE GAS–1 GALLON IN EVERY 4

Install a **MILE-O-METER** Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

UP TO 35 MILES PER GALLON

& MOTOR TUNE-UP GAUGE

● New ● Accurate ● Guaranteed

Fits all cars. PERMANENTLY MOUNTED. Checks Spark Plugs, Carburetor and 31 other Motor adjustments. Shows how to increase miles per gallon at every speed. 1 to 5 minute installation — 4 color Easy-To-Read Dial. No holes to drill. Mounting bracket fits dash or windshield frame. No experience needed. Complete instructions and 16-page mileage book by Chrysler included. Makes a perfect gift. (Beautifully gift wrapped at no charge.) 1,000,000 in use.

SEND FOR YOURS TODAY — MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

DELUXE CHROME MODEL 3 5/8 Dia. . . . $14.95 Ppd.

STANDARD MODEL 2 3/4 Dia. . . . $8.50 Ppd.

Fed. Tax Incl.

Certified Test Performance Certificate AAA CERTIFIED APPROVED

GALE HALL *Engineering, Inc.*
Dept. 1351 Boston 18, Mass.

one up. It's under control. I'll get the pictures of Anthony and the borrowed bovines on Thursday morning, bat out the captions and the basic story that afternoon, and send everything on to you from here Friday before I go back north.

Okay?

As ever,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL ST. REGIS NORTH FORK TEX
GEORGE, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T START SOUNDING CONFIDENT. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT DOES TO ME. ARE YOU SURE THESE PEOPLE UNDERSTAND THAT WE ARE PAYING NO RENT WHATEVER FOR THESE COWS? ALSO FEEL HUNDRED FAR TOO MANY. TWENTY-FIVE WOULD BE PLENTY, WITH LESS CHANCE OF ANYTHING GOING WRONG. DICK.

HOTEL ST. REGIS
North Fork, Texas
October 29, 1950
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

What could possibly go wrong? With me right here on the scene? I have made everything crystal-clear to all, even to spelling out the longer words. There is no possible chance of any misunderstanding.

Actually, these Texas cattle raisers are the nicest people to do business with I have ever seen. This hotel seems to be a sort of center for cattlemen, and I wish you could just sit in this lobby for an hour or two and hear the way they make a deal.

This morning, for instance, I overheard two of them talking, and one was buying from the other I forget how many thousand yearlings, to be delivered at such and such a price. And all without the scratch of a pen. No contract, no money in advance, no nothing. Just each other's word. You have never seen such a strange way of doing business. Last night after dinner I was talking to one of them who had just closed a fifty-thousand-dollar deal with nothing but a handshake, and I asked him what they did when somebody went back on one of these word-of-mouth arrangements.

Well, he said, he'd better never show up again around the St. Regis Hotel.

It renews your faith in human nature.

And they're all generous to a fault. I've heard them throw in five hundred extra calves on a deal as though they were giving a man a gumdrop.

And it isn't just because they know each other so well. All day ranchers I've never even heard of have been calling me up asking if I need any more cows for the pictures tomorrow. And when I say sure, and yes, if they prove satisfactory we intend to hire them at several dollars a day each, they have all said well, they'll send over a few.

Did you ever hear of anything so pleasant?

As ever,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL ST. REGIS NORTH FORK TEX
THERE IS ONLY ONE FACT CONCERNING THIS EXPEDITION OF THE SLIGHTEST INTEREST TO ME. IF YOU SPEND ONE NICKEL BEYOND THE TWO DOLLARS I KINDLY SENT YOU, YOU MAY PAY SAME YOURSELF. IS THAT CLEAR? DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF
YES SIR. GEORGE.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF
TO THE LIFEBOATS! A TERRIBLE MISUNDERSTANDING HAS ARISEN AND IT IS JUST RAINING COWS. WHATEVER YOU DO DON'T ANSWER THE DOOR. DETAILS ON WAY AIR MAIL SPECIAL. AND DON'T WORRY. I'LL WORK IT OUT. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL ST. REGIS NORTH FORK TEX
GEORGE, IF YOU HAVE OBLIGATED US TO PAY RENT FOR A HUNDRED COWS JUST FOR A FEW LOUSY PUBLICITY STILLS YOU HAD BETTER MOUNT THE FASTEST ONE AND HEAD EAST. DICK.

HOTEL ST. REGIS
North Fork, Texas
October 31, 1950
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Reed, Sir:

Dick, who would ever have thought that these people would take me seriously? Worse, that they would write their own script and then take *that* seriously.

Because what has happened is certainly in no way my fault. It's just a simple misunderstanding that could have happened to anybody.

In the first place—and I don't see how I could be expected to know a thing like that—it seems that the cattle market at Kansas City has been way down for several months, and all the ranchers around here have been holding all their cows on the ranches waiting for the prices to go up. So the possibility of renting out thousands of these idle cows to the movies at several dollars a day per cow, plus food, naturally swept through the area like a brush fire.

And of course, by the time the story had gone through no more than three hands, it was not that I wanted a few free cows for some sample pictures, but that I wanted thousands of cows right now for a regular picture. You see, I meant that if the cows they sent over were satisfactory, we might hire them *later* at several dollars a day; and everybody around here, it seems, got the idea that if they were satisfactory I would hire them *immediately* at several dollars a day. Plus feed. You see how a simple misunderstanding like that could come about, Dick?

Actually, it's of course largely our own fault. We have turned out this publicity mishmash for so long that by now everybody in this world is convinced that everybody from Hollywood is not only nuts, but has forty million dollars. If we were making any kind of picture with a cow in it, we would of course want all the cows in Texas, with expense no object. If people could just work in a studio once, and see how much big talk it takes to get one actual clink out of a Hollywood cash register, how amazed they would be.

The other thing that made it easy for this false rumor to get started was these Hollywood characters that Anthony has had on hand; one look at them in the feed store, striding noisily around in their dark glasses asking for ivory-tipped cigarettes, and people were willing to believe anything. So when they called me up at the hotel, and I said I could indeed use some more cows, they all began rounding them up by the jillion with happy cries, and getting out the bankbooks. The Hollywood gravy train had got to town.

And, Dick, there is just no use delaying the awful truth a minute longer. The terrible fact is that at this moment practically every cow in the state of Texas well enough to walk is headed this way, with the sick and infirm coming by truck. The thunder of hoofs from every direction is like a kettle-

COLLIER'S

"Then he says he'd like to take me away to a tropical isle. Imagine! Me with three mink coats"

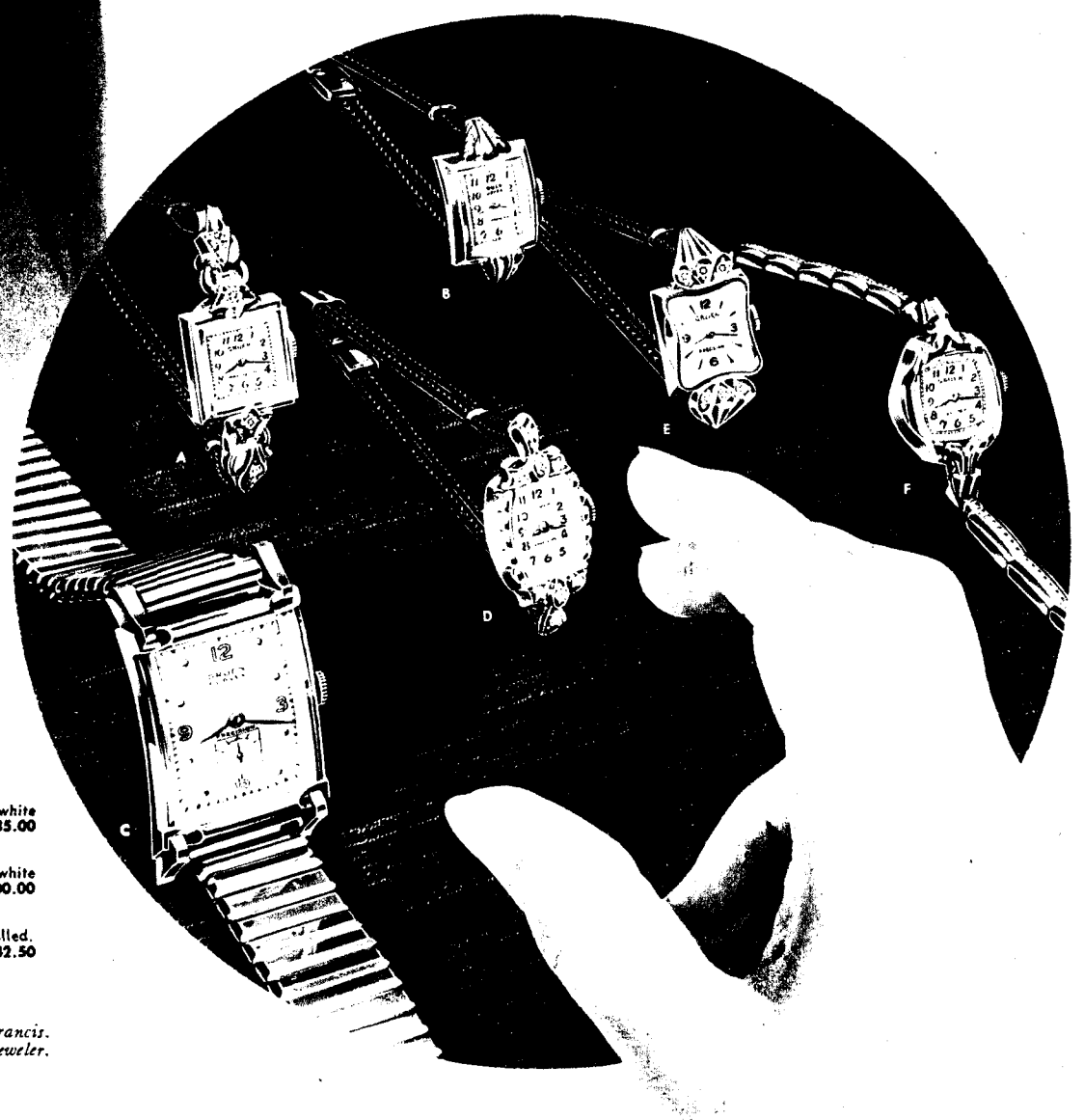
WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How long since she's said,

"I'm in love with a wonderful guy"?

It may be the softest whisper. But you'll *hear* it . . . she'll be so close in your arms. Close . . . with the beautiful, new Gruen Watch on her wrist that says all the things *you've* wanted to say. For the matchless, modern beauty of Gruen . . . its brilliant accuracy . . . make it the watch most admired . . . most envied . . . most cherished. Let your heart tell you *which* Gruen on this page to choose. A graceful Veri-Thin? A lovely, wrist-curved Curvex? One set with precious diamonds? Why not? Gruen Watches priced $29.75 to $250; with precious stones to $5,000.



You'll be just a little prouder to give or get

GRUEN

THE PRECISION WATCH — AMERICA'S CHOICE SINCE 1874

A. VERI-THIN CALIENTE.
4 diamonds. 17 jewels. White or yellow gold-filled. **$71.50**

B. CURVEX SYMPHONY.
17 jewel Curvex movement. White or yellow gold-filled. **$49.75**

C. CURVEX ARTIST.
17 jewel Curvex movement. Expansion band. Yellow gold-filled. **$71.50**

D. VERI-THIN VASSAR.
8 diamonds. 17 jewels. 14-karat white gold. **$135.00**

E. VERI-THIN MODISTE.
6 diamonds. 17 jewels. 14-karat white or yellow gold. **$200.00**

F. VERI-THIN SORORITY.
15 jewels. White or yellow gold-filled. Expansion bracelet. **$42.50**

Write for free style booklet "Z"

Tune in Gruen's exciting television show, "BLIND DATE," starring Arlene Francis. Enter Gruen's big cash prize contest . . . get free blank from your Gruen jeweler.

Every Gruen Watch is electronically tested and certified for PRECISION* performance only after passing rigorous tests for accuracy and dependability. Official timepiece of TWA—Trans World Airlines. *Trade-marks Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

© 1950, The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati 6, U.S.A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario. Prices include federal tax and are subject to change without notice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drum production at Radio City Music Hall. With everybody expecting to get paid.

The minute I knew what was going on, I naturally tried to stop it, but to no avail. My first intimation of what was happening came at about four o'clock this morning, when I awakened with a start at the hotel, to a strange clopping vibration. Rushing to the window, I looked out, and in the darkened street I could make out an endless stream of cows pouring through town. And with a horrible chill, I realized that all these cows in some terrible way concerned me. I tore out of the room still in my pajamas, down the stairs, and into the street among the advancing cows.

Stop, I cried, raising an arm.

I barely escaped with my life. I couldn't even get the mounted cowboys with them to stop. All they said was watch it, Mac.

So I hurried back in, got dressed, and hastened out to the ranch, to a scene of the most utter confusion. I had always thought that the world's earliest risers were the nurses in hospitals, but cowboys are evidently the people who get them up. It was still just as dark as pitch, but you would have thought that the place was the Chicago stockyards at high noon. Dick, you have just never seen so many cows, and how they will ever get them sorted out I don't know.

But that is not my worry. My worry is one of vastly greater horror. Misunderstanding or no misunderstanding, there are going to be a lot of mad Texas ranchers around here if I try to tell them that I was only kidding; they might very possibly hang Anthony, his house guests, and the undersigned. They nearly all have ropes, and I can't see what other purpose they have for them. And even if they don't take direct action against us, I can assure you that never again would we take fifteen cents out of the state of Texas in admissions to Federal pictures.

Which I hope will explain why I have just taken certain action. By a half hour ago the situation had reached the point where somebody had to do something. Anthony and his guests were barricaded in the little frame house, and the ranchers, after asking me repeatedly what I wanted them to do, were all standing around talking in quiet little groups, and the whole situation was what I can only describe as crucial.

That's when I got the idea. I always think best under pressure. And I suddenly realized . . . why *not* make a picture? We had Anthony here, his leading lady, his director, two writers, a cameraman with a camera and plenty of film, and Heaven knows plenty of cows—why not proceed? Today and tomorrow we could get all the background shots for Anthony's next picture, send these ranchers home happy, and incidentally get out of here alive. There are probably not over five thousand cows here altogether, and at say three dollars a day apiece—three is several, isn't it?—the whole thing for both days would cost us only $30,000. Plus a little feed. Plus, I suppose, a few dollars for any of the ranchers or cowboys we'd use in it. Plus, of course, incidentals. The incidentals we would naturally hold to a minimum.

Well, to make it short, I have done it. About dawn I rushed into the little frame house, which was already beginning to give, and informed the frightened group there that I had just talked to you by phone, and that the studio heads had said that while we had all these fine cows on hand, we should take advantage of the opportunity by making a couple of days of background shots. Anthony was all for it when I told him that the studio would no doubt have to pay rent for the use of the ranch. Later, we can inform him that this is impossible.

But at the moment we've got quite a picture going, and everybody is busy and happy. The writers are figuring out various bits of cow action, and the director is inducing Anthony, his leading lady, and the cows to perform same. The cameraman is taking the whole thing with one hand-held movie camera, and the only lighting being used is God's good sunshine. We can dub in the sound later. I have always thought that most picture crews are overstaffed, and if this production turns out as well as I expect, I will have proved it.

But at the moment I have the pressing executive problem of financing the production. Is a total cost of, say $35,000 okay with you, or should I look around and arrange to borrow the money locally?

As ever,
George.

SHERIFF
NORTH FORK TEX

A MR. GEORGE SEIBERT, A FORMER EMPLOYEE THIS COMPANY STAYING HOTEL ST. REGIS YOUR CITY HAS SUFFERED COMPLETE NERVOUS BREAKDOWN AND CREATED EMBARRASSING SITUATION YOUR AREA. AT OUR EXPENSE PLEASE FIRST RESCUE WESTERN STAR ANTHONY BLAINE AND HOUSE GUESTS FROM BESIEGED HIDDEN ACRES RANCH AND GET THEM TO PLACE OF SAFETY. THEN SEIZE MR. GEORGE SEIBERT, HELP HIM INTO A PAIR OF DRY LEG IRONS, AND HOLD HIM FOR QUESTIONING. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO QUESTION HIM YOURSELF AS HE IS TRICKY. I AM LEAVING HERE AT NOON BY PLANE TO QUESTION MR. GEORGE SEIBERT PERSONALLY, AND ALSO TO STRAIGHTEN OUT ANY INCONVENIENCE HE MAY HAVE CAUSED OUR MANY GOOD TEXAS FRIENDS. RICHARD L. REED
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY
FEDERAL PICTURES

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

MR. GEORGE SEIBERT LEFT TOWN SIX THIRTY THIS MORNING IN HIRED AIRPLANE DESTINATION UNKNOWN. IMPOSSIBLE TO APPREHEND HIM. HE'S GONE. BUT YOUR OTHER FELLOWS HERE MAKING THE MOVIE ARE DOING JUST FINE, AND BY THE WAY COULD YOU USE FIVE HUNDRED MORE COWS? HAVE A FEW HUNDRED HEAD MYSELF DOWN AT SOUTH FORK I COULD HAVE UP HERE IN NOT OVER TWO DAYS. WIRE INSTRUCTIONS. THEY'RE GOOD COWS. GOOD-LOOKING COWS, TOO.

CAL TURNEY, SHERIFF
CARVER COUNTY, TEX.

MOVIE DIRECTOR HENRY KLINE
HIDDEN ACRES RANCH
NORTH FORK TEX

STOP PRODUCTION IMMEDIATELY. WHOLE THING ONLY A BRAINSTORM OF GEORGE'S. NEVER AUTHORIZED HERE AT ALL. GET ANTHONY AND OTHERS OUT OF THERE IF YOU HAVE TO TUNNEL THROUGH TO AMARILLO, AND TAKE FIRST AVAILABLE PLANE BACK TO HOLLYWOOD. I'LL WORK OUT SOMETHING LATER TO TELL THOSE RANCHERS, AS SOON AS CAN FIRST GET UP NERVE ENOUGH TO TELL LOU BENTLEY WHAT HAS HAPPENED. WHY I AM ALWAYS SADDLED WITH THESE THINGS HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS. INCIDENTALLY, IF YOU SEE MR. GEORGE SEIBERT SMEAR HIM WITH A CHEAP GRADE OF BEAR GREASE AND TIE HIM TO THE NEAREST ANTHILL. I'LL ATTEND TO HIM LATER. RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

NOT QUITE SO FAST, SIR. TOM TRIVETT, OUR LOCAL TELEGRAPH OPERATOR, HAS HAD A COUPLE HUNDRED HEAD OF HIS OWN IN YOUR PICTURE, SO HE NATURALLY CALLED ME BEFORE HE DELIVERED YOUR WIRE TELLING YOUR FELLOWS HERE TO RUN OUT ON US. IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEANT WHICH I SURE HOPE YOU DIDN'T. BUT JUST TO BE SURE I'M HOLDING YOUR FELLOWS AND THAT GIRL TILL SOMEBODY SAYS SOMETHING SORT OF DEFINITE ABOUT A LITTLE MATTER OF MAYBE FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS COW RENTAL. PLUS THE FEED BILL. INCIDENTALLY, COULDN'T UNDERSTAND YOUR MEAN THREAT TO MR. SEIBERT: HE SEEMED TO ME LIKE A REAL NICE FELLOW. AWAITING YOUR REPLY.

CAL TURNEY, SHERIFF
CARVER COUNTY, TEX.

SHERIFF CAL TURNEY
NORTH FORK TEX

HA HA HA. MR. TURNEY, IT SEEMS YOU MISUNDERSTOOD MY LITTLE JOKE. IN THIS BUSINESS OF DAILY ARTISTIC ENDEAVOR IT IS OFTEN NECESSARY TO RELIEVE THE TENSION WITH HORSEPLAY. LIKE MY LITTLE REFERENCE TO MR. SEIBERT WHICH MADE YOU THINK I MEANT ILL TOWARD HIM. JUST BECAUSE I WANTED TO GREASE HIM AND TIE HIM TO AN ANTHILL. HA HA HA. NOTHING COULD BE FURTHER FROM MY MIND. HA HA HA. LEAVING HERE TONIGHT BY PLANE WITH AMPLE FUNDS TO COVER ALL OBLIGATIONS.

RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

MAY I ASK WHAT ALL THE FUSS IS ABOUT? IT SEEMS THAT I CAN'T LEAVE FOR A MINUTE WITHOUT EVERYBODY GETTING ALL UNSTRUNG. WELL, I GUESS THAT'S THE PENALTY OF BEING INDISPENSABLE. ANYWAY, I'M NOW BACK, AND EVERYTHING HERE IS JUST FINE. THE RANCHERS HAVE ALL GATHERED UP THEIR COWS AND DEPARTED IN HAPPY HASTE, AND ANTHONY AND THE FRIGHTENED FOUR ARE LEAVING FOR HOLLYWOOD WITHIN THE HOUR. AIR MAIL SPECIAL LETTER GIVES DETAILS. WARMEST PERSONAL REGARDS. GEORGE.

HOTEL ST. REGIS
North Fork, Texas
November 1, 1950
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, it's been a busy day.

I didn't enjoy breakfast at all, because at the time it was apparent even to me that my neck was out slightly farther than Marie Antoinette's. And when your neck is out that far, as Marie can tell you, it is always possible not to get it back in time.

All of which was nobody's fault but dear Anthony's.

When I first advanced this idea yesterday of actually making a picture I had no idea of making any picture whatever, either background or foreground shots.

My only thought was to keep these cow owners occupied for a few hours till I could plan our retreat. I just don't look good in a lariat.

Anthony, however, as soon as he got it through his head that he had a chance to charge the studio several hundred dollars a day rent for his lousy ranch, grabbed the ball and ran. Actually, I think he'd begun to realize himself that he could never rent the fool place to the studio in the future anyway, so this was his only chance to grab a little money. So he told Kline and the others that Publicity was paying the tab for everything, and they might as well have some fun for a few days. And he told the ranchers to get bedded down for quite a stay, as of course you couldn't make a big picture like this too rapidly.

About two o'clock yesterday afternoon, after he'd had the cameraman shoot one little cow dash for around the sixteenth time, I decided to find out what he had in mind. "Mr. Blaine," I said, catching him somewhat apart from the others, "I'm not sure that we see eye to eye on this. I'm merely creating a diversion while I try to figure out a way to get us out of here. You, on the other hand, seem to be digging in for the winter. Would you mind letting me in on your plans?"

"Why, George, boy," he said, "whatever do you mean? I'm just atryin' to make us a good picture. All I ever want, boy, is quality. You know that. I never give no thought at all, just not atall, to the business side. You're handlin' that, boy, and a right good job you're adoin'!"

"Please," I said, "spare me the cowboy talk. Let us speak simple English. What are you trying to pull?"

"Okay, George," he said, "just this. You're over a barrel like an iron hoop. It was your idea to get all these cows here; it was your idea to start making a picture. Publicity is stuck for the bill. So if I just follow your instructions, and let all these cows tear up my place, the studio pays for it. And I'm going to keep them paying for it just as many days as I can. If I don't come out of this with this whole ranch paid for, I'll sell mah git-tar and go back to the plumbin' trade. Yipee-i-ohhhhh . . ." And he walked away to resume the picture.

Well, I at least understood what he had in mind. Murder.

So I left the scene of action, and came

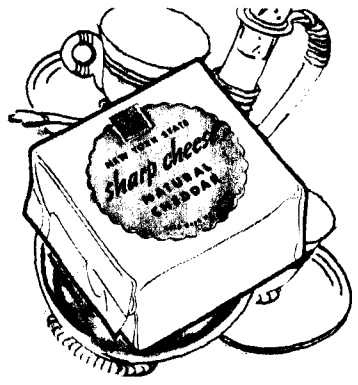
COLLIER'S

"Young Elton has put us in an embarrassing position. He's been taking money to bet on the races and now insists on giving the bank fifty per cent of his winnings"

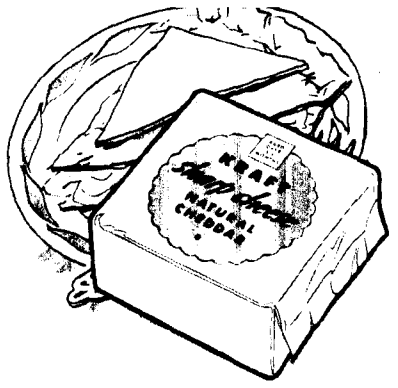
BOB PAPLOW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apsody in Blue! **Casino Brand** **ue** is zestful, natural cheese, richly ined with marble-like markings. **ue Chips**—a tangy blend of blue eeses in a roll for easy slicing. For petizers, salads. And with fruit for ssert—ah!

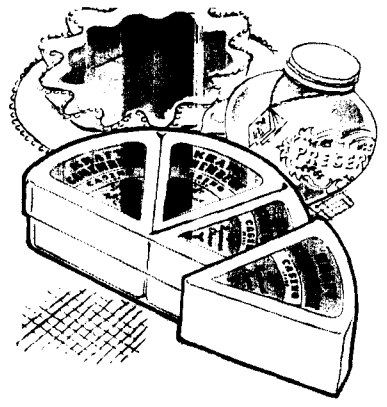


Sharp Cheddar. From the lush-green dairy section of New York State comes this aged natural Yankee-type cheddar, really sharp and naturally good. It is called **New York State Sharp Cheddar** everywhere except west of the Rockies; there it is known as **Martin's Rabbit Brand.**

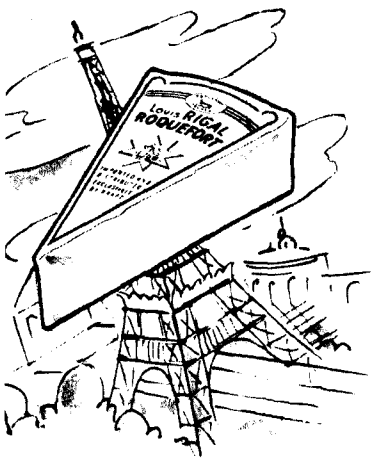


Hearty Cheddar. The choicest of natural American cheddar, long-aged with patient care, **Kraft Sharp Cheddar** has the deep-mellow goodness and the texture so many cheeselovers prize. Packaged without rind, it combines convenience with old-time ripe goodness. Glorious with pie, of course.

Brilliant Scarlet. **Dan-Dee Gouda** is a traditional Dutch-type Gouda made in the U.S.A.—bright red outside, marigold in color and mildly rich within. A dramatic touch that brings a dinner to a delicious climax. Bright thought for an appetizer tray, too. Always a "conversation piece."



Temperamental—and tantalizing. **French Camembert** has always been too temperamental to be a good traveller. So **velvety-crusted Kraft Camembert is made** here, that your gourmet-soul may delight in its ripe, soft goodness—with guava jelly and crisp rye toast, for example.



rench Delight! Direct from France, Kraft imports great wheels of the ery finest Roquefort — beautifully alanced in richness and pungency. he name to look for on the Kraft-rapped wedges is **Louis Rigal.** heer joy to Roquefort fans.

Cheese fans... feast yourselves!

natural cheeses

from KRAFT

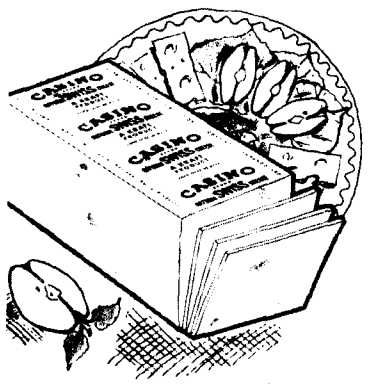
Fancy cheeses for gay occasions!
Good "eatin' cheeses" to thrill the family!

Now, during the holiday season is the perfect time to explore the delights of all the wonderful *natural* cheeses Kraft makes and imports for you.

They're quite different from the fine Kraft process cheeses that millions use every day for sandwiches and cooking. These *natural* cheeses are the gay "party varieties"—to serve together in assortments on a tray, or to enjoy one by one for snacks or dessert at "family parties."

The more of these varieties you get to know, the more downright eating fun there'll be at your house. Investigate the *natural* cheeses from Kraft—now shown in tempting holiday array at all the better food stores.

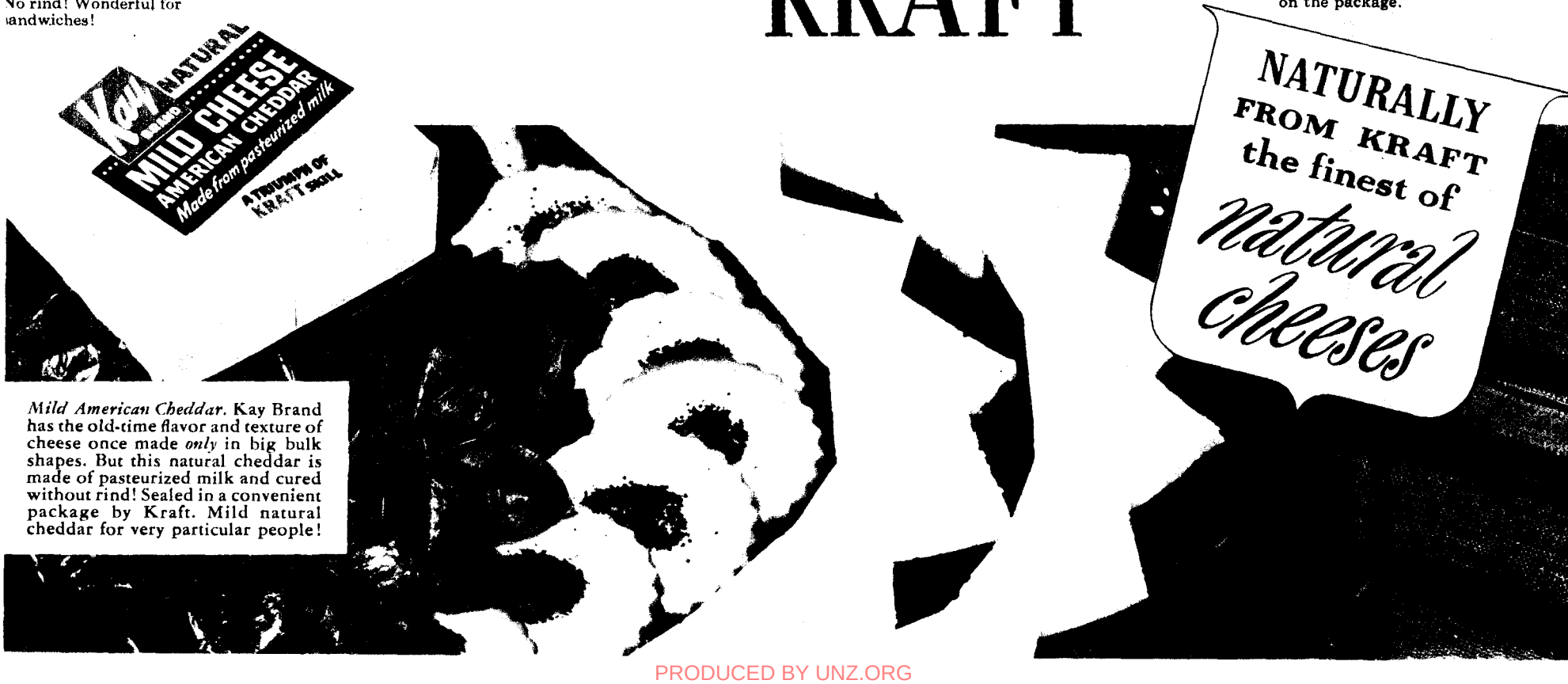
Famed Club Cheese. For many years **MacLaren's Imperial** was made only in Canada. But now Kraft makes this "aristocrat of sharp cheddars" in this country. Wonderfully sharp blend . . . and spreadable, so you just set it out for snacks. (The perfect cheese for soufflé, too!)



'Heart-of-the-Swiss" Goodness! Every portion and slice of **Casino Brand Swiss** brings you the goodness you'd expect in a premium-price cut from the center of a huge Swiss wheel: More nut-sweet flavor! Firm texture, fine "eye" formation. No rind! Wonderful for sandwiches!

Famed since 1880. For cream cheese at its finest, **get genuine Philadelphia Brand**—so creamy-rich and guaranteed fresh by Kraft. A real delicacy that belongs on every cheese tray; perfect dessert with jelly and crackers. Look for the name Philadelphia Brand on the package.

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT



Mild American Cheddar. Kay Brand has the old-time flavor and texture of cheese once made *only* in big bulk shapes. But this natural cheddar is made of pasteurized milk and cured without rind! Sealed in a convenient package by Kraft. Mild natural cheddar for very particular people!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW Palmolive After-Shave Lotion

Makes Your Face Feel Refreshed, Invigorated!

Here's one after-shave lotion that really makes your face feel refreshed, invigorated—yes, its specially selected ingredients *cool* your skin in seconds! You'll enjoy its clean, outdoor scent . . . and, the emollient effect of Palmolive After-Shave Lotion actually *soothes* your skin . . . for *hours* and *hours!*

A marvelous underarm deodorant, too. Try it today!

A new idea in after-shave comfort!

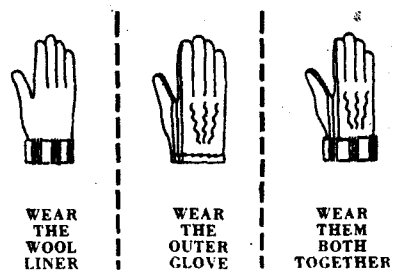
around the clock
around the calendar
the coat you'll live in

See these versatile all-weather coats in a wide range of styles, colors, water repellent and waterproof fabrics.
$8.50 to $56.75

BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:
ALLIGATOR Rainwear
because IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY • ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES

WEAR THEM 3 WAYS!
smart, colorful
stadium
GLOVES



$3.98 at better stores everywhere

ORIGINAL **stadium** GLOVES
Manufactured by
Glovecraft, Inc., Johnstown, N. Y. and Eisendrath Glove Co., Chicago, Ill.
In Canada: Unique Glove Co., Ltd.

into town to figure out some sort of backfire. The only possible solution was somehow to get all these ranchers to depart of their own volition, and rapidly. And since they were all under the impression that they were getting several dollars a day per cow, this at the time seemed not only unlikely, but impossible.

I had a lonely dinner.

It was not, indeed, until around four o'clock this morning that I got the gimmick. It goes back to an old habit of mine, which is that nothing should be wasted, including ears. I have always, therefore, tried to keep in mind that I am equipped with two of them. When I am talking to anyone I listen to him with one ear, which seems to handle the job adequately, and which leaves me with one unemployed, or roving, ear. This extra ear I keep tuned in on the other happenings of a busy world, and what it picks up during the day I think over during the night, often winnowing out facts of great importance.

And at four o'clock this morning I suddenly remembered that during my talk with Anthony, a couple of the ranchers had strolled by, and my free ear had overheard one of them saying to the other, "Bill, if we can just keep this movie money coming till the market rises at Kansas City, we're in . . ."

Of course. The solution of this problem lay not here, but at Kansas City! Like all so-called smart businessmen, these ranchers intended to wait right here until the price actually rose; then they would ship.

I, on the other hand, believe that if you are in the need of rain you should walk down the road a ways to look for a cloud.

Arising and dressing without further delay, I made certain arrangements, and at six thirty I took off in a chartered plane. For Kansas City.

At first my progress there was discouraging. I talked to one cattle buyer after another, but all any of them seemed to know was that the price was down, which I knew already. I did discover that there were practically no available cows in town, but that could hardly be classed as news, either. As many cows as there were around North Fork, Texas, any fool could see that they must be getting short of them in Kansas City. But no one at all seemed to have any idea as to when the price might go up.

SUDDENLY I remembered good old Joe Megrim, who, as you know, after several years of battering away at Hollywood in jobs similar to our thankless own, had finally smartened up and taken a post as Associate Editor of the Breeders' Guide, Kansas City's noted cow-and-pig journal. I repaired in great haste to his twelfth-story sty.

"Why, George," he said, "welcome to the free world, and I can indeed give you some helpful dope on your cow problem. In fact, I can inform you that Monday morning around nine o'clock the cow market in this town is going to jump like one of those Mexican beans on a pogo stick. The buyers and the growers have been trying to wait each other out, but our Washington man just sent us a flash that the government has decided to go ahead anyway with their next orders for Europe, and so Monday morning this market should see history's second instance of a cow jumping over the moon."

"Thanks very much," I said, "and don't hesitate to call on me if you need any free tickets to the Bijou. And now if you'll just jot some of that down for me on one of your splendid letterheads, I'll be on my way."

I then hastened back to the airport, told the pilot, "Home, James," and relaxed for the first time in some days.

I arrived back at North Fork about an hour ago, to land in the midst of this strange feud between you and Sheriff Turney, who is really a swell fellow you couldn't help but like. Tut, tut, tut, Cal, I said, as he tried to tell me of your chicanery, Dick's a good boy at heart, and besides we have more important business at hand.

And calling the angry ranchers together, I displayed Joe Megrim's letter and told them of the approaching hoopla in the cow market.

Yesterday I had learned that one reason they had all been so anxious to bring so many thousand cows over to Anthony's ranch in the first place was that the shipping point was only about two miles down the road, and they figured that they could round up the cattle, come by and pick up a week or two of movie money till the market rose, then load them right on into the waiting cattle cars, and a good and profitable time would have been had by all.

THE only trouble was that the market was now due to hop a little sooner than they had expected. And being men of their word, they naturally couldn't suddenly take their cows and run, leaving us with an unfinished picture.

Their problem was suddenly not how to get any more of our movie money, but how to avoid, with honor, losing far more money in the early gravy at Kansas City. Putting the shoe, as you might say, on the other foot.

I paused, to allow this interesting turn of events to sink in.

"Men," I then went on, above the uproar, "the situation is simple! We started a picture in good faith, and you rented us your cows in good faith. And knowing Texans, I know that you won't leave till the picture is finished, even if it takes six weeks, by which time the high market may all be over. But we don't want that at all; the good will of Texas is far more important to us than the profit from any single picture. So we're willing to remake all the stuff we've shot yesterday and today, if you men are willing to forget whatever rent we owe you for your cows up to now. Okay?"

"I'll say," came the cry from all sides; "darn' nice of you!"

"Just one more thing," I cried, forcing myself to utter the hated words. "He's too modest to tell you himself, but my trip to Kansas City to check on the market was the idea of none other than Anthony Blaine, actor, rancher and fellow cow hand."

"'Ray!" roared one and all. "'Ray for Anthony Blaine!"

Which explains why, in the nation's papers tomorrow, you will see large front-page stories, with pictures, explaining how Anthony, cowboy star and rancher, has brought untold wealth to his new Panhandle neighbors. Because with the splendid head start we have given them, every rancher in this area will get to Kansas City well ahead of the pack, and get positively rich. For all of which Mr. Anthony Blaine will get the credit.

Did you ever hear of anything more disgusting?

As ever,
George.

P.S. Oh, about the expenses. For the stuff we've shot the last two days, hunks of which we can use for years when we want a shot of a really large group of unidentified cows, we of course don't owe anybody a nickel.

Neither, it seems, do I owe anybody anything for the plane I chartered for the trip to Kansas City; I chose a plane that belonged to one of the ranchers here, and as I figured he might if things went well, he said to forget it.

And Anthony was so tickled over the publicity on his genius as a cattle baron that he said please not even to mention what he had said about any rent for the ranch.

There is, in fact, only one small cash item that I have actually spent. Joe Megrim was so helpful that I thought the least I could do was to shoot your original two dollars for a year's subscription to his Breeders' Guide. And I'm having it sent to you. Just think, every month for a whole year you'll be reminded of dear old George, tireless assistant, and watchdog of the treasury.

George.

THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Router of Dreams

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

finished scrubbing between his pads. He began to wash his face, concentrating on the task, his eyes almost closed.

"What was in the sachet?" Tim said.

Still Joe was silent, and Vincent stirred uneasily. "All right," Tim said, "don't tell me. Don't co-operate with your lawyer. But remember, when you come up before the parole board—"

From the porch, Lucas said, "Tim. Aunt Lucy is here."

"Oh," Tim said. He put Vincent down on the grass. He stood up. Joe suspended his bath to watch. "Comes now the major dilemma," Tim said. "Look, fellows, will you stay clear, out of the way? We don't want a real crisis."

Joe resumed his bath. Vincent plucked at a blade of grass.

"Don't say I didn't warn you," Tim said. He headed for the house. . . .

Aunt Lucy was small. Her hair was gray and she wore it in a severe fashion. She gave off a faint aroma of lavender. "Timothy," she said, and she sniffed, a small, disapproving sound.

"How are the hamsters?" Tim said. "Multiplying?"

Aunt Lucy sniffed again, louder this time. Lucas said, "You must be tired, Aunt Lucy. Perhaps you'd like a little rest?"

"I am not tired." She fixed Lucas with her eyes. "Fatigue is entirely a matter of the mind. One educates one's mind, as I am educating mine, and such mundane weaknesses as fatigue and hunger cease to exist."

"Oh," Lucas said.

Tim said, "How about thirst? Can you whip that, too?"

Lucas said, "Tim."

"I shall go to my room," Aunt Lucy said. "I shall meditate."

"Of course," Lucas said.

"Until the Master arrives."

Tim opened his mouth. He closed it again. "The Master?" he said. "Who—"

"I'll show you to your room," Lucas said. "It's down this way." She had Aunt Lucy's elbow and was steering her quickly out of range. "I'm sure you'll be comfortable."

Aunt Lucy's voice trailed over her shoulder. "Comfort is a matter of the mind. The soul must rise above such petty things."

Tim fled to the kitchen and a cool beer.

He was in the study when Lucas appeared. He was staring out of the open window at the lawn, at the carnations. His beer sat at his elbow. He looked at Lucas. "Well?" he said. "She's meditating?"

Lucas sat down on the ottoman. She picked up his beer and took a long pull at it. She turned the glass around and around in her hands, then drank again. "I'm worried, Tim."

"The Master," Tim said. "Who is he?"

Lucas shook her head. "Ali Bey, or something like that. He's the one she's been writing to."

"Barefoot? Lives in a cave? Eats nuts? Sometimes I think southern California—"

"He's coming here to see her."

Tim was silent for a long time. He took the beer from Lucas' hands and drank deeply. He gave it back to her. "It's a nice day," he said. "And I have been meditating. And a message has come to me. It says that I'd better play golf this afternoon. It says—"

Lucas had raised her head. She was looking at him now and her eyes were bright, very bright indeed, and filled with tears. "I'm frightened, Tim. This isn't like the other things she's got into. It's been going on for some time, by letter, and she's really convinced. He is going to build a Temple of Peace, and—"

"—and it takes money," Tim said. He took the beer and finished it. "Well," he said, and from the front of the house there came a scream, loud and vigorous. "Oh, my gosh," Tim said. "She meditated too hard." He loped toward the sound.

AUNT LUCY'S door was already open, and Aunt Lucy stood beside it, breathing hard. The odor of lavender filled the room. Aunt Lucy was pointing. "What is that?" she demanded. "That monster?"

Joe was crouched on the bed. His head was low. His eyes were partially closed and he was sniffing, and his whiskers twinked ecstatically with each breath.

"It's—just Joe," Lucas said. "Tim's cat."

"I was meditating," said Aunt Lucy. She had herself under control now. "I opened my eyes and he was looking at me. Right here." She held her hand almost against her nose. She glared at Tim and Lucas.

"Come on, Joe," Tim said. He clucked. "Come on." Joe jumped down. He crossed the room slowly, reluctantly. He stepped carefully over Aunt Lucy's feet, drew his stub tail against her ankles, and followed Tim out into the hall.

"I'll close your window," Lucas said. "Then he won't bother you again."

"Do," said Aunt Lucy. She closed her eyes, breathed slowly, rhythmically. Her lips moved as she counted. "I must regain my state of equanimity," she said.

Tim led Joe to the kitchen. He got out milk and warmed it on the stove. He poured it into the white bowl and laced it well with dark rum and carried it out onto the back porch. There he hunkered down beside it while Joe began to drink. "I don't blame you a bit," Tim said. "She is something to see, and the meditation act is probably a beauty. But no more. You've had your look. You hear?"

Joe raised his head. "Okay," Tim said. "Just remember." He went back into the house.

Joe finished his punch. He licked the bowl clean. He wiped the last delicious drop from his chin, and scrubbed at his cheeks and at his whiskers until they too were immaculate once more. Then he trotted forth, the rum warm and pleasant in his stomach, infinite patience in his mind.

He went through the carnations, scarcely slowing his gait. He went up the large tree and onto the roof of the tool shed and over the fence. Beneath the bush where he had taken the sachet last night, his nose took over and he searched this way

JACK DONOVAN

Betrayal at Plymouth

Greasy gizzards, flying feathers,
Oh, the difference it would make,
If the Pilgrims had decided
To give thanks with sirloin steak!

—LYLA BLAKE

Look... it's Triplspeed

Most Exciting Christmas Gift Since 1896

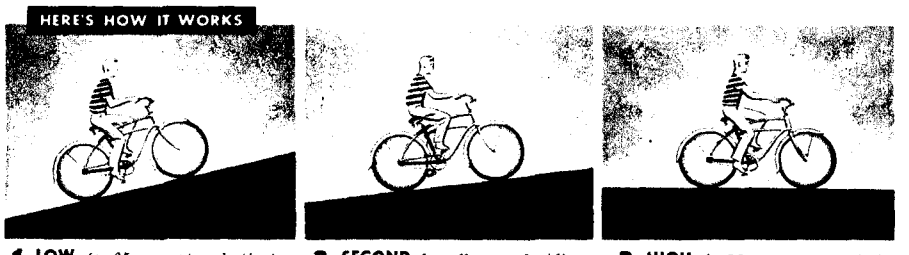
The Amazing New Conversion Unit by NEW DEPARTURE
That Gives You the Thrill of

3-Speed Bicycling

YES, "Triplspeed" bicycling is here, and in time for Christmas . . . the greatest advance in cycling since the invention of the coaster brake more than a half century ago!

With Triplspeed you can shift gears on your bike just as you would in a car. With just a flick of your finger you can change from low, to second, to high—quickly and easily. Triplspeed makes bicycling *safer, easier, more fun!*

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS



1. LOW (a 25 percent reduction) for hill climbing, bad roads, etc.
2. SECOND for all normal riding on good roads, level stretches.
3. HIGH (a 33 percent overdrive) for far greater speed.

BEST OF ALL, you don't have to buy a new bike. Triplspeed can be installed right in the hub of your present New Departure Coaster Brake—in just a few minutes time.

Your dealer, your bicycle repair man, has Triplspeed right now! Ask him to let you try it out on a demonstration bike. Learn how easy it is to have the best hill climber, the speediest, safest bike in town.

ANOTHER "NEW DEPARTURE" BY

New Departure

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS BRISTOL, CONN.

1903

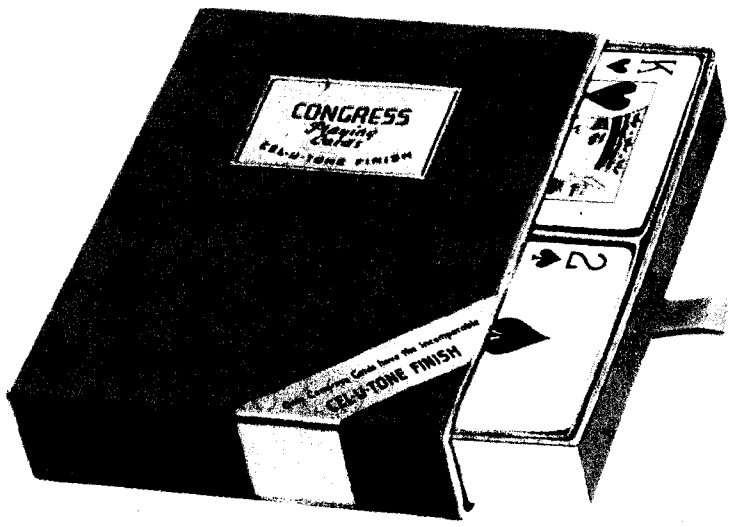
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE AT CLAIRE McCARDELL'S HOME the famous fashion designer entertains with the same assured taste you see in a McCardell creation. On the card table every time: *new Congress decks.* "Breaking the Congress seal is the nicest start for a game," says Claire McCardell.

One touch tells you—

WHAT A DIFFERENCE CEL-U-TONE FINISH MAKES!

It's that rich gleam and glide no other cards have . . . that smoother Congress "slip," that livelier Congress "snap." CEL-U-TONE FINISH does it! And how gemlike their colors, against the gold and silver glow of their edges! Such card-playing luxury is the finest compliment you can pay your guests.



and that for his treasure, finding only the satin bag itself, torn and emptied by his own claws. A faint odor still clung, but it was a poor pallid thing by comparison with the lovely reek of Aunt Lucy.

He chirruped once or twice in his disappointment, and then returned to his own yard, where Vincent came to join him to talk of this and that, to discourse upon the beauty of the sunlight dancing on the surface of the pool, to point out the erratic course of a drifting butterfly, to search through the grass blades for ants and other small beasts who dwelt therein. And so the afternoon passed, and the large shiny automobile drew up in front of the house, but neither Joe nor Vincent took heed.

TIM sat in the living room with the visitor, who was tall and darkly handsome, immaculately dressed in a flannel suit and silk turban of price, upon which glistened a large red stone. "We're fresh out of ambrosia," Tim said. "How about a beer?"

Ali's voice was deep, melodious. "Thank you, no." He smiled faintly and made a small gesture with one fine hand. His position was neither stiff nor relaxed; his aura of confidence, of inner calm, filled the room. "You are wondering, Mr. McCoy, about the purpose of my visit."

"Now that you mention it," Tim said, "a little curiosity has drifted through my mind."

"I have watched it," said Ali Bey. Again he smiled, and his eyes, beneath the sparkling jewel of his turban, seemed to glow. "To those who possess the knowledge, Mr. McCoy, all things are plain."

"Look," Tim said. "I don't know what your pitch is. I can guess, of course." He paused. "The old lady isn't exactly dotty. Maybe she's lost a marble or two along the way, but—" He stopped there and shook his head. "Oh, hell," he said. "I give up. She wouldn't listen to me if I tried to explain things to her."

And from the doorway, Aunt Lucy said, "What things, Timothy?"

They both turned. Ali Bey looked at the old lady. His smile was serene, convincing. "Suspicions, my daughter. The petty suspicions of ignorance, of skepticism." He lifted one hand. "But it is of no matter. The enlightened mind is above annoyance."

Aunt Lucy considered the statement. "Any kind of annoyance?"

"Any kind, my daughter."

"Cats," Aunt Lucy said. She was impressed, watching him, feeling the force of his serenity, his detachment, his lofty view. "Can't abide them. Sneaky things." She thought of Joe.

"In ancient Egypt," Ali Bey said, "whence all knowledge springs, the cat was regarded as a deity. The great Sphinx—"

"Sneaky things," Aunt Lucy said again. "Always caterwauling, always running away—useless." She looked at Tim and she sniffed. She looked at Ali Bey once more, convinced by his bearing, by his words, by the long, patient correspondence which had preceded this meeting. One had to be careful if one had wealth; Aunt Lucy had learned this lesson long ago. The world, it appeared, was filled with knaves, with unprincipled scoundrels who spoke glibly of schemes, of panaceas for the ills of mankind, all of which required money, and most of which were spurious. The only true criterion, Aunt Lucy had long ago decided, was the man himself, his bearing, his attitude, his personality. She studied Ali Bey now. Deceit, fraud, it was clear, would be beneath such a person. "We'll go into the study," she said. "We can talk there." She looked at Tim again, and she sniffed once more. She led the way to the study.

Lucas sat down on the arm of the sofa. She looked at Tim. "She's still angry about Joe. I told you, Tim, I warned you."

"Joe wanted to watch her meditate. So did I. It must have been a thing to see."

"Tim!"

"Well," Tim said. He looked at the closed study door. "There's nothing we can do now." He looked at Lucas, "*Fleece,* I think, is the word. It'll be like taking milk from a kitten."

"If it hadn't been for Joe," Lucas said, "she wouldn't be so stubborn. I tried to talk to her."

"Aunt Lucy," Tim said, "was born stubborn. She was also born with a hole in her head, and Joe had nothing to do with that."

Lucas shifted her attack neatly. "He stole Miss Henderson's sachet, didn't he? Right off her bed."

"That," said Tim, "has nothing at all to do with Aunt Lucy."

Out on the lawn beside the pool, Joe lay at full length, his chin resting on his forepaws, his eyes fixed upon Vincent who was turning back-flips in an all-out effort to entertain. Joe's thoughts were deep and dark, having in them nothing of frivolity, nothing of play. He had tried Aunt Lucy's window and found it closed. He lay quiet now, pondering this, and the breeze moved gently across the yard, bringing with it the spiciness of the carnations, the sounds of a bird, the gentle murmur of Ali Bey's deep voice, the scent of Aunt Lucy's lavender.

It was this last which touched Joe's fancy, which set his whiskers to twinking. Slowly he rose to his feet, his head lifted, his nose working delicately, sampling the evidence. Vincent, ignored, ceased his acrobatics and sat down, his hands clasping his knees and his tail wrapped neatly around his feet. He watched Joe and he chattered softly to himself. Joe chirruped, a small, eager sound. His stub tail rose like a flag. He started toward the house, trotting briskly.

IN THE study, Aunt Lucy sat primly in a small occasional chair. Ali Bey stood before her, smiling. "You have questions, my daughter?"

"Yes," Aunt Lucy said. She was looking up at him, her head lifted in an unnatural position. The jewel in his turban sparkled in the light like a small red mirror, disrupting her vision, confusing her mind. It was of no matter, Aunt Lucy thought, and she tried to ignore the jewel, to concentrate upon her questions. But the questions eluded her and only the jewel remained; that, and Ali Bey's eyes, which had enlarged themselves astonishingly into great bottomless pools of fascination.

Ali Bey said, "It is peace, my daughter, which we all seek, peace and the true enlightenment. To most it comes but rarely as during sleep, sleep when the mind frees itself, sleep when the body's cares are laid aside, sleep . . . sleep . . . sleep . . ." The jewel glittered blindingly.

It was time to blink, Aunt Lucy thought, time to look away, to consider the logic of all this. But her fascination held her, and the jewel seemed to grow, and the eyes stared into her own, and the voice continued soothingly. "One can lift oneself above the toil and the travail of mere living, achieve the true state, the state of peace, almost the state of sleep, perpetual sleep . . ."

Aunt Lucy's lips moved, forming the word *yes,* but no sound came out.

It was going to be easy, Ali Bey thought, easier, even, than he had anticipated, and the adding machine in his mind clicked smoothly, revising upward the amount of the original shakedown. Ten thousand would not be too much, ten thousand for the Temple of Peace, plans and blueprints of which he could show her, if she asked. But she would not. And then small driblets, artfully procured from time to time, five thousand today, seven thousand next month, four thousand at the next bite.

"You are approaching it now, my daughter," Ali Bey said. "You are relaxed, quiescent, peaceful . . ." The sibilants hissed softly, drowsily, and the jewel seemed to grow and grow until its light filled Aunt Lucy's mind. Maybe fifteen thousand would not be too much, Ali Bey thought. It was then that Joe appeared on the window sill, and crouched there, his eyes half closed, his nose working ecstatically.

Ali Bey saw him. Ali Bey's voice continued, without pause, low-pitched, soporific; but Ali Bey's mind took swift cognizance of Joe, considered various possibilities and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discarded them all, settled at last upon complete disregard. It was a mistake.

Joe eyed Aunt Lucy. She was motionless. And she reeked so splendidly. He dropped into the room, glanced once at Ali Bey and decided to ignore him. He moved forward slowly, his whiskers curled briskly, his stub tail high. Behind him, Vincent appeared upon the window sill. He paused there, surveyed the scene and found in it potentialities. He sat down to watch.

AUNT LUCY stared into Ali Bey's eyes; her mind immersed itself in his voice. The odor of lavender filled the room, and Joe, following his nose, closed in upon the source. Three times now he had encountered this magnificent fragrance, and twice the ecstasy had ended too soon; the torn sachet had been a disappointment, the hullabaloo in Aunt Lucy's bedroom an outrage. There was determination now in the set of his great shoulders, in the lowering of his head, in the twinking whiskers. He stood beside Aunt Lucy's ankle. A small purr began, deep within his furry chest.

Ali Bey shifted his weight carefully. His voice continued: "You are sleepy, my daughter, drowsy and at peace. You are approaching the ultimate state, and your mind is beginning to soar . . ." His weight was entirely on his right foot now, the left foot free. He was sweating; perspiration glistened on his forehead and beneath his eyes. He moved his left foot forward until its toe rested against Joe's flank. Joe pushed himself against it, finding the pressure pleasurable. On the window sill, Vincent shivered in anticipatory glee. Ali Bey moved the foot back two or three inches. He had the range now. Holding himself rigid, swinging his leg only from the knee, he kicked. It was his second mistake. Tim, Lucas, Vincent himself, Cook—any of these, or anything in the neighborhood which walked on four legs—could have predicted for Ali Bey's benefit the next move.

Joe spun half around, the purr cut off short. He saw Ali Bey's foot, his unprotected ankle. He chose the ankle for his counterattack, and he slapped it smartly three times, claws extended, drawing, in that brief period, fifteen lines of blood. He heard Ali Bey's high-pitched squeal, which was as it should be, and he moved forward to press his advantage.

Aunt Lucy stirred in her chair. From somewhere, far distant, her mind returned as the squeal echoed and re-echoed in the small room. She looked around, took in the scene, searched in vain for the glittering jewel, which was now only a small red piece of glass set in a turban; listened in vain for the strong commanding voice, which had worked its way toward falsetto and was uttering angry, outraged sounds instead of soothing wisdom. "Well," Aunt Lucy said, and she closed her mouth like a small trap.

Ali Bey, crouching, kicked again, viciously this time. He missed. Joe swarmed aboard the foot and rode it back to position, swinging his blows with the full force of his big shoulders, with the full fury of his rage. He dismounted neatly and circled to his enemy's rear, crouched, and gathered himself. Ali Bey folded at the waist, clasped both ankles with his hands, thereby elevating his undefended rear area. It was his third mistake. Joe pressed his attack, and the rout was on, and from his bleacher seat on the window sill, Vincent chattered encouragement, danced up and down, called upon the world to witness the splendor of this spectacle. The world, or, at least, Tim and Lucas, were neck and neck to the door, and there they paused and stared.

Ali Bey was in the far corner. His turban was askew. He was crouching, holding his fine hands before him in an attitude of supplication. Joe crouched on the rug. Joe's big head was low and the muscles of his shoulders were bunched, and his growl rolled and echoed through the room. His stub tail twitched with rage.

"Take him away!" Ali Bey said. "Please take him away! Please!" He sounded like an ordinary mortal tormented beyond endurance, a fact that was clear and plain to all. Gone the lofty detachment, gone the inspiring confidence. "Please!" Ali Bey said. Aunt Lucy sniffed. She sniffed again.

Tim said, "You having deity trouble, junior? The cat-god displeased with you? Quote him some wisdom." He snapped his fingers, and Joe, heeding, relaxed a trifle.

Aunt Lucy stood up. She looked at Ali Bey. She sniffed yet a third time. She marched out of the room, head high, illusions low.

IT WAS later, much later. Tim and Lucas sat in the living room. They listened politely and attentively to Aunt Lucy's version of the affair. "The man is an impostor," Aunt Lucy said. "I recognized it immediately." She almost believed it herself. "I was unmasking him when the cat appeared." She paused. "Cats," she said. "I don't like them, and they don't like me."

And then came Joe, his stomach warm and pleasant from its second potion of rum. He paused in the doorway and looked around; his nose twitched once, twice, a third time. He curled his whiskers and tasted the fragrance. He located it and headed for it at a trot.

"Cats," said Aunt Lucy, "are—" She stopped there and bent over to stare at Joe, who was rubbing against her ankles, leaning into his work, giving off a throbbing rumble of a purr. "Well," Aunt Lucy said, "I never, in all my born—" Joe lofted himself to the arm of her chair. He sniffed at her. He stepped daintily into her lap and curled himself, looked up into Aunt Lucy's face and purred at her. His whiskers twinked and he opened and closed his great forepaws.

"He likes me," Aunt Lucy said. There was wonder in her voice.

Tim looked at Lucas. Lucas looked at Tim. They said nothing, and Joe's rumbling purr was the only sound in the room.

"Well!" Aunt Lucy said again. She looked at Joe. She lifted one hand, touched Joe's head experimentally. The purr rumbled and throbbed like the beat of distant drums. Aunt Lucy raised her head. She looked at Tim. She sniffed. "Timothy," she said, and there she paused. She sniffed again. "Are they hard to raise?" she said. She snapped her mouth shut. She waited. Tim's face was blank. "Well?" Aunt Lucy said. "Are they? Cats, I mean."

Tim took a deep breath. He shook his head slowly. He got his voice under control. "No harder than hamsters."

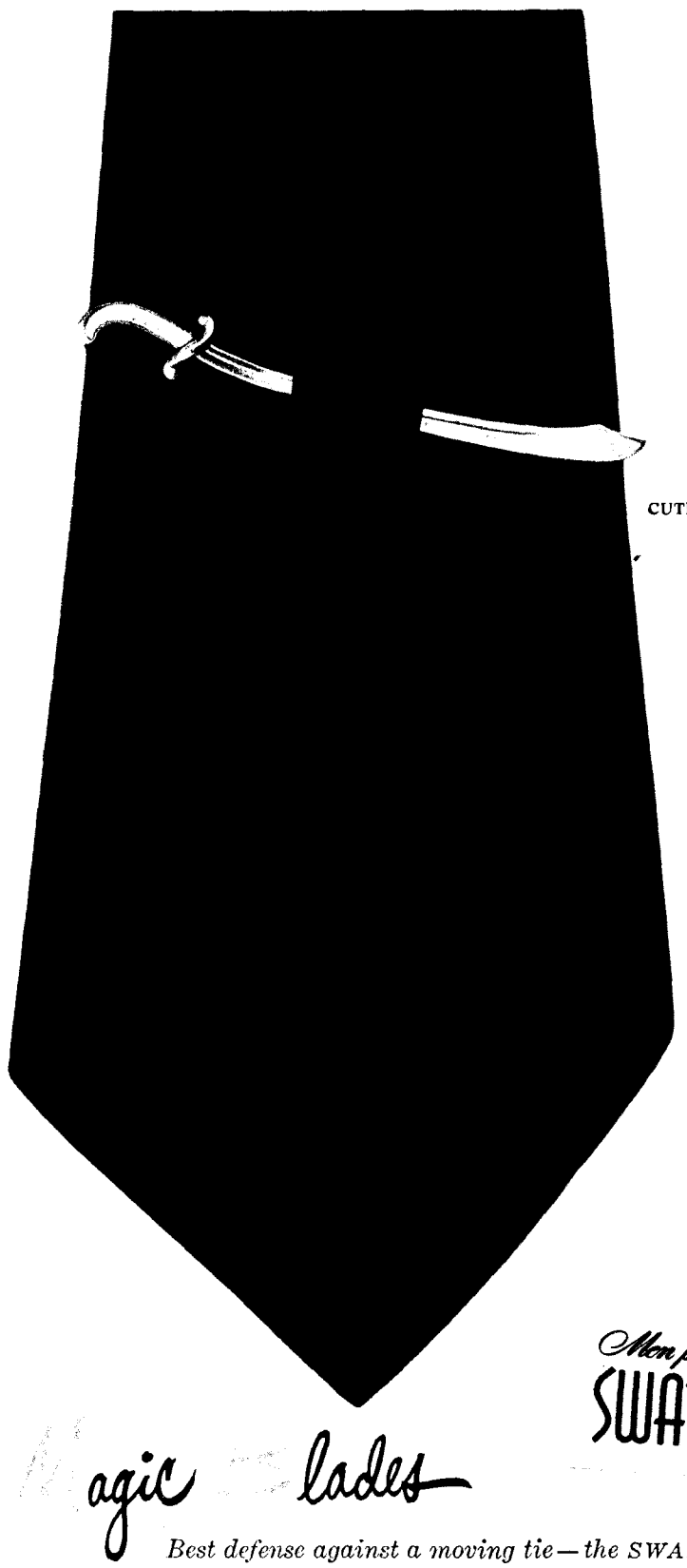
"I just thought I'd ask," Aunt Lucy said.

Tim nodded.

Joe purred on. THE END

"I suppose you think I'm just a fat man at a bar who talks too much . . ."

COLLIER'S BURR SHAFER



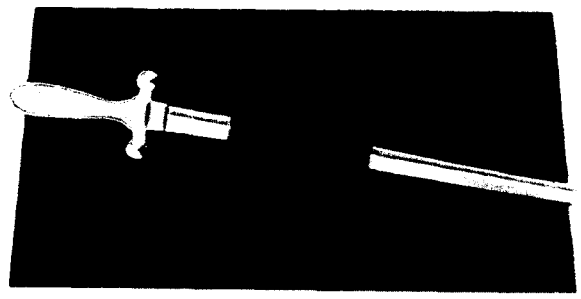
Magic blades

Men prefer SWANK

Best defense against a moving tie—the SWANK Pin Klip. This gleaming blade doesn't pierce your tie—keeps it smartly centered, always. In eye-holding, tie-holding white pearl hilts. Also available in metal hilts. $2.50 each, plus Federal Tax.*

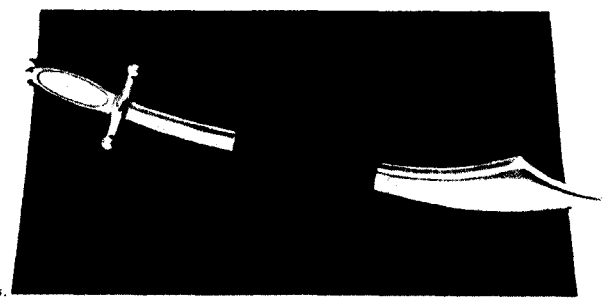
SWANK on jewelry, belts and wallets means QUALITY.

* Patented



DAGGER

SCIMITAR



SWANK—® Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The he-man aroma of that wonderful **TAWN** After-Shave Lotion always does this to me!"

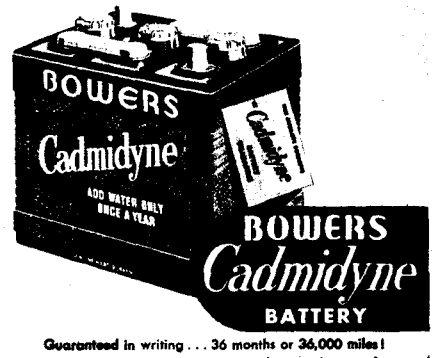
Tawn TOILETRIES

A product of McKESSON & ROBBINS, Inc.
Bridgeport, Connecticut, U. S. A.
Famous for Quality Since 1833

Tawn After-Shave Lotion 75¢*
Tawn Cologne (Deodorant) 75¢*
Tawn Hair Dressing 75¢*
Tawn Shampoo 50¢
Tawn Brushless Shave 50¢
Tawn Lather Cream 50¢
Tawn Shaving Bowl $1.00
Refills 50¢
*plus federal tax

NO MORE NUISANCE • NO MORE WORRY

ADD WATER ONLY ONCE A YEAR



BOWERS Cadmidyne BATTERY

Guaranteed in writing . . . 36 months or 36,000 miles!

BOWERS Battery & Spark Plug Co. • Reading, Pa.

■ Don't let Ol' Man Winter lock you out of your car, garage, home, or shop. Put *Lock-Ease* in your locks! Handy 4-oz. dispenser delivers drops or pressure stream. At hardware and auto supply stores and car service stations. **35¢**

American Grease Stick Co.
Muskegon, Michigan.

Best Protection Against FREEZING • STICKING • RUST

JOLLY TIME POP CORN AT ALL GROCERS

QUICK! EASY!
POPS SO CRISP TENDER-DELICIOUS—NEVER FAILS

JOLLY TIME POP CORN

TOOTHACHE?
For Quick Relief Ask your Druggist for **DENT'S** TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS POULTICE

INCREASE your income in spare time taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for this magazine and all popular publications. *Write to*—
Independent Agency Division
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Got a Cough?

STILL ONLY 5¢

GET DELICIOUS COUGH* RELIEF—
WITH THE "WORLD'S BEST-TASTING COUGH MEDICATION!"
1. Luscious Wild Cherry flavor that *tickles* your taste.
2. Smith Brothers exclusive cough medication that brings real cough relief.
*due to colds

SMITH BROTHERS WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS

Play a Lone Hand

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

was glad to lend it to him. No bribes were ever paid and no threats were ever made, but he wound up a fawning tool of Sebree's." She looked at him. "Do you see how that could happen to a weak man?"

Giff nodded.

"He began to drink in earnest, once he realized he'd been neutralized and put on Sebree's shelf. It killed him, finally. I sold the paper to Kearie to pay off the money Dad had borrowed."

"And then stayed on to work for him?"

Mary shrugged. "It was the easiest thing to do." She gave a short laugh. "The easiest thing to do," she repeated. "I guess I am my father's daughter!" She looked up at him bitterly, as if this talk were anything but pleasant. "Is this instead of horses or flowers?"

Giff put a foot up on the desk, looked down at her and nodded. "It's a subject I like better."

Mary looked pleased. "Then trade with me," she said. "All I know about you is that Doc Miller pried a pound of buckshot out of your front."

Giff scowled, although he was not aware of it, and an uneasy look came into his dark face. "Well, I can't ever remember not being around cattle. I grew up north-south, from Texas to Montana. It doesn't matter where, because they were all alike."

Mary said, "I'll bet you were in school more than I was."

"I learned the alphabet from the directions on a baking-powder can," Giff challenged.

"There are worse teachers," Mary said. "For one, a sheriff's summons."

They both smiled at this and were both silent a moment, as if this sharing of their hard childhood years opened a new and friendly intimacy between them.

Mary asked suddenly, "Where will you go when this is finished?"

"I haven't thought," Giff answered slowly, almost reluctantly.

"Don't you want something of your own, something besides a horse?"

Giff nodded, "I have for a long time, but you don't start a herd on trail drivers' wages. You can get awfully hungry just watching calves grow up." He realized then that his voice had dropped to a sour roughness; he could see the uneasiness in Mary's eyes and he knew this moment of confession was ended. He was just as glad; he had never meant to get into it anyway.

SLIDING off the desk, he reached in his shirt pocket for his sack of tobacco, wondering how to frame his request for another advertisement. He took a long time to fashion his cigarette and before it was finished the door opened and Earl Kearie stepped in.

From beside the door, Kearie demanded, "What are you doing here?"

"Always the businessman," Mary said sharply to Kearie. "Give him a chance to tell me."

"I saw him come in ten minutes ago. He hasn't any business with you," Kearie said flatly. "If this is social, you can save it till later. If it isn't, then the answer is: No more reward notices printed. Tell him to get out."

Giff said softly, "Tell me yourself."

Kearie came over closer to the desk and halted. "You won't get away with it again, Dixon." His voice was flat and angry. "We accept nothing from Welling to be printed in this paper. You were lucky to get by with it once. If I'd been here, you wouldn't have."

"Try being here sometime," Mary suggested.

Giff asked dryly, "Are you having her watched now?"

"That's right."

Giff glanced at Mary and then back at Kearie. "Is she obeying your orders?"

A slow smile lifted Kearie's upper lip. Watching Giff, he said, "Mary, I want you to run this notice tomorrow. Have you got a pencil? 'Five hundred dollars reward will be paid for the delivery of each and every complete copy of the April 17, 1882, issue of the San Dimas County Free Press to the undersigned. Brady Sebree, Torreon Ranch, Corazon, Territory of New Mexico.' "

Giff felt a sudden discouragement then. If this offer were printed, it would end all hope of their getting the April 17th copy. Five hundred dollars was a sum the land office could not match in its reward offer. Both fear of Sebree and the amount of money he was offering would insure Torreon's getting any issue of that date still in existence. It was a clever move and one that cut the ground from under Welling.

When he looked at Mary, there was a lingering surprise still in her face. He asked, "Are you going to print that?" He did not understand the lingering look Mary gave Kearie then. It held something secret and challenging. Finally she glanced up at him and said, "He has the say on that."

She would have to print it, Giff knew, and for a moment watching the open malice in Kearie's face he felt defeated.

Kearie said then, smugness in his tone, "There's such a thing as being so sharp you cut your own throat. Sebree would never have thought of the idea except for your reward notice."

GIFF didn't answer; he was wondering how to prevent Sebree's reward offer from being published. A few days of grace might mean all the difference to the success of Welling's investigation. Sebree's reward would kill it.

Suddenly, he found himself remembering his first meeting with Mary and her derisive description of Kearie and his neglect of his newspaper. He can't set type, Giff thought, and there's no printer. It has to be Mary.

He looked searchingly at Mary, wondering. No, he couldn't ask her to refuse. She had a living to earn. But what if he made it impossible for her to set the notice? He glanced idly back into the shop, and his eyes settled on the type stand.

Then he rammed his hands in his hip pockets, stared at the floor and began to pace the room slowly.

Kearie chuckled. "Thanks for the idea."

On his slow circle, Giff looked up at him, then away. When his circle reached the rear of the type stand, he acted swiftly. With a savage lunge, he hurled his shoulder against the type stand. The upper-case tray tilted over, and then the whole stand rose on its front legs, teetered, and crashed into the composing table. Thousands of pieces of type cascaded onto the floor in one discordant jangle.

Giff wheeled and saw Kearie, his mouth open, rooted in his tracks. Mary had come to her feet, a look of consternation on her face.

"Can you sort out type, Kearie?" Giff asked quietly.

Kearie found his voice then. "Why, you damned idiot! We have a paper to get out! We—" Kearie understood it then; his wrath was controlled as he said, "All you've done is make a night's work for Mary."

Giff watched Mary as she moved past him and halted beside the shattered case, her stance uneven from the scattered type under foot. Then she looked up at him and he saw that she too understood the reason for his act. Kearie could not sort out this tangle in a week. Unless Mary labored at it, there would be no paper printed for days. The choice was squarely up to her. For long seconds she seemed to be considering this and then she regarded Kearie. "Say that again," she said coldly.

"I said it only meant a night's work for you," Kearie repeated and there was an undisguised threat in his voice. Mary began to laugh then. It started softly and grew into wild, almost uncontrolled laughter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kearie looked at her as if she had gone mad. He came over to the desk finally and put both bony hands on it and said, "Stop it! Stop it! You hear?"

Mary's laughter slowly ceased, and when she could talk she said to Kearie, "Even if you knew the alphabet, it would be funny, Earl. But the letters will be upside down to you. Even the final proof notices set up in the forms are pied. And they're six point, so small you'd need a magnifying glass to read them—if you could read." She began to laugh again, and this time Giff smiled. The deep flush in Kearie's sallow face was a measure of his bafflement and rage. Mary stopped laughing again to say, "It would take me three or four days to sort it out. It'll take you a month. Happy hunting."

Kearie said harshly, "Stop that now! You've got to get to work. Tomorrow's press day."

Mary leaned back in her chair and only shook her head slowly from side to side. "It *was* press day, you mean. Lord knows when the next one is."

"You won't do it?" Kearie asked unbelievingly.

"No," Mary said flatly. "Not even if you give me the newspaper."

Giff moved quietly across the room, raising his hand to his hatbrim in salute to Mary before he stepped out.

KEARIE had been watching Mary so intently that he did not notice Giff's departure. He heard the door close, swiveled his head, saw Giff had gone, then returned his attention to Mary. "You can't quit!"

Mary said coldly, "Is Sebree in town?"

Kearie stared at her blankly. "What? I don't know— Oh, yes, he is. What's that got to do with what I'm talking about?"

Mary said, "Have him at Deyo's office in half an hour. You'd better be there too."

Slow suspicion mounted in Kearie's face. He was torn between the wild need to persuade Mary to stay and dread of this new and undefined threat of Mary's.

"Look," he began persuasively, "let's settle this now. You've got—"

"Go away," Mary said coldly. "You be at Deyo's."

At ten o'clock Mary mounted the steps of the land office and went in. She crossed the big room and stepped into Deyo's office. It was a large room holding, besides the rolltop desk, four barrel chairs lined against the wall. Sebree and Earl Kearie occupied two of them. They rose along with Deyo at her entrance and Mary, nodding indifferently, closed the door behind her.

A pleasant feeling of malice came to Mary as she accepted the chair Sebree offered her and sat down. Deyo's jowly face held an uneasy apprehension; Kearie looked worried and beaten. Only Sebree, as he sat down and lighted a cigar, seemed at ease.

He puffed his cigar until it was burning evenly, then regarded Mary with a fatherly expression that she knew was wholly false. "I hope you aren't serious about leaving Kearie," Sebree said mildly. "He's in a hole.

"It's too late to get a printer up from Vegas in time for tomorrow," Sebree went on reasonably. "Why don't you stay on until he comes? If Kearie misses this issue, you know, he'll be in trouble with the government, since he's contracted to publish all these legal forms on specified dates."

"Can't he talk?" Mary asked dryly.

Sebree looked at Kearie. "Of course."

"Well, I don't want to hear him," Mary said. "You either. I didn't call you here to listen to you bargain with me about working." She paused. "It's about the other."

There was a short silence, during which Kearie and Deyo exchanged brief and worried glances. Sebree, however, merely raised an eyebrow.

"What about it?" Sebree asked.

"The price has gone up," Mary said.

There was another silence. Both Kearie and Deyo looked helplessly at Sebree.

"What put that in your mind?" Sebree asked.

"You're offering five hundred dollars for each copy of the April 17th issue, aren't you?"

Sebree nodded.

"That makes my copy—or Albers' copy if you like—at least five hundred dollars more valuable," Mary said.

Sebree stroked one side of his mustache with the third finger of the hand which was holding his cigar. His mild gaze was almost reflective and certainly unworried. "There's a difference in the two, my dear," he said gently. "If I offer five hundred dollars for that issue, I pay when it's delivered into my hands. You won't deliver your copy. You simply threaten to turn it over to the government unless I keep paying. There's a difference, you see."

"I do see," Mary said sweetly. "But it's too fine a difference to bother with." She paused to isolate this. "The price has gone up to one thousand dollars."

"Which I will pay on delivery of your copy," Sebree answered.

Mary sighed and stood up. "Well, don't ever say I didn't give you a chance."

"That's no way to bargain, Mary."

Mary looked down at him and said coldly, "That's what you don't understand,

COLLIER'S "Well . . . back to the old knitting basket!" TOM ZIB

NEW!
"Wonderwate"*
Lighter than an overcoat
Warmer than a topcoat and
blizzard proof!
And Only
MT. ROCK
Has It!
*Trade Mark Pending
Every Winter, *More Men Wear Mt. Rock Coats Because They Fit Better!*
Extra width keeps lapels flat . . .
Extra depth keeps collars snug . . .
Extra balance gives perfect drape
MT. ROCK COATS, ROCHESTER, N. Y. . . . *THEY FIT!*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the whole story in a nutshell

9,000 letters in the palm of your hand!

Microfilming is a photographic process through which documents can be instantly and faithfully copied on 16 mm. film by a microfilm recorder. It reduces filing space requirements by almost 99½%, affords speed and economies unapproached by other duplicating methods. When needed for review, the film can be quickly projected to clear, readable images of original size (or greater) on the microfilm reader.

Hundreds of important business documents condensed and filed in a space no larger than a nutshell?

It can be done in a matter of minutes with Burroughs microfilming!

This ability to save space, save time, should suggest countless, practical ways in which microfilming can be applied in your business—to safeguard articles of incorporation, stockholder lists, personnel records, specifications, formulas and other vital records from possible destruction or damage—to conserve costly storage space—to speed and simplify daily record keeping and accounting procedures.

So take a few moments to find out from Burroughs how the whole story of your business can be "put in a nutshell" through Burroughs microfilming. Let the Burroughs man show you the finest and fastest in modern microfilming equipment, built by Bell and Howell to maintain a tradition of leadership in fine photography. Call your Burroughs office today, or write Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit 32, Michigan.

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S **Burroughs**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grady—I'm not bargaining. I simply want another thousand dollars from you three. In return I promise not to deliver the paper to Welling."

"But you retain the paper," Sebree said stubbornly. He leaned forward in his chair now and said earnestly, "You make a poor crook, Mary. The very essence of blackmail is not to crowd it too far. You're crowding it."

Mary nodded in agreement. "I have to."

Sebree's eyebrows lifted. "Why? Has something happened?"

"Not yet, but it will," Mary said. "You of all people should see that."

Sebree frowned and his gaze still held hers. "Explain that to me."

"Giff Dixon," Mary said slowly. "He's going to pull the roof down on all of us."

"And whose fault will it be if he does?" Sebree asked coldly. "*You* were the one who accepted his reward notice for the April 17th copy. *You* printed it without showing it to Kearie or me or Deyo. That started him out."

"Are you scolding me again?" Mary asked dryly. "I explained that. I printed it because I knew it would scare you. I knew it would double the value of my copy or make it worthless. It's doubled it. That's what I'm telling you now, thanks to Dixon."

"But now you're scared of him," Sebree pointed out. "He's stampeding you."

HIS tone was mildly scoffing and, hearing it, Mary felt a sudden and unexplained anger. She spoke with scorn then. "What kind of a judge of men are you, Mr. Sebree? He knows you killed Albers; he told the whole town. He laid that bully boy foreman of yours flat on a saloon floor with a broken jaw. He went right into your cookshack and walloped one of your hands. He put Kearie out of business just as surely as if he had taken a sledge hammer to the press. And you aren't worried!"

Sebree's faint smile lifted a corner of his mustache. "He'll be taken care of at the right time."

A cold alarm touched Mary then and held her mute for a moment. "Oh, no, he won't! Not by you!" Her voice had a faint quaver in it that she could not suppress, as she went on, "That's why I keep the paper. If anything happens to Dixon, Welling gets my copy. You could get away with Dixon's murder so far as Edwards is concerned, but try it—and the big, bad federal government has caught up with you."

"Sit down, please," Sebree said wearily.

Mary had regained some of her composure and she sat down again. She had the upper hand now and she intended to keep it. "I would like my thousand dollars in cash as usual at five o'clock tomorrow evening."

Sebree was watching her with sober attention. "This is your last demand, of course," he said, "or do you reserve a woman's privilege of changing her mind?"

"Yes, it's the last. I'm just getting it while you've got it, Sebree. Or can you write checks in jail?"

Deyo said fretfully, "I wish you wouldn't keep saying that."

Sebree said slowly, "I'd be willing to pay this time if I had some assurance that you wouldn't take the newspaper straight to Welling after you collected the money."

"Did I before?" Mary countered.

Sebree's gaze was searching, "No. But before, you didn't claim to see the end in sight. Now you do. Is that because you intend to bring the end yourself?"

"You'll have to take my word for it that I don't. Once you're in jail, I'll burn the paper."

"Don't say that!" Deyo's voice was high and almost hysterical.

Mary stood up, looked at Deyo and said, "Poor little man! You've been a nice puppy to Sebree. I wonder if the government will have a special kennel for you?"

She glanced at Sebree then. "Tomorrow night," she reminded him.

Sebree nodded. Neither of the three men stood up as she walked across the room and let herself out, closing the door behind her.

After she had gone, there were long seconds of gloomy silence.

Kearie burst out, "Damn the day she found that newspaper!"

"Stole it, you mean," Deyo said sourly.

Sebree glanced over at Deyo and said quietly, "You're doing her an injustice, Ross. She's a nice tough-minded girl. She's no petty thief."

"What's petty about the money she's got from us?"

Sebree smiled, "I take the 'petty' back. But she's no thief."

"Well, damn the day anyway, no matter what she is!" Kearie said. "Albers could have kept it for a year and would still have been scared to use it. I wish he had it now."

Sebree said softly, "I don't."

The two men regarded him with an expression of puzzlement on their faces. Kearie finally asked, "Why not?"

"Albers was the kind who would hunt up a man tougher than he was to blackmail us, and then claim a split of the profit. We are lucky we are dealing with a woman." He smiled slightly. "We'll get that paper."

Deyo said, "When we're all flat broke, sure!"

"We'll have it back soon and without paying any more money for it," Sebree stated.

Kearie and Deyo watched him a minute, disbelief on their faces. Sebree looked from one to the other and then his glance settled on Deyo. "Ross, were you listening carefully when she threatened to turn over the paper to Welling if anything happened to Dixon?"

Deyo nodded.

"How carefully?" Sebree insisted.

"Why—she was mad," Deyo said. He frowned as he tried to remember her words.

"No she wasn't," Sebree said softly. "She was scared."

"Of what?" Kearie asked.

Sebree spread his hands, "Of what might happen to Dixon. Are you blind? She loves the man." He looked at each of them as they considered this.

It was Kearie who spoke first. "Suppose she does? How does that get us the paper? She'd give it to *him* if she were going to give it to anybody."

Sebree leaned back in his chair and sighed. "You're thick, Kearie. So are you, Deyo. Good God, how plain does it have to be?" Now he bent forward in his chair and spoke earnestly to them both. "All we have to do is get hold of Dixon and keep him; then let her ransom him back with a copy of the newspaper!"

He waited, watching the vast relief flood into the faces of his confederates. Finally Kearie threw back his head and laughed. Just as suddenly he sobered and said glumly, "I don't know why I'm laughing. That won't put out my paper tomorrow."

CLOSING the door of his hotel room behind him, Giff lighted the lamp on his dresser, then crossed to the window and opened it. The imprisoned heat of the day began to escape from the room as he moved over to his bed and, sitting on the edge of it, pulled off his boots. Rising, he unstrapped his shell belt and hung it over the back of the chair beside his bed. Then, yawning widely, he stripped off his shirt. He was hanging it on the chair back when a soft knock came at his door.

Reaching for his gun, he said, "Come in," and watched the door open quickly. A tall puncher in work-soiled clothes slipped into the room and closed the door.

"You still want that newspaper?" he asked.

Giff's heart gave a leap of excitement. "Have you got it? The April 17th issue of last year?"

The puncher nodded. "Good as. My old pappy found a copy."

"Where is it?"

"Why—home," the puncher said. "You don't think I'd bring it with me. There's three Torreon hands watching the lobby now."

Giff said, "Then they know you're here, don't they?"

The puncher shook his head. "Not me. I took a look into the lobby and then come up the back way."

Cass's prediction had been fairly accurate. Giff thought. People were afraid to approach Welling knowing Sebree would be watching him. Giff regarded the man before him in silent judgment. He did not like the looks of the puncher; he was needlessly dirty and was uneasy under Giff's close examination. But this was no time for judgment. If the man had the paper that was all that was necessary. "Where do you live?"

"Florence Creek, four miles west."

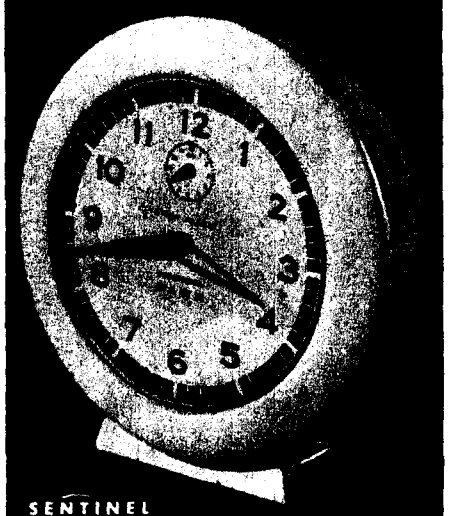
Giff hesitated, a wariness he could not define making him reluctant to move. He said presently, "Welling advertised for the paper. Why didn't you hunt him out?"

The puncher was shaking his head before Giff had finished. "Uh-uh. He'd get drunk and tell Sebree who sold him the paper."

"What's Sebree got to do with it?"

"It's all over town that something in this

COLLIER'S "What happened to pushbutton war?" CHON DAY

See them... heft them... wind them... price them!
TWO NEW
SENTINEL
Alarm Clocks
Here's top quality and beauty priced so moderately you'll want to replace all your old one-day alarm clocks with these new Sentinels.

SENTINEL Dawn 8-DAY ALARM
Compare it with leading one-day clocks! This eight-day alarm clock can't be over-wound. Felt padded base. Balance electronically inspected and radar timed $4.95* EVERYWHERE. $5.50* with Radium.

SENTINEL LITTLE Dal ALARM CLOCK
Really small but easy to read. 40-hour movement. Felt padded base. Single finger fitted key winds time and alarm. Can't be over-wound. Electronic inspection and radar timing bring modern precision to these clocks.
$3.95* EVERYWHERE. $4.50* with Radium.
*Plus tax. Prices subject to change.
Both created by Dreyfuss, world famous designer, Made by E. Ingraham Company Bristol, Conn., U.S.A.
THE SENTINEL LINE OF Clocks and Watches

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Millions of bottles are bought by men who like that

clear clean taste

Taste is mighty tough to put into words. But take a look at the delighted gleam in Br'er Rabbit's eyes as he nibbles his carrot and you'll appreciate what we mean by "clear, clean taste". It's that clear, clean taste that has set millions of men calling for PM every p.m. Try it and enjoy it.

PM

DE LUXE

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 67½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paper will mean jail for Sebree. Isn't that right?"

Giff didn't answer. He asked abruptly, "What's on the front page of that issue?"

"Besides April 17, 1882? I don't know; I didn't look."

Giff moved over, picked up his shirt and got into it, then pulled on his boots. The puncher, suddenly not interested in him, had moved to the door and had his ear to it listening. The man's transparent fear of discovery was somehow reassuring.

Giff picked up his hat and considered his next move. It would be dangerous to take out a livery horse, since undoubtedly the livery was being watched too.

"I brought a horse, if that's what's worrying you," the man said. "He's tied at the edge of town."

A kind of balkiness that he realized was foolish made Giff want to probe further; this was the moment he had been waiting for; yet when it was offered to him he had to examine it as he would a horse that seemed too much of a bargain. Wanting more time, he asked irrelevantly, "What makes you think I won't tell Sebree you sold me the paper?"

"You don't know my name, and you won't. I don't even live on Florence Creek. You'll wait for me at a crossroads outside of town. I'll get the paper and give it to you when you give me the money."

Good man, Giff thought, and his suspicion died. He asked, "Down the back way?"

The puncher nodded. "Suit yourself, but I think that's best."

GIFF signaled him to open the door. The man did so slowly and took a long look up and down the hall before he stepped out.

Giff moved into the hall, closed the door gently behind him and followed the puncher down the dimly lit corridor. At a cross passage the man turned left, and Giff saw that the door of the fire escape was open. The puncher halted by the door and said, "That stair rail is loose. Better keep close to the building."

Then he started down the stairs and vanished into the night.

Giff stepped outside and felt for the first step. Once he found it, he followed the man's advice and began the descent of the steps. Slowly his eyes accustomed themselves to the pitch-black night; a diffused light from town barely illuminated the puncher's figure as he hit the alley, paused a moment to make sure Giff was following, then crept around the corner of the hotel.

Unconsciously Giff hurried the last few steps and took the corner at a half run. He saw the waiting men too late and knew then that he was trapped. The gun barrel—aimed for his head in a down-falling arc—was too swift to dodge. He felt only a blinding pain and then nothing.

WHEN the stage pulled out of Taltal in a thunder across the bridge, Bentham turned back into the deserted bar.

This was the night he was going. He had given it much thought and had concluded the way to do it was quietly, without letting Sarita know he was leaving. As he rinsed out the glasses and put them on the back bar, he realized this was the last time he would do that chore. In another hour, as soon as Sarita was asleep, he would take a horse from the corral and leave, heading first for Taos and then south to the border.

He busied himself about the bar counting all the hotel's cash, and pocketing it. If Dixon had given him more time, he could have quietly sold every building, all the stock and every stick of furniture on the place. As it was, he thought sourly, he was leaving only with pocket money.

When he heard the Mexican woman close the back door on her way to her quarters, he moved over and blew the overhead kerosene lamps out. He wanted no late customers tonight. Picking up the lamp from the dining-room table, he tramped upstairs and down the corridor to his room.

From under his bed he drew out a heavy cloth bag. He was a neat man and the prospect of putting clean clothes into a sack to be tied behind his saddle was not a pleasing one, but even he knew a suitcase was too awkward to handle on horseback. He set about packing his few belongings into his bag. Occasionally he paused and looked out the window into the night. The big building was utterly quiet, save for an occasional creak of the roof timbers cooling off from the day's sun.

Oddly and against his will he felt a reluctance to leave this place. Such as it was, it had been his home for two years. Its quiet had never palled on him and he supposed that was because he was getting to be an old man. The thought that again he would have to make his meager living in a world of younger men was frightening. The border towns were best for his purpose, even if they were poorer. His age and the fact that he was an American would be in his favor among the hard-drinking Mexican gamblers. It wasn't much to look forward to but it could be a living if he was careful. Anything was worth it, so long as Sebree got what was coming to him.

He was standing before his bureau drawer trying to choose five shirts from the dozen and a half lying before him when he heard above the rush of the creek the sound of a trotting team and the rattle of iron tires on the rough canyon road downstream. Quickly he moved to the lamp and blew it out. Then he came back to the window and stared out into the dark. Presently, he distinguished the sound of two other horses besides the team. They made a tremendous racket as they crossed the bridge and pulled up in front of the saloon where, screened by the black night, they halted.

Someone bawled irritably, "Bentham! Bentham!" and he recognized with a sudden feeling of guilt the voice of Traff. Had Sebree discovered his treason already? He thought carefully and because his whole life had been a gamble, he gambled now. Poking his head out the window he called, "What is it?"

"Open up! Get some light in the place!" Traff's voice still held annoyance.

Bentham struck a match, pulled out his handkerchief to hold the still-hot chimney, lighted the lamp and went downstairs with it. Placing it on the bar, he unlocked the saloon door, then came back and lighted the overhead lamps.

Outside, there was a grunting commotion and the stamping of heavy boots on the porch which he could not understand until Traff came through the door. Three men followed him carrying the body of a fourth man between them. With a sense of shock, Bentham looked again at Traff. The whole right side of his face was swollen and purple and his eyes, bleared and pain-racked, were barely open. He looked, Bentham thought, as if he had fallen headfirst down a mine shaft.

Traff said in a rough voice, "Dump him on the floor," and walked straight for the bar. "Whisky, Bentham; hurry it up!"

But Bentham stood motionless, regarding the man the Torreon hands had eased to the floor.

It was Dixon, dirty, bloody and bound.

For long seconds Bentham looked at him, trying to still the panic rising within him. This was the man in whose hands he had placed his very life. As Bentham walked to the bar, he decided that Dixon had not betrayed him, else Traff's greeting would have been different. His still, contained face was expressionless as he set a bottle and shot glass in front of Traff.

Traff irritably pushed the shot glass aside and said, "Give me a water glass."

Bentham took one from the back bar and watched Traff half fill it with whisky and gulp it down.

When Traff had recovered his breath, Bentham said, "What happened to you?"

"I've about a yard of baling wire holding a broken jaw together," Traff said sourly. "It hurts to talk, so don't ask questions."

TRAFF wheeled from the bar and went to the three Torreon hands standing over Dixon. Bentham briefly examined the three and knew that this was trouble. Two of them were young and wild-faced men, barely older than boys. They were the kind of reckless, tough trash that Sebree paid well and kept in isolated line camps.

Traff said, "Stand him up." A man grabbed each of Dixon's arms and hauled him to his feet facing Traff. Blood and dust had matted Dixon's hair and there was a sick whiteness about his mouth. The hatred in his dark eyes, however, was a shining thing that chilled Bentham.

Without so much as a word of warning, Traff spread his feet and savagely drove his fisted hand into Dixon's belly.

Dixon jackknifed and Traff, moving in to him, lifted a knee into Dixon's face. It was quick and final. Dixon slumped to the floor and lay motionless. Traff regarded him thoughtfully, then kicked him in the head. Dixon did not move.

Traff turned and beckoned Bentham to him. If it was coming at all, it would be now, Bentham knew; but he moved up to Traff with total unconcern in his face.

"You got an attic in this place?" Traff

Beginning Next Week

[illegible] author of [illegible] Asphalt Jungle

RACKET ALLEY

By W. R. BURNETT

Where is Racket Alley? Racket Alley is in any big town where crime is an organized business, and where the smart guy takes what the dumb guy is willing to lose. Racket Alley, in this novel, runs from a dingy bookie joint in the 17th Ward to a mansion in the best part of town. The alley is dark, and violent, and corrupt. It's an alley that a man named Arky moved along, carrying protection money from Mister Little to Mister Big.

Arky collected the take. He was a puzzle, a paradox—too restless for Dry River, Arkansas; too hick for the Big City. He was quiet, because it was smart to be quiet. And he was tough, because he had to be tough. He had courage, and contempt for weakness. He knew about the double cross, but he was loyal to the hero he worshiped. He could be cruel, and he could be gentle; compassionate—and vindictive. He played dirty in a dirty business, and yet he had a kind of left-handed dignity that even his enemies respected. He wanted a bad girl and got a good girl—and made her love him

"TOPS" for the Home, for Athletic Clubs, for Reducing Salons—for MEN and WOMEN!

Enjoy the relaxing, stimulating benefits of efficient *vibratory massage!* Health Builder gives you pleasant, scientific deep-tissue manipulation —"at the snap of a switch." Helps weight and figure problems, muscle-toning, blood circulation. *Widely used in Health Institutions.* Built for years of service—fully guaranteed. WRITE today for literature and new booklet, "BE GOOD TO YOURSELF!"

Battle Creek EQUIPMENT CO.
Battle Creek 40, Mich.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST
Use DERMOIL

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 3925 Strathmoor Station, Dept. 9123, Detroit 27, Mich.

THE FUNNIEST GIFT EVER!

Yakity-Yak Talking Teeth

ONLY $1 POSTPAID

Do you know people who "yakity-yak" constantly? Create a sensation by placing Talking Teeth before them. No dentist ever saw plates like these! They're amazingly realistic and chatter away by means of a concealed motor. A howling hit at card games, parties, business conferences, club meetings, etc. The biggest laughs you've had for a dollar! At novelty counters everywhere or order direct. Get several, too, as gifts.

FISHLOVE INDUSTRIES, Dept. T-21, 712 N. Franklin St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"

Without Painful Backache

As we get older, stress and strain, over-exertion, excessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slows down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness.

If your discomforts are due to these causes, don't wait, try Doan's Pills, a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. While these symptoms may often otherwise occur, it's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

Get Well QUICKER
From Your Cough Due to a Cold
FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

FALSE TEETH
KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 5007-L, ELMIRA, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY
Collier's Encyclopedia

Covers the World a to Z

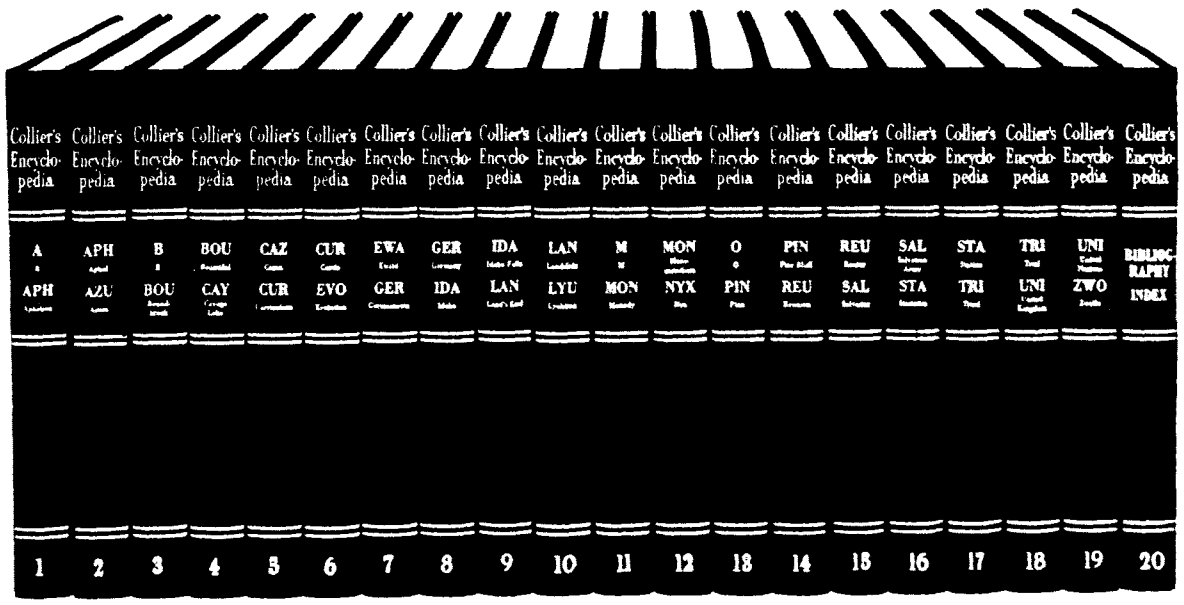
YES, Collier's Encyclopedia covers the world from A to Z in crisp, crystal-clear, easy-to-read articles written by more than 2,000 outstanding educators, librarians, and business leaders . . . dramatized with over 10,000 natural-color and black-and-white illustrations and 126 new Rand McNally maps in four colors.

The knowledge and culture of the centuries in 20 Volumes . . . to satisfy your curiosity about people, places and things . . . here's history, from antiquity to the nineteen fifties! Geography, from Alaska to Zambesi! Science, from the invention of the wheel to hydrogen bomb! Biography, from Confucius to Churchill! Art, from cave drawings to Picasso! Religion, literature, social customs, sports . . . valuable information about anything and everything at your finger tips in Collier's Encyclopedia, the up-to-date, authoritative reference work that includes the thousands of changes brought about by World War II and postwar events.

Over two million dollars and four years of editorial effort have gone into this encyclopedia. Careful planning, detailed research, and hundreds of hours of writing and editing have paid off . . . the result: a completely new reference work that meets the needs of every member of the family, every school, library and office.

BOUND FOR CONSTANT USAGE AND TO ADD LASTING BEAUTY TO YOUR BOOKSHELF

Each of the 20 volumes is a masterpiece of binding craftsmanship. The cover is a handsome red and black, morocco-grained Du Pont Fabrikoid (which is moistureproof). The stamping is genuine 22-karat gold for beauty and readability. The excellent machine-coated pages are rigidly secured into each volume by the famed McCain sewing process; pages will lie flat wherever the volume is opened and they simply cannot work loose and fall out.



COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA Co-23
CROWELL-COLLIER BUILDING
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me without obligation your multi-color booklet describing Collier's Encyclopedia and information on how I can own this wonderful reference library on convenient budget terms.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
FOR colorful 24-page Booklet

CONVENIENT BUDGET PAYMENT TERMS

Collier's Encyclopedia

ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT REFERENCE WORKS OF OUR TIME

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asked. When Bentham said he did, Traff said, "Show me."

Bentham led the way upstairs. At the far end of the corridor was a trap door in the ceiling. A ladder rested against the wall. Bentham put the ladder in place, climbed up and lifted the trap door back into the attic. Traff climbed up behind him and, flicking a match alight on his thumbnail, looked about him. The pitch of the roof was steep, against the heavy mountain snows, so that the attic was roomy; it had no windows and only the small holes under the heavy ridge timber provided ventilation. A few planks were stretched across the joists and on them were two trunks, both open, a stack of empty bushel baskets, a rusted ax and two shuck mattresses. The close stifling heat of the room almost gagged Bentham.

Traff grunted, walked across the planks to the trunks, looked in to make sure they were empty, picked up the ax and then the match died. Traff struck another match and then motioned Bentham to precede him down the ladder. Once in the corridor, Traff leaned the ax against the wall and said, "That'll do."

"It'll fry him in the daytime," Bentham said quietly.

"Good." Again Traff motioned Bentham to move on. Sarita was standing in the doorway of her room, a blanket around her. Neither Traff nor Bentham indicated that he had noticed her.

DOWN in the saloon again, Traff asked for a lantern. When Bentham brought one from the kitchen Traff directed the three men to carry Dixon to the attic, and he followed their unsteady progress up the stairs and up the ladder. Bentham lagged behind, watching, his mind in a turmoil of conjecture.

Before the three men had descended from the attic, Traff opened the door of one of the rooms, went inside and came out with a straight-backed chair which he set in the corridor at the foot of the ladder and against the wall. When the three Torreon hands were once more in the corridor, Traff gave his directions. He said to two of them, "One of you sleep; the other sit in that chair. If he gets out of there, you're dead, both of you." Traff beckoned the third man and then walked down the hall to confront Bentham. "I'm going. Feed them, and him too," he said and jerked his head toward the attic ladder. "Come on, Barney," he said to the third man, and the two of them went on down the stairs and out of the saloon.

Descending the steps, Bentham heard the buckboard and one saddle horse move across the bridge and down the canyon. He locked the saloon door and then moved over to one of the tables, drew out a chair and slowly sat down.

I'm trapped, he thought bleakly. He couldn't leave now without arousing suspicion, and surely under further beating Dixon would talk. His own treason would be part of that talk. With a galling bitterness he recalled his previous judgment of Dixon as the man who would down Sebree. What insane impulse had prompted him to confess to Dixon his hatred of Sebree that night? And why had he thought that Dixon, only an ordinarily tough but lucky man, was something special? There was nothing special about him tonight as he lay bloody and helpless and beaten.

Drawn by the magnet of self-pity, his thoughts returned to his own predicament. He couldn't leave here and he couldn't stay. The only thing he could do was sit tight, play out his hand, and hope to dodge what was coming. Rising with a sigh, he blew out the lights and went upstairs to uneasy sleep.

Next morning Sarita greeted him in the kitchen with a kind of cautious neutrality. When the cook was in the dining room, Sarita asked, "What went on last night?"

Bentham shrugged, "My orders are to feed them."

"Two of them?"

Bentham eyed her coldly, saying, "Dixon's locked in the attic."

Sarita held his gaze a moment, then looked away. She's Grady's, all right, he thought. She's even scared to ask questions.

He hung around the dining room until Sarita came out with a loaded tray. Intercepting her as she headed for the stairs, he said, "Put a pitcher of water on that," and took the tray. When she had fetched the water, he carried the tray upstairs and down the corridor.

One of the Torreon hands, ringed by a circle of ashes and cigarette butts, sat with his chair tilted back against the wall. At Bentham's approach, he rose and said, "I'll take that to him."

Bentham eyed him coldly, "Get out of the way, son."

The young puncher backed up a step but he was not giving way, Bentham knew. He only wanted room for anything that might happen.

Bentham took a chance then. He said dryly, "I knew Sebree when you had to climb a fence to get on a pony. Now get out of my way and set that ladder up."

The younger man said softly, "Set it up yourself, Pop." But he went back to his chair.

BENTHAM set the tray on the floor, put the ladder in place, and then ascended to the attic. The light here was dim and he could barely make out Dixon's form lying on the shuck mattress. Walking over to him, he halted and said in a low voice, "Are you awake?"

"Put it down," Dixon whispered hoarsely.

As Bentham knelt to put the tray beside him, Dixon said softly, "You got a gun on you?"

"No."

"How many down there?"

"Four," Bentham lied.

"Bring me a gun next trip."

"What does he know about me?" Bentham asked.

"Nothing," Dixon whispered. "Don't worry. Just get me a gun."

Bentham rose and looked down at him for long seconds. "Are you too hurt to handle one?"

"I'll handle it. Just get it to me."

Bentham said all right and turned and descended through the trap door. He did not go downstairs, but went to his room and softly closed the door. He sank into the rocking chair, put his feet on the bed and stared thoughtfully at the wall. This was his moment of choice. He could get a gun to Dixon with no difficulty. But should I? he wondered.

Suppose he got the gun to him. Dixon could kill one of his guards for certain, and with any luck, the other; but what Dixon would do afterward deeply troubled Bentham. If he read Dixon's character correctly, Dixon would make a try for Sebree. It would be a wild, reckless and deadly try. *But will it work in time to save my hide?*

For long minutes Bentham considered this question with dismal foreknowledge of what his answer would be. He was a gambler by profession, he reflected, and he should be expert in assessing odds. What were Dixon's chances of success? About forty to one, he thought.

It was at that moment that Bentham knew the answer. A man was a fool to gamble at those odds. A young and reckless man might, but he was old and tired. And afraid, he thought calmly. I've always been afraid, and I still am.

He lost track of the time he spent in pondering this. Only a sharp knock on his door brought him into the present. Rising, he moved over and opened the door to find the same cold-faced young guard standing before him.

"He wants you to bring him another pitcher of water, Pop."

This was his last chance, Bentham knew. He could make his gamble and take the gun up to Dixon.

"All right, *you* take him one," Bentham said, and he closed the door.

When he came downstairs an hour later, he complained to Sarita of a toothache. By noon, he was groaning so loudly in his room that even the Torreon hands could hear him.

By that evening, his cheeks were pouched out with wadded paper and he reeked of oil of cloves. Nobody thought it strange, least of all the two Torreon hands, that he should take the stage that night to Taos and a dentist. Nobody knew that he would never return.

(To be concluded next week)

BUTCH

"I didn't get hardly nothin' done all day, Slug. They had me down at police headquarters for questionin' "

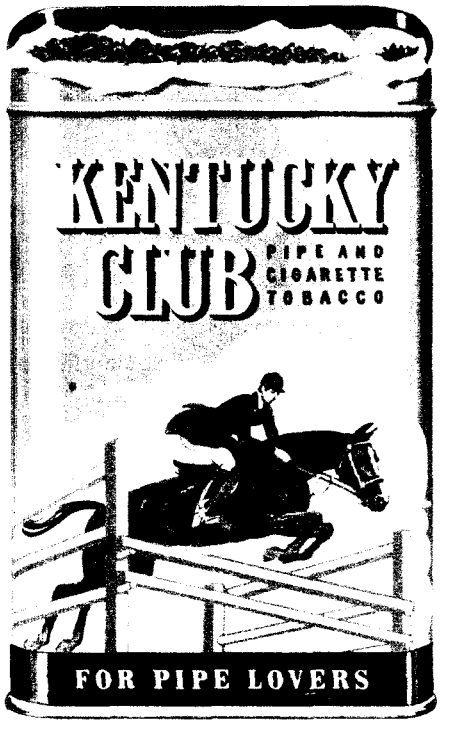
COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

Pick the Thoroughbred of Pipe Tobaccos

YOUR FIRST PIPEFUL WILL PROVE KENTUCKY CLUB IS A THOROUGHBRED

You get more smoking pleasure for your money when you buy Kentucky Club. It's the thoroughbred of pipe tobaccos—choice white Burley specially blended to give you a smooth, mild smoke—cool burning—with grand taste and aroma. You don't have to pay fancy prices for Kentucky Club. Get a tin today.

Produced by the Makers of Famous
MAIL POUCH TOBACCO
Wheeling, West Virginia



FINE PIPES AT BIG SAVINGS

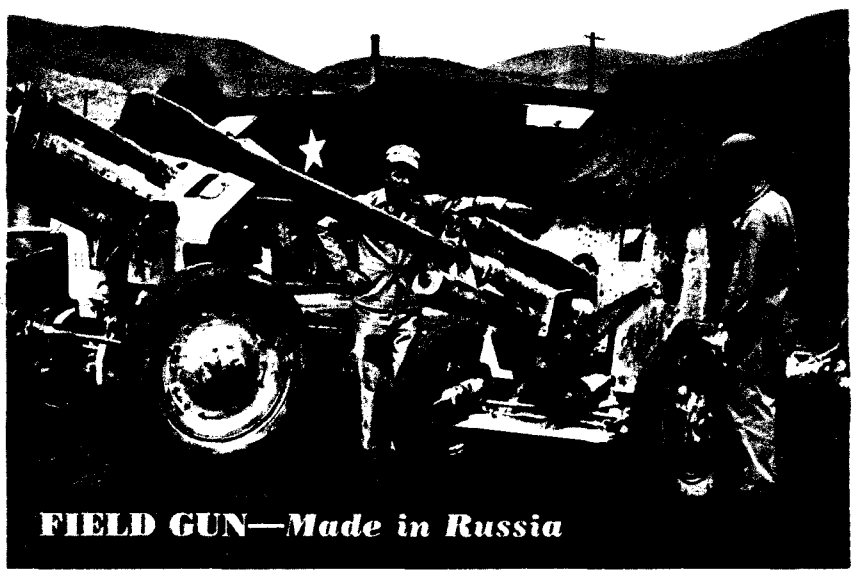
Kentucky Club Dividend Coupons (one in every tin and canister) offer you a rare opportunity to obtain choice pipes at a fraction of regular prices. Full details on Dividend Coupon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBMACHINE GUN—*Made in Russia*

ARTILLERY SHELLS—*Made in Russia*

ARMORED CAR—*Made in Russia*



FIELD GUN—*Made in Russia*

Here's the Evidence: Let's Remember It

AT A TIME when Soviet diplomats once again have been sweet-talking the United Nations, it seems appropriate to publish the pictures on this page. You may have seen them before. They are pictures of the Russian-made tools of North Korean aggression. Some of them bear a 1950 date, although Russia has assured the UN that it has sold no arms to the Korean Communists since 1948.

Without these Russian weapons there would have been no Korean war. Without them, thousands of American casualties and tens of thousands of South Korean soldiers and civilians would be alive and whole today.

But for all their slaughter, Russian arms failed to conquer Korea. And no sooner had the tide turned against the Kremlin's Korean stooges than the vituperative Mr. Malik was turned off like a faucet, and Mr. Vishinsky, full of charm and smiles, appeared on the scene. This about-face is surely no coincidence. It has happened before. When their snarling bluster has been met by strength and resolution, the Russians so far have backed down and transformed themselves overnight into champions of peace and lovers of sweet reason.

So now the Kremlin is graciously disposed to consider a Japanese peace treaty. It introduces in the United Nations an impressively titled Declaration on the Removal of the Threat of a New War and the Strengthening of Peace and Security among the Nations. Its seven satellite states make pious protests against the proposed rearmament of Western Germany; and its Mr. Vishinsky again insists that Communism and capitalism can live side by side, and hints that he might be willing to talk about atomic controls.

It might seem remarkable that such transparent tactics fool anybody. But they do. And so long as wishful thinking remains a part of human nature, they probably will continue to fool a lot of people. We all want agreement with Russia. Our government wants it. So do the governments of other free countries. They have been waiting for five years, first in disappointment, then in exasperation, and finally in a realization of their true danger, for the day when Stalin is ready to meet with those governments in a spirit of honesty and sincerity and end this uneasy state which is neither war nor peace.

It is not unnatural, then, that every time Mr. Vishinsky is ordered to "roar you as gently as any sucking dove," like Bottom in A Midsummer Night's Dream, there are people who think hopefully: This is it.

We can understand their feeling. But we think that they should look about them and remember before they accuse the American government of an overly adamant attitude. Let them remember that the Russians have been amiable only when America has been firm. Let them remember Korea, and the phony German elections, and the diplomacy by starvation which was the intent of the Berlin blockade, and other deeds which are a direct contradiction of the Russians' occasional peace-loving palaver.

Someday, God willing, the West will reach a point of strength and unity where the Kremlin will truthfully offer to take the first steps toward agreement, disarmament and peace. But in the meantime it is still necessary to judge the Russians by their actions, not by their words.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crisp, Cool Touch that Makes the Meal—

Mrs. Fanning's original recipe

The Famous BREAD and BUTTER PICKLES

No other pickle
adds more flavor,
goes so well with
so many foods!
Not sour,
not sweet,
just right!
CHILL and
serve these
crisp, spicy
slices of
sun-ripened
cucumbers often.
New pack now
at your grocer's!

Get a jar soon.

Just what fish needs!

The sandwich-maker's delight!

Secret of successful salads!

Happy touch with hamburgers and most meats!

The spicy note on cold plates!

*TRADEMARK
"BREAD AND BUTTER"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How MILD can a cigarette be?

NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORT ON 30-DAY TEST OF CAMEL SMOKERS...

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking

Camels

Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days.

"My throat sure gets a workout, so it's easy to see why I smoke the mild cigarette... CAMEL!"

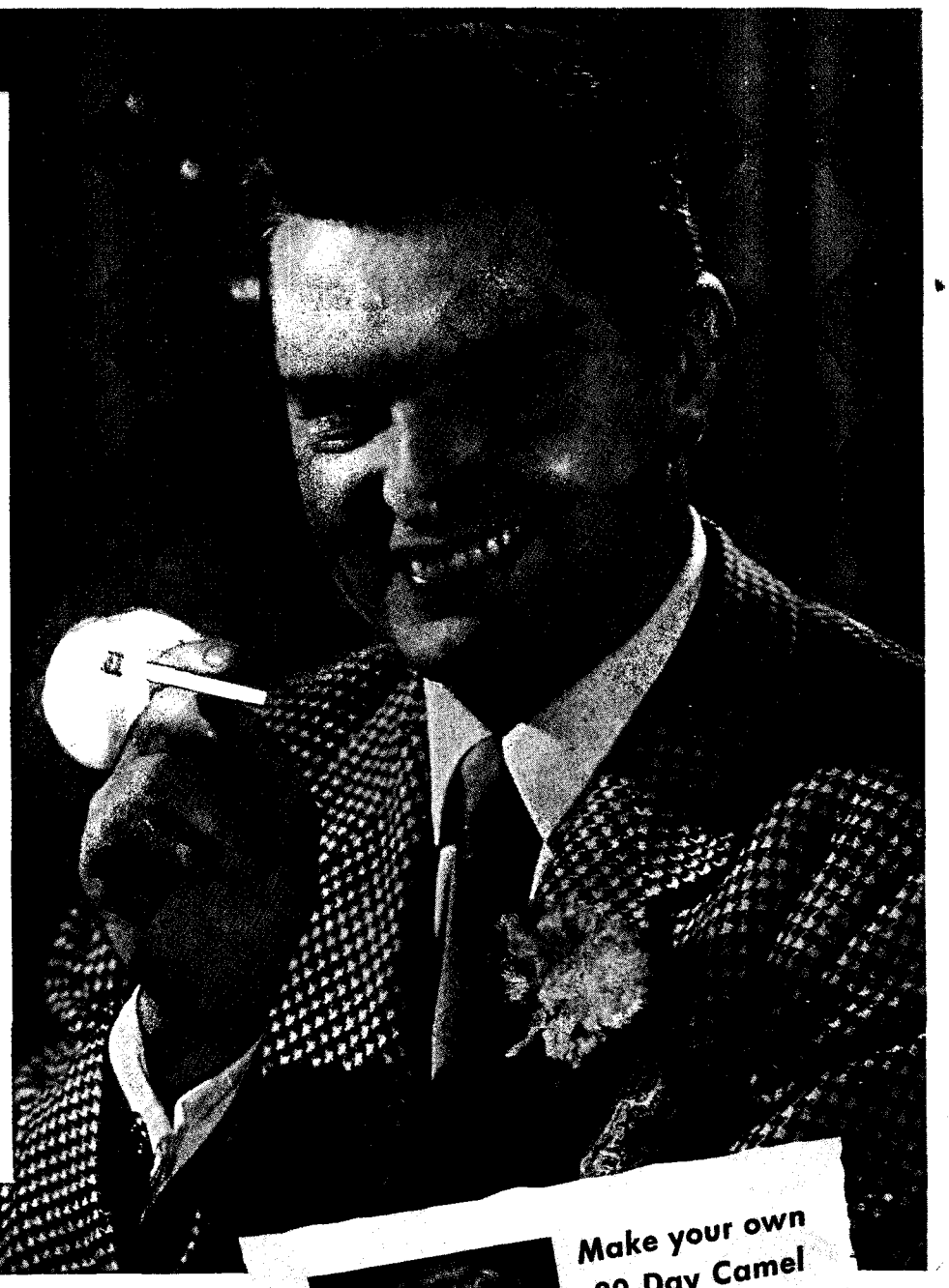
Peter Lind Hayes

STAR OF STAGE AND TELEVISION

"Shows and rehearsals put a lot of strain on my voice—so mildness is important to me. My cigarette is Camel. The 30-Day Mildness Test proved Camels agree with my throat!

"It's the *sensible* test. No tricks. I didn't have to decide on one puff or one sniff—a quick inhale or exhale. I enjoyed Camels' fine flavor day after day for 30 days. I found out how mild a cigarette can be! No wonder *more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette.*"

MAN OF A "THOUSAND VOICES"—master mimic... brilliant creator of comic roles—Peter Lind Hayes even adds popular song recordings to his vocal repertoire. Radio, night clubs and movies keep this showman stage-hopping from coast to coast.



Make your own 30-Day Camel MILDNESS Test in your "T-ZONE" (T for Throat, T for Taste!)

MORE PEOPLE SMOKE CAMELS than any other cigarette!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED